

# THE COSMOPOLITAN.

*From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.*

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## THE MINIATOR'S ART.

BY CHARLES DE KAY.

WHILE the other branches of the fine arts have their ups and downs, while the popularity of sculpture, anecdote pictures, landscape and seascape waxes and wanes, the portrait is always there as a refuge for the artist. A thousand forms of the arts and crafts ought by good rights to claim the services of the artist, in



*Painted by Fredrika Weidner.*

order that we should surround and decorate our bodies with beautiful things, house ourselves beautifully, and have in our workshops, school-rooms and homes only objects which have engaged the highest artistic powers of their designers and makers. But machine-made goods, and objects wrought by men and women whose proper emblem should be a spade, a spindle, or any tool fitted for the absolutely inartistic laborer, have been our fate throughout the century that is past. No wonder art has languished; no wonder portraiture is often the only field in which the painter can make his bread and yet preserve for himself a little self-respect as an artist. He can reckon, at any rate, on the desire of a number of fellow-citizens to have themselves limned for the benefit of posterity, and of a certain other number to own the portraits of those they love or admire.

It is a narrow garden to

which in our wisdom we have confined them, a bare and formal garden in which few plants grow, generally hedged in between four unbending lines which are the frame, or sometimes, as a rather bold departure, a circle or an oval.

The portrait-painter must also bow to other rules and regulations. No imagina-

tive flight, for instance, in the way of robes, gown, dress, arrangement of the hair. That would never do! People beholding such a portrait diverging in any way from the routine of dress, position and so forth,

might take the portrayed for a person different in some ways from a million other persons living in the same country at the same time, eating the same food, thinking the same arid thoughts—some one not quite respectable, some one eccentric! Forced

by the machine taste of the machine-housed, machine-clothed and machine-decorated sitter to adhere to the least varied and eventful backgrounds, frames, poses and garb, the portrait-painter has been known, when sufficiently resourceful, to pluck success from his limitations and give such animation and vivid intellectuality to the features of his sitter that the portrait bears the stamp of greatness. But how few are they—taking the whole world



*Painted by C. and F. Weidner.*



*Painted by Carl Weidner.*

round, during any time we can name—who belong among these great ones!

If the portrait in general is a permanent refuge for the artist, the miniature is a citadel to which he can retreat when the worst befalls and art is at its lowest ebb, owing to lack of encouragement. Men and women can afford miniatures when the oil portrait seems beyond their purse. And always in the ranks of the people the sentiment holds out that bids the lover carry on his person the portrait of his beloved, the wife a miniature of her husband. Do we not see at times the portrait-brooch of our forefathers worn by simple souls who care nothing for fashions but obey a natural instinct of affection? They exist in country parts, and in those portions of great cities which are quite as slow to undergo changes as the country. And as fashions return in cycles, so the miniature, which has never ceased to exist and give support to hundreds of obscure artists, has been coming back to its own, along with the china and pottery, the gowns, combs, long hose, furniture and colonial houses of a hundred years ago. Nay, really fashionable people are now known to wear a miniature about them—publicly—and without shame! Think of that!

In some respects our people of great cities are through



*After a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

circumstances forced to miniature for portraits, those of them at least who are no longer content with the photograph. They are a nomadic people because of the pressure of rents and the cost of servants. Lilliputian rooms in little suites of apartments, or the discomforts of the boarding-house, or the noisy horrors of hotels, are their fate. When they flit from radiator to radiator, it is a great convenience to be able to carry ancestral images and the likenesses of their friends and lovers in a dressing-case.

The fashion for past methods in art thus finds a condition of things favorable to miniatures. And so we see the miniaturists increasing, if not waxing exactly fat, and, under the leadership of the veteran Josephi and of Baer and of Miss Laura Hills, forming themselves into a nice little guild, and making annual exhibitions in their modest way, exhibitions which are creditably said to register no small mark of popularity and success. Here and there a name emerges into light as a successful practitioner. If none has reached the eminence of Malbone, the young Rhode Islander whose early death seemed to cut short a really great career early in the century, there is time for higher development among some miniaturists of promise like Lucy Parkman Trowbridge and Miss Strafer, women whose work speaks for itself and derives no adventitious aid from the rank or name of sitters. Miss Trowbridge was the first American woman to become an associate of the



*Painted by Lucy Parkman Trowbridge.*

Champs-de-Mars Salon. Baer has the interesting fact behind him that he has deserted portraiture in oils the size of life for portraiture in little, somewhat as Terburgh fell upon the half-size portrait in his day and may fairly be accepted as the father of kit-kat.

How many of us stop to remember that "miniature" the word has nothing to do with size in its original meaning? The phrase, "in miniature," and such words as "minus" and "minor," confuse us naturally enough; only by an effort do we recall the miniator, the old artist who dyed or "miniated" ivory or marble with minium or cinnabar, the red lead of Spain. It is a mistake to confound miniature with illumination; the error rose from the portraits on a small scale in early manuscripts. And this matter of size has always acted as a slur on the esteem in which miniatures have been held, very much as the material in which a work of art is fash-

*Painted by Carl Weidner.*

ioned has always affected men's estimate of the artistic quality belonging to a given object. It is hard for the average man to understand that a medal in bronze may have higher artistic quality than the same medal cast in gold, or a carving in wood surpass in beauty the same object in ivory. Just so confusing is the matter of size. It is for this reason that the crowd gapes ecstatically at some huge canvas in the Paris Salon which has no reason to exist and is indeed an affront to intelligence and to

art, and overlooks Whistler's little slender portrait of Sarasate half the size of life tucked away in some obscure corner of the hall. There is a place and reason for the great canvas, but also for the one-inch miniature. Only it is very seldom that the same artist can paint both, so different must be the methods, training and habit of hand and brain, in the two cases. Not that it is a bad thing for the painter of the big to try his hand now and then at the little, as some very celebrated men have done, or the miniaturist to

practise occasionally on the life-scale to prevent him from falling into the rut of pettiness and prettiness. But these are craftsmen's exercises that belong to the studio.

Sentiment will overlook many artistic sins. As a rule, the patrons of the miniaturist ask little more than a superficial likeness, as of the photograph, a fidelity to the features alone. The true color of flesh and hair they do not grasp and

its absence does not irk them. Nor are they apt to miss the higher quality of a likeness, the spirit and vivacity of life, the special something that flashes a given sitter's individuality from the face and makes him a person different from a brother or a cousin whom he may resemble in coloring and form of feature. Lucky are the miniaturists there! For otherwise they would be earning small wage for achievement that is granted to few artists in any century.



On the other hand, the very innocence of the sitters is a trap to the miniaturist, who is forced to practise in a laborious line which is also a superficial one, and see that his sitters are content with what he must know is far below the level of true art. Sometimes in his despair he resolves to make things easy for himself and uses the photograph, either to draw from, or, what is of course still worse, as the underlying sketch of the miniature itself. Now the photograph is an aid not to be despised, if the artist has the firmness and wisdom to keep it in its place. But it is in some ways inexact. One often sees miniatures that betray reliance on the photograph by a subtle inaccuracy of the perspective in the modeling of face, neck and bust.

Considering the small demands of most patrons of miniature, the workmen get good prices. Miniature may be the stepchild of art; yet is it, on the whole, fortunate! The flavor of lavender hangs about it. It has the advantage of appealing to



*Painted by J. A. McDougall.*



*Painted by Fredrika Weidner.*

our reverence for the past. Yet here and there we come upon a miniaturist who has the art to seem free and even broad in the handling of pigments on the minim scale. When such rare minds appear, we ought to make the most of them.

From their human interest, from the charm of their coloring, and perhaps also the ivory that lends a peculiar quality, from their attractive shape, too, and the pleasing combination of smooth gold

back with brightly tinted face, miniatures have always had an attraction for the collector who haunts the realm of bric-à-brac. Usually the passion begins with a few family pieces before it extends to the dimensions of a hobby. All sorts of reasons influence your true collector, among which the intrinsic-art of the

picture takes a subordinate place. There may be a peg of history on which it hangs; or the costume of a past date may win the favor of a purchaser. Needy artists have not failed to profit by a knowledge of this, so that it behooves the collector to





Painted by Fredrika Weidner.

larger groups are still in private ownership in New York. One of the best-known, most amiable and hospitable men about town has a house overflowing with miniatures of his friends, chiefly of the fair sex, whom he thus keeps about him to cheer and console his advancing years. Philadelphia and Boston, those homes of ancestor-worship, have private hoards which are sometimes brought to public view by some patriotic exhibition or a retrospect of colonial art.

The situation of the miniaturists is very similar to that of other painters in a community before they draw together and try to fix a standard of work for exhibitions. The formation of the Society of Miniaturists in New York represents the beginning of that effort. Some good workmen and

workwomen have not yet joined the organization, for various reasons. There are painters who are content with the excellent prices they obtain in circles more favored by wealth than critical capacity; they can hardly be expected to submit their miniatures to a jury which might reject them for one or more of the sins that usually attach to this kind of work. On the other hand, the more serious miniaturists, who yearn after a raising of the standards, are naturally impatient of work which has importance through the social standing of sitters rather than the art shown by the miniaturist; in other words, like to the ordinary portrait-painters, who are ever in danger from the mistaking of the sitter for



Painted by Carl Weidner.

the painting, so also the miniaturist is too apt to be judged by the fashionableness of his clients rather than by the merit of his work. Nowhere is the tyranny of fashion greater than in the little field of the little likeness. People who are in the hands of the least artistic classes, so far as their clothes, carpets, equipages and silver are concerned, are unfortunately just those



Painted by Carl Weidner.

who are most likely to give or withhold a reputation.

Yet another step is foreseen, after the miniaturists have established for their art certain standards, and impressed the public with the seriousness of their aspirations. Miniatures are not of necessity portraits; it is only the low ebb of the art that confines them so exclusively to pictures in which little imagination can find play. There is a chance for imaginative work, both landscape and figures, in the field of the little, when it is desirable to seek effects that neither etching nor water-color nor oils can reach.

A certain preciousness, a certain fantasticality, are not excluded from the possibilities toward which miniature may look forward. The world of fairyland and whimsy might be brought before the eyes through this medium, as we look through peepholes into brightly illuminated lands of the Orient. Nor does the small size exclude more serious subjects, especially those in which the undraped human figure enters; for miniature-painting is apt to prove a poor vehicle for nakedness, its pearliness and daintiness being rather favorable to the nude, if we may accentuate the dis-



*Painted by I. A. Josephi.*

tingtion drawn between nudity and nakedness. Religious pictures might well be added to the list of possibilities; when we shall have to register one more return to the customs of the past; for the old missals are so full of miniature paintings dealing with saints and deities that more than one person has imagined the miniature began with them.

The contracted field of the ordinary miniature compels the artist to study composition with extraordinary care. Therein he is at one with the medalist, who must pack much in little room and remain true and graceful, thoughtful and artistic. It would be no bad advice to a miniaturist to study the medals of Roty, Chaplain and Coudray, of Paris, and Scharff, of Vienna, in order to get ideas of composition, and perchance suggestions how to depart gracefully from the too severe limits

that teachers have prescribed. The medalists of the old school are still shaking their heads over innovators who model medals large and reduce them to medal size and treat the old stiff rules of medalism with scant respect in more than one regard. Teachers of miniatures have the same good advice to offer students. Do not infringe on the field of painting



*Painted by Fredrika Weidner.*



*After a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.*

half-life or life-size, they cry! Stick to the head and the bust; do not try to put arms and legs and feet into the picture; you might as well work in life-size, if you are going to make a full-length! All of which is advice most excellent for pupils whose soaring ambition is equaled only by the weakness of their wings; but does not apply to the master who can justify a departure from patent methods by success.

And it is this success, these ideals, toward which the Society of Miniaturists would like to guide their little flock. In the process it will be necessary to eliminate the weaker elements and encourage those who are striving to raise the charming art literally as well as metaphorically "from the dead." The National Sculpture Society has done a good deal to rescue sculptors from the ordinary bread-winning lines of portrait-busts, modeled from photographs of the dead, for it has given sculptors opportunities for ideal and symbolical work which is paid; or for pieces that are labors of love and place themselves in the way of a possible purchaser. The Society can put a damper on miniature which is really a mere colored photograph and distinctly discourage the painting of miniatures from the photograph rather than the life. It can encourage

miniaturists to avoid the pitfall of niggled, routine painting by attempting large work from time to time, and call on the masters who work the size of life to try their hands now and then at miniature painting.

The size of miniatures, and their present low estate in the minds of connoisseurs, blind people to the difficulty of the process and keep up the impression that it is a subordinate, because a cheap, form of art. In time this view can be successfully combated and the public made to realize that a feeble artist is just as feeble, though he be a decorator of huge walls, as is your common miniaturist; but a master can be a master in the little, if the gift and industry are his to work out his salvation. Organization cannot do everything; but it can set standards and cultivate the public taste up to a certain point. Indeed, it seems to be a necessary step in the evolution of any art, however individual artists may protest against anything that suggests the repulsive ideas of juries and hanging committees and "close corporations." The artist who cannot submit to these restraints has always the privilege of declining to exhibit or severing his connection with the guild, or forming with kindred spirits an advanced group or "Secession" who will undertake to make an exhibition of work



*Painted by Harriet Strafer.*

## A CHALLENGE.

*Painted by Lucy Parkman Trowbridge.**Painted by Harriet Strofer.*

of a higher average. What seems unfair and short-sighted is the noisy protest some artists make against those who are trying to improve the condition of their own branch of art along these cumbersome and imperfect lines. The burden of proof

lies on the recalcitrants. Have they any better way to suggest, how the desired end shall be attained? If not, let them hold their peace and at least adopt a kindly attitude toward those who undergo the heat and burden of the battle.

*Painted by Paillet.*

## A CHALLENGE.

BY GEORGE S. HELLMAN.

THINK you to shatter these high rocks, O Sea,  
That thus you strike in wrath?  
The firm crag rising o'er you fearlessly  
A truer splendor hath.

Think you to shatter man's high hopes, O Fate,  
That thus you deal forth pain?  
Know that alone the dauntless are the great.  
Strike, if you will, again!



RESTING AFTER THE BATTLE.

## MODERN MANŒUVERS IN THE FRENCH ARMY.

BY FRITZ MORRIS.

THE recent great army manœuvres in France, the largest and most important ever held in that country, in which 100,000 soldiers took an active part, have drawn the attention of Europe generally to the fact that France has an army well up among the foremost. This fact, too, has been officially communicated, and made patent, to the different governments by their military experts who participated in the operations.

Russia, with a population of 129,000,000, has an army reaching, on a peace footing, to 860,000, and in war time to 3,500,000. Germany, with a population of 52,250,000, supports 585,000 soldiers in time of peace, and these, when necessary, can be brought up to 3,000,000. The French army, in peace time, is 615,000 strong, the second largest in the world, and 3,000,000 men can be put into the field. These figures mean that, in France, every soldier fights for 15 civilians, in Germany every soldier fights for 17, and Russia finds one soldier in every 37 persons. With a demand for such a supply of fighting-men, conscription is rampant, and every able-bodied Frenchman is liable to be called upon for service, first in the active army and then in the reserves, from his twentieth to the end of his forty-fifth

year. Substitution is absolutely prohibited, but by passing certain examinations the conscript can avoid different portions of service. For three years the conscript serves in the active army; then come ten years in the reserve of the active, six in the territorial army, and six in the territorial reserve. But, with it all, it is only during the first three years that the young Frenchman has to devote his entire time to his military duties.



PRESIDENT LOUBET GREETING THE GENERALS.



MILITARY REPRESENTATIVES OF FOREIGN POWERS ON THE FIELD.

With the French soldier fighting is primarily a matter of duty, then of excitement; his spirit is warlike rather than military, and as a result he is very often carried away by the enthusiasm created by his surroundings. Thus, in the late manœuvres, General Pouleau, who was in command of the Fifth Division of the Southern Army, saw an opening for a really effective piece of work by surprising the Fourth Cavalry Brigade, and he ordered his whole

division to charge. This was done with such good effect that both attackers and attacked were hopelessly mixed up in one confused, disorganized, heterogeneous mêlée, the umpires narrowly escaped with their lives and for a time the battle was more real than mimic.

When, in 1870, Le Bœuf, Louis Napoleon's Minister of War, told his Emperor that the armies of France were ready "to the last button," he led those armies into



GUARDING THE WOUNDED.



more snares, and cost his country more lives and many more millions in money, than did Von Moltke and his great General Staff. Though it is improbable that any General in France would to-day claim that her armies were ready "to the last button," it is certain that Gallifet and André, at the head of the War Department, and Jamont and Brugère, in command of the troops, have brought them to a very high state of military efficiency, physically, morally, actively and technically.

In last year's manœuvres the total force in the field consisted of four army corps and two divisions of cavalry under General Brugère, Generalissimo of the French army.

From September 8th to 10th these corps were opposed one against the other; to the north of Chartres the Fourth Army Corps, under General Sonnois, against the Tenth Corps under General Dunop; to the south of Chartres the Fifth Corps, under General de Longueuea, operated against the Ninth Corps under General Tanchot. A

second series of operations, from September 11th to 13th, consisted of the action of two opposing armies, the one representing an enemy invading France. Then the two armies joined forces and operated together under General Brugère, assisted by General de Négrier, who has been recently restored to favor. The former gave to the several army corps commanders the greatest possible amount of liberty in regard to their tactics and strategy, and the general idea and plan of the manœuvres was officially communicated to them only a few hours in advance. On September 20th President

Loubet held the greatest military review of modern times: 96 battalions of infantry, 84 batteries of artillery and 80 squadrons of cavalry, with more than a score of train, engineer, medical, balloon and other special corps, marched, galloped and thundered before the President. In all there were 125,000 men in the grand parade, ten miles of red-trousered, blue-bloused infantrymen, and 30,000 horses carrying hussars, chasseurs and cuirassiers.

Most military manœuvres, whether conducted by an entire corps, a division or a brigade, regiment, battalion, or a single company, are alike, and it would be wearisome to enter into the details of these

manœuvres, but some particular incidents are worthy of narration. For instance, Captain Holtz, of the 90th Regiment of the line, a grizzled veteran decorated for his work as a franc-tireur during the dark days of 1870, distinguished himself by a remarkable piece of military strategy. With his single company, he so distributed his



GENERAL DALSTEIN, THE GOVERNOR OF PARIS, VIEWING THE FIGHT.

men, and repeated his fire, as to compel a whole division of the 5th Corps to spread into line. This happened at Auteuil, and an entire division was brought into action by the clever handling of a mere handful of men under one of the famous sharpshooters of the Franco-German war. And, after all, the company escaped without the loss of a man. Captain Holtz was publicly congratulated by his colonel, and complimented by the Corps Commander, General Marsaa.

A regiment of mounted riflemen accomplished the crossing of a river under excep-



GENERAL DE NEGRIER OBTAINING INFORMATION OF THE PROGRESS OF THE MANŒUVERS.

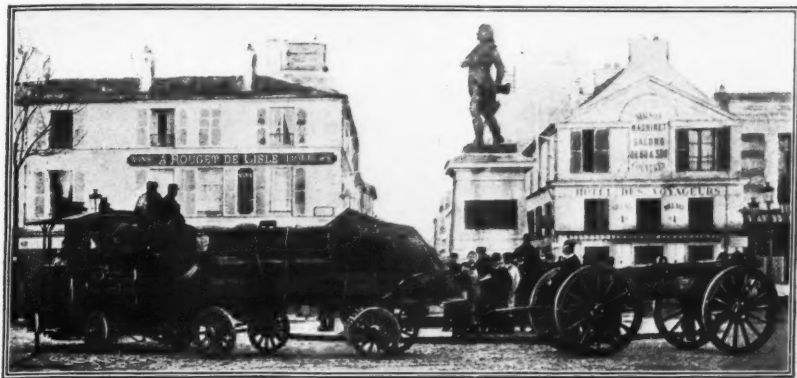
tional circumstances. The passage was ordered where the river had a breadth of 300 meters and where the current was very rapid. The riflemen crossed on rafts built of poles, sails and fodder-sacks, which were only level with the water, and held their horses, which swam the stream, by their bridles. Midway over, some of the soldiers became nervous and afraid, when the lieutenant-colonel, who was on the leading raft, wishing to impart courage to them,

dived into the river in full dress and heavily accoutered, and swam to the opposite bank, about 160 meters distant. After landing he entered the stream again and returning to the raft, addressed the soldiers, and, calling upon those who dared to follow, swam over for the third time with about a score of his men. This example of bravery made a great impression.

One of the great features of the manœuvres was the extensive trial made to test the efficiency of automobiles in war. They proved of the greatest value, and came through some very severe tests with the most satisfying success. One machine carried a member of General Brugère's staff over a hundred miles in a few hours, and supplied him with much valuable information about the disposition and movements of both armies. The Commander-in-Chief used one himself, and one night he passed many hours, and traveled many miles, in his automobile. At Chartres, having ordered the 125th Regiment of the line, Army of the South, to attack the outpost of the 19th Division of the Army of the North, he mounted his machine, accompanied by an ordnance officer, and personally took a look at the way things were going. The night was black as ink, and at 2 o'clock a furious thunder-storm broke over the battle-ground. The only lights visible were the blinding flashes of lightning, almost the only sounds the terrific thunder-bursts. Rain fell in torrents, and



THE GERMAN OFFICERS IN THEIR AUTOMOBILE.

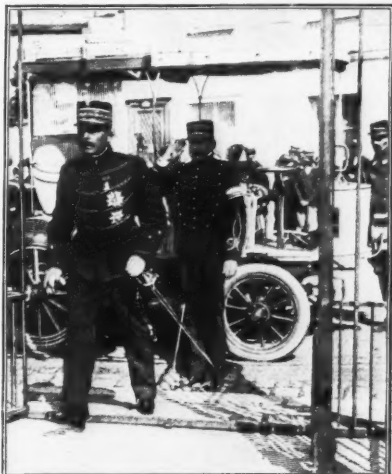


THE SCOTTE-TRAIN TRANSPORTING A LARGE FIELD-GUN, AMMUNITION AND SUPPLIES.

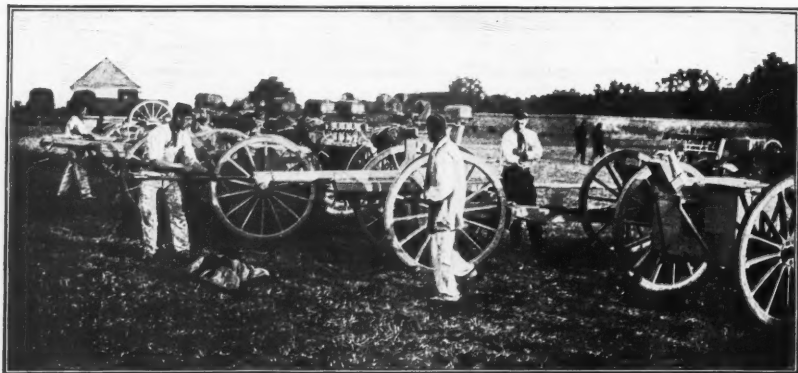
Brugère, enveloped in a shabby overcoat, wearing an officer's kepi, drenched to the skin and splashed with mud, traversed the terrain and visited his regiments. He found the outposts well covered, the pickets alert, nothing neglected, and every few minutes the "Halte là" of the wide-awake sentinels brought him to a standstill. In several cases the forepost officers hesitated to release him, not being willing to believe that the wet and dilapidated traveler was really the Commander-in-Chief. The storm raged fiercely, but drawn up by a wayside gateway, he watched the regiments march by, knee-deep in mire, the water pouring from their uniforms, but silently, stoically, not a whisper being heard for fear of betraying their presence. But it was not alone the storm overhead, nor the running quagmires underfoot, that tested the discipline, the endurance and the good will of these French soldiers. They were in "heavy marching order," carrying a greatcoat, a quarter of a tent and pole, a mess-tin which served also as a water-bottle and drinking-cup, and an ax. The knapsack contained an extra pair of boots, three pair of socks, and fatigue-dress. With bayonet, rifle, one hundred and fifty rounds of ball cartridge, and the company cooking-pots and utensils, which are divided up among them, each man's outfit weighed seventy-two pounds. The foreign officers were transported in automobiles, and all have indorsed their availability for army transport service, and for the conveyance of staff officers and bearers of dispatches.

The "Scotte-train" for transport of sup-

plies, of which much was expected, also did some wonderful feats, conveying food and fodder for an army of 720,000 soldiers 50 miles in 12 hours. To have transported such material the same distance under the old system, would have taken three days, and the train would have had to be convoyed by an escort which for its own protection must have been a very large one. In the Scotte-train each locomotive draws 30 to 40 wagons. The greatest difficulty to be surmounted was the turning of corners, and this was overcome by an invention affecting the coupling of the wagons, which, by this contrivance, follow automatically, and with absolute exactness, any curve described by the loco-



GENERAL DE NÉGRER LEAVING HIS AUTOMOBILE.



THE NEW CANNON OF "75."

motive. These trains, which are principally intended for the purposes of the transport service, are able to run over only fairly good roads, but when bringing supplies to an army the wagons are dropped, one by one, at convenient points and thence drawn to their destination by horses in exactly the same way as the ordinary commissariat wagons. Twenty-five Scotte locomotives can provide an army of 60,000 men, 60 miles away, with ammunition in eighteen hours. They can haul fifty "cannon of 24" weighing 24 tons each, ten miles in a single night. If the Prussians had had these trains in 1870 they would not have had to wait

over a hundred days before getting their guns into position in front of Paris. Von Moltke said that they had to bring 960 wagons, and over 2,000 horses, all the way from Metz. A Scotte locomotive replaces 32 horses, and 200 or 300 of them would have enabled the Germans to begin the bombardment of Paris within a few days of the investment.

Independent experiments took place with a new armored train which has been fitted up at the Rennes arsenal. The train is 49 yards long and armed at each end with a sort of iron spur; the cars are cylindrical and fit into each other, and the locomotive is conical in shape. The train looks like



AMBULANCE CORPS.



A MODERN FIELD HOSPITAL WAGON.

a huge metal cigar when stationary, but when winding round a curve it looks like a great snake, for the cars undulate and quiver like the scales of the reptile. The train can be run at a speed of almost 50 miles an hour.

The French military authorities are now planning the formation of six railway regiments, which will be recruited among railway employees. They will be specially drilled in running trains, repairing and destroying tracks, telegraphing, bridge-building, and the use of explosives for the destruction of property before the arrival of the enemy.

Another distinguishing feature of the manœuvres was the admirable arrangement,

and the brilliant work, of the medical department. Each army had mobilized, and was utilizing, the ambulances for an army corps, and two field hospital corps, with all the requisite men and paraphernalia. On no previous occasion has such a display of the French Army medical service been made, except at the special manœuvres of the medical corps.

The present order of new ideas and evolution permeates the army pretty thoroughly, and the excellent administration of Generals André and Brugère shows the most satisfactory results, judging from the statistics of courts-martial in the recent reports of the Department of Military Justice.



PARADE OF THE DRAGOONS.



A RACING DAY: COACHES "PARKED" AT THE EDGE OF THE TRACK.

## JEROME PARK RACING DAYS.

BY JOHN BREWSTER DANE.

THE memories of those who, forty years or more ago, found interest and pleasure in the achievements of horse-flesh, center very closely round the old Union Course, situated on the Long Island plain about halfway between Brooklyn and the town of Jamaica. Abandoned, now, for a quarter of a century and obliterated since many years, it was once the scene of famous trials of speed and endurance. Some of the meetings attained almost national importance and certainly attracted national attention. A matter of history is one great race, in which, in the presence of fifty thousand people, the most wonderful horses that breeding and training could produce in the North were pitted against those of the South.

But before long, the North and the South were engaged in a contest of a more serious nature. During the war, as might be expected, sports and recreations of an extensive coöperative nature were much neglected. At its close, there was but one track in the vicinity of New York that was regularly used for racing. Union Course was now somewhat in disuse and meets were infrequent and irregular. The one track used was in New Jersey, but it was difficult of access.

With a revival of the desire for racing, the American Jockey Club came into existence. There were living at that time in New York a remarkable set of men, who have left an indelible impress on the fashionable life of the metropolis. Prominent in the political and financial history of the country, they yet found time to take an active interest in its social development. Certain it is that their like does not exist to-day. With genius for organization, they regulated their busy lives so as to leave abundant room for recreation. Thus theirs was no crabbed old age; their souls were not scarred with the marks of too hard-spent energies. Their amusements were made to include their own social world, and, in fact, it often happened that these pleasures could be shared in some degree by the general public. William R. Travers, Leonard W. and Lawrence R. Jerome, were among these men, and they will be remembered longest and most fondly for their charming qualities as royal good fellows, clubmen and wits, and their share in the many enterprises of the world of fashion in the seventies and eighties which gave that period of New York's high social life a somewhat unusual distinction.

NOTE.—The illustrations in this article are from photographs by E. M. Bidwell.



All of these men were much interested in horse-racing. They were not necessarily owners and breeders of fast horses, but the somewhat limited opportunity at that time for sport on an elaborate scale naturally concentrated their interest upon this monarch among amusements. And that they and their friends might indulge in this sport, these men determined, as there was no available and well-built track in the near vicinity of New York, to build and operate one, primarily for their own enjoyment and secondarily for the benefit of the public. This determination resulted in the organization of the American Jockey

Westchester County, with the intention of converting it into a fine private estate. The Bathgate family had owned and occupied it for generations, and it was considered one of the choicest tracts of land for residential purposes in the vicinity of New York. No better place could be found in regard to location and surroundings for the new track than this new property of Mr. Jerome's, and this gentleman sacrificed his dreams of a splendid suburban home to the necessities of the embryo club. More property adjoining was purchased and the course was accordingly laid out.

The inaugural meeting took place Sep-



PRESOTT LAWRENCE AND PARTY ARRIVING AT JEROME PARK.

Club and the building of the Jerome Park track, a noted and affectionately remembered institution of New York's fashionable life, and one that put luster and honor on the history of racing in America and gave the sport a prestige that more modern methods with their deplorable evils have not been able to destroy.

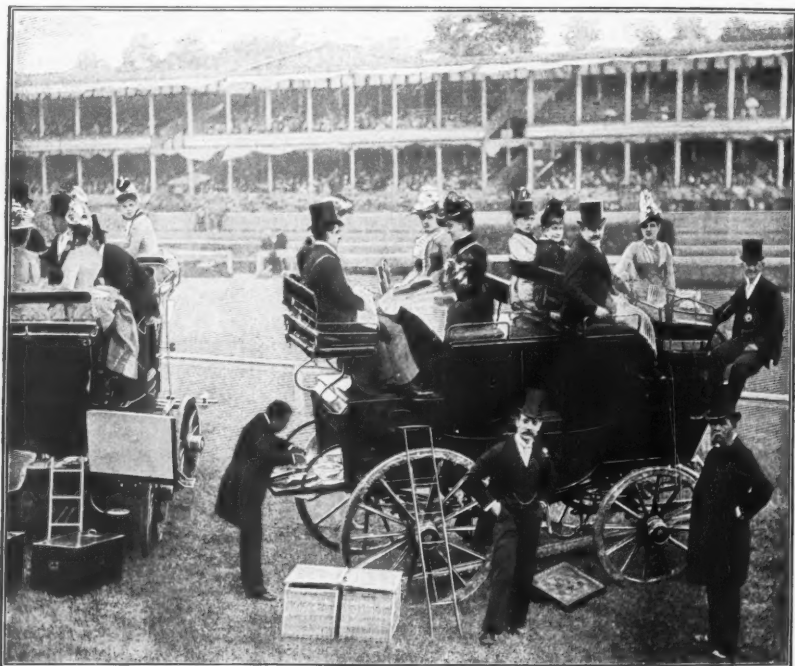
The club was organized in 1866, by William R. Travers, August Belmont, John F. Purdy, William Butler Duncan, P. S. Forbes and Leonard W. Jerome. A short time before, Mr. Jerome had purchased the Bathgate farm at Fordham,

tember 25, 1866. It brought together a concourse of twenty-five thousand people, among whom, it is safe to say, there was quite the entire beau monde of New York and a generous representation of that of its neighboring cities. It hardly comes within the province of an article on the social side of Jerome Park's history to speak of the professional "events" that drew the fashionable world thither, but an exception may be made of the "Inaugural Race," the second and last of the first day, on which much time was taken up by preliminaries. The contest was in

four mile heats for a cup presented by the Jockey Club, and five thousand dollars additional. There were twenty-nine entries—although only four came to the post—and the list included nearly all the great horses of the day. Be it recorded that Kentucky, a descendant of the famous Lexington, in two straight heats bore off the prizes.

A Southern racing man who came to New York for this occasion has left an account of the purposes and possibilities of the new

State, but North, South, East and West, blood stock will vastly increase in value, and an influence will be exercised far and near, that will produce the most beneficial results. What crowds of visitors from all parts of the Union will make semi-annual visits to Jerome Park! The American Jockey Club, from the attractive programmes it will offer, and from the high social position of its members, will 'give a local habitation and a name' to Racing, so that after a while Race Week at Jerome Park



CHARLES A. BAUDOUINE AND PARTY LUNCHING AT THE TRACK.

institution that for several reasons is worth quoting. Apart from its stilted and somewhat awkward phraseology, it would make curious reading if applied to the motives underlying the establishment of a large public race-track to-day, and this will only emphasize more clearly Jerome Park's unique position.

"I have seen enough to satisfy me," the account goes on to say, "that Jerome Park will give an impetus to breeding and training unknown before—not only in this

will be regarded as an annual holiday by our people. It will be the exposition the American Jockey Club will furnish of those Isthmian games, the recurrence of which was looked to with the greatest interest in the olden time, as an epoch of such general enjoyment that all other periodical events were deemed secondary, and had to give place to it. The Isthmian games were points of remembrance with many to reckon the flight of time by; they were rendered availing to reconcile and bring together



A LUNCH PARTY AT THE FOOT OF THE BLUFF.

divided communities, who could not help burying past animosities in the enjoyment of a common excitement. What more proper period for the present generation to select to interchange the courtesies of social life, review and cement old friendships, and form new ones?

"Let Jerome Park be truly recognized as the 'National Race Course,' upon which the North, South, East and West (from the facility of reaching it) can easily congregate—there forget and forgive—pour oblivion over past political divisions and fraternally and nobly contend for sectional supremacy in the winning of equine honors."

Written just at the close of the Civil War, it is startling to find this metropolitan race-track suggested as a means to effect the great reconciliation, although the appreciation of the superior cementing qualities of mingled laughter and joyous spirits over mingled tears is a bit of philosophic deduction the truth of which after-events have done much to establish.

Jerome Park sprang at once into great favor with the fashionable world. The races were held there twice a year, in May and October, for a period lasting about two weeks, but at all times it might be the objective point for coaching and driving. At the clubhouse were the very best of accommodations for stabling, while

the wants of the visitors were ministered to by the famous steward Felix, who occupied his important post till the park's gates were closed forever. This spot occupied a place in the high social life of New York that has never been filled. The Horse Show brings people together for a kindred reason, but Jerome Park had a thousand charms that the Horse Show could never possess. The great tracks over on Long Island have not replaced that of



COLONEL JAY AND FAMILY WATCHING THE RACES.

Westchester County. None of their meets is in the least degree a "society" event. They have wide-spread interest, have produced some remarkable results and certainly attract a large number of fashionable people, but they are resplendent only with public coaches that ignominiously bear names.

Of all days at Jerome Park, Decoration Day was the one that deserved the red letter. From ten to twenty thousand people would then betake themselves thither for the sport. Nine out of every ten would go by the New York and Harlem Railroad to Fordham, but it is with the

On a racing day the tide turned early in the direction of the Park. Among the first to get started would be Francis R. Rives and party, from his Washington Place residence, one of the finest old houses in the city. Mr. Rives was of the finest type of Southern country gentleman, born and bred in Virginia, in later years a prominent member of the New York bar. An enthusiastic coaching man and lover of all sports, he rarely failed to bring a merry party to the races, which would be supplemented by his son, Reginald W. Rives, tooling another coach.



MRS. S. S. HOWLAND, GRISWOLD LORILLARD, AND COACHING PARTY.

remaining tenth person, how he got there and what he did there, that we have to do.

There were two ways of getting there by driving. One was to cross the Harlem River at Third Avenue and One Hundred and Thirtieth Street and follow an old country road to the track. More popular was the route of the old Harlem Lane on the west side of the river to MacComb's Dam Bridge, across this and through a picturesque and narrow road the rest of the way. In the early days of the Park Jerome Avenue was not finished.

All the coaching world of New York would be sure to put in an appearance. Delancey Kane, pioneer of coaching in America, twelve years president of the Coaching Club, but whose interest in the sport far outlived his active participation in it, was always noteworthy as a model of form. Dr. William Forbes Morgan, in the years New York shared the season with his more beloved Paris home, never failed to enjoy to the full the social pleasures of the meets. E. M. Padelford came over from Philadelphia with his



A LARGE COACH-PARTY—REGINALD W. RIVES DRIVING.

traps for the spring racing. Theodore A. Havemeyer always coached, and in later years his young sons displayed their ability in the same line. August Belmont, Jr., and his brother Perry added to the prestige of the occasion by their beautiful traps, and so did Col. William Jay and James R. Roosevelt. Prescott Lawrence could be counted on to bring a brilliant party

from New York, and young Griswold Lorillard until an untimely death at the age of twenty-five checked a brilliant career. The Astors and the Vanderbilts never coached, although some of them were always present on the traps of their friends. The Astors have never been prominent in sporting life, and they have not shown the possession of marked skill in such matters.



A COACHING PARTY ARRIVING AT THE CLUBHOUSE.



Their talents have lain in other directions. Commodore Vanderbilt and his son, William H., were renowned for their love of and interest in trotting, but they never cared for racing. William K. Vanderbilt is not a horseman, and nothing is farther from his brother George's interests. Frederick W. Vanderbilt has a love for and a knowledge of horse-flesh, but his animals are not prominent in the racing world. The younger generation is devoted to yachting.

On a gala-day fourteen or fifteen private four-in-hand coaches would be driven through the gates of Jerome Park. The horses were unhitched and the resplendent traps ranged side by side—"parked," to use the coaching vernacular—close to the track on the west side of the grounds. They thus became a social nucleus. Meantime the rest of the beau monde had arrived in their carriages and disposed themselves upon the clubhouse balconies or on the slope of the bluff below.

No account of the social history of the American Jockey Club and its famous track can be properly given without marked emphasis being placed on this topographical feature.

In the most carefully planned and executed enterprise an unlooked-for and often incalculable element will sometimes spoil all. Again, a project, perhaps in spite of adverse conditions, will be carried along through some accidental feature that becomes dear to those whose patronage is necessary, to certain and conspicuous success. Such a factor was the bluff at Jerome Park. The track was built in a narrow valley, through which the Croton Aqueduct is brought into New York. On each side is a ridge of low hills some fifty feet high. Under the eastern hill was

built the grand stand from which the general public viewed the races. None but members of the Jockey Club or their friends occupied the western side, where a spur about thirty feet in height projected from the ridge about the middle of the course. Upon this the club built its house. The afternoon sun was low enough by the time the gathering arrived to put this little hillside in its shadow, and the grateful shade of the slope made the place an ideal rendezvous, and helped in an inestimable measure to make Jerome Park what it was. Here, then, twice a year in the racing

season the world of fashion congregated. Every one high in the social annals of New York could be met. One of the most familiar figures was that of the great financier August Belmont, a man that every one respected and many feared. Mr. Belmont was the first president of the American Jockey Club, and he stood at the head throughout almost the entire history of Jerome Park, for he did not resign the office until 1887, two years before the last meet at the old track. In his company there was often the well-known figure of Pierre Lorillard, a large, well-built man,

whose splendidly groomed person and wonderfully waxed moustachios gave him a most distinguished appearance. Mr. Lorillard was the prince of racing men in this country. His love for the sport led him to spend large sums of money in its interest. With a wonderful insight into the needs and desires of the world in which he moved, he was always foremost in matters of social development. In later years when there came a decided tendency toward suburban life among the rich people of New York, he showed his understanding of



A COACH-TOP LUNCH.





REGINALD W. RIVES ON HIS WAY TO THE PARK.

the embryo movement by the founding of Tuxedo Park among the Ramapo Hills, and created for his fellow-citizens within easy access to the center of their interests, a suburb that for wildness of environment, and beauty and picturesqueness of surroundings, is not possessed by any other city of this country and probably of the world.

These men were typical of the founders of Jerome Park, and in their hands its function as an unselfish dispenser of enjoyment to all was safe. The meetings were free from the features that as the result of a vicious modern development are tarnishing the splendor of the royal sport. The betting did not run high, as we understand that qualification to-day. If the book-maker was present, he did not cross the track to the shady hillside. The members made bets among themselves and their friends. The representative men of the club who owned and raced their own horses—and the number was not large—did not use their stables as means of making money. If they did not let their establishments get too far behind financially they were content. This was their recreation; they were not willing to put into it

the qualities their life's work absorbed.

Curiously enough, the shaded bluff—at once the successful feature and the adverse condition—was responsible for a grave defect in the track. To conform with the hill's contour the course necessarily took the shape of an indented oval, from which it was known to every racing man in the country as the "saddle-bag track." There were two short turns on the west side, and as they were flat and not banked according to modern scientific principles, they had an appreciable influence on the time of the races and even were responsible for several accidents. Jerome Park is not noted for its racing records.

It is safe to say that the fashionable world of New York has never enjoyed itself more than at these meets, in spite of the greater lavishness and notoriety given its latter-day entertainments. Here was a spot where these people could meet, entertain and be entertained. They neglected no feature that would contribute to the enjoyment of the occasion. Every coach had stored away in its capacious interior an elaborate lunch. Their owners had their butlers and footmen on the grounds, and in the cool of the afternoon the cloths were

spread on the top of the coaches or on the shady turf. The spirit of good fellowship descended and lingered long upon the scene. The unexcelled Felix presided at the clubhouse and his ministrations were much in demand, but no coaching outfit was complete unless the gay and brilliant gathering on top was supplemented by a noble list of good things within.

Perhaps the most enjoyable of the races were the amateur events for gentlemen riders, in which the younger members of the club rode their own horses. Good riding is an accomplishment acquired only after long and careful training. These men were new at it. Before the establishment of Jerome Park the role of gentleman jockey had received scarcely any attention in this country, so the high social world were able to follow the success of their young friends almost from their maiden efforts. And a source of great and wholesome pleasure this was to them. Several of the riders soon gave evidence of great aptitude for the work. James G. K. Lawrence is remembered as probably the best of the lot.

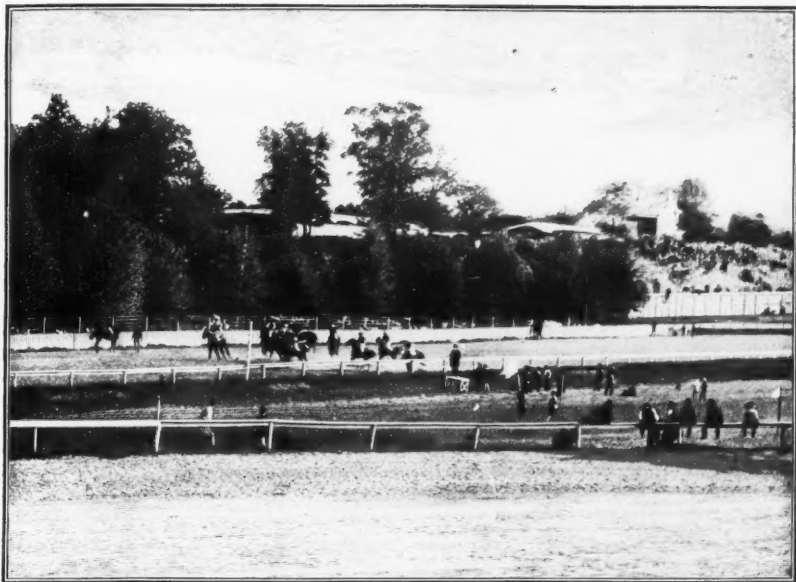
Amateur racing was continued and de-

veloped at the Meadowbrook and Rockaway Hunt Clubs. These places are associated with the really great gentlemen jockeys this country has produced. The late George Work was the first to win the respect and admiration of professional racing men by his performances in the saddle. He was unexcelled until young Foxhall Keene, after years of patient schooling, became an acknowledged master of his art. One must also not forget to mention W. K. Thorne, a grandson of the Commodore, whose continued residence in France is a distinct loss to sport in this country. These men gave their time and money freely to the Rockaway Hunt track at Cedarhurst, Long Island. The best-constructed steeplechase course this country has ever had was the result. Its barriers were no sham or flimsy affairs, but solid obstacles four feet wide at base and two and a half at the top, and five feet high. The water-jumps were fourteen feet long and were faced by a hedge.

It is a comment on certain American characteristics that such a splendid course as that at Cedarhurst should have been abandoned. New interests and fresh pleasures



COACH-PARTIES OF S. S. SANDS AND FAIRMAN ROGERS.



A PORTION OF THE JEROME PARK TRACK, SHOWING THE "SADDLE-BAG."

make our people quickly forget those in which they have once entered heart and soul. The decline of racing at Meadowbrook and Cedarhurst seems to be cause for especial regret as it was due to the allurements of the larger tracks. The season is so divided that there is none of the pleasant time of the year left for the small and exclusive courses. Jerome Park was bound to go. The land it occupied was needed for the water-supply of the metropolis, but the fate of Morris Park, Meadowbrook and Cedarhurst showed conclusively that fashion had lost interest, for a time at least, in racing as the sport was conducted by the founders of the American Jockey Club.

In 1889 the last meet was held on the old course under the auspices of the club. The racing for two years more, under various managements, has no place in the social history of the Park. Foreseeing its doom, Mr. Leonard Jerome made one more effort to hold the interest of his friends. With the coöperation of John A. Morris, Morris Park was opened.

Everything possible was done to draw the world of fashion. A gorgeous marquee was erected on the lawn, but this did not replace the shaded slope at Jerome Park. No better idea of the manner in which the new track was received can be conveyed than by the simple statement that the gala opening day brought out only six coaches, whereas on any day on the old course there were never fewer than twelve parked at the fence.

The memories of Jerome Park racing-days are so very dear to a great many New Yorkers that it seems inevitable that some day there will be a demand for their renewal. But under present conditions it is more likely that the new Jerome Park will be found at Newport, the summer capital of fashion. These people want at times to be by themselves under free and unrestrained conditions. It is scarcely likely this could be obtained in the vicinity of New York in these days when vulgar curiosity as to the doings of the beau monde is paramount.

## FLINGIN' JIM AND HIS FOOL-KILLER.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

*Illustrated by photographs taken especially for The Cosmopolitan. by Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.*

ONE Saturday in the early seventies, a young negro, hardly more than a boy, who had gone to the village of Harmony Grove on some errand, aimless or otherwise, suddenly discovered that his presence was both opportune and important. He had come from what was known as the Briscoe settlement, which lay nine or ten miles north of Harmony Grove on the road to Malvern. Arriving in the village, he unhitched his horse from the ramshackle old buggy, tying the animal to the wheel so that the steed might nibble comfortably on a couple of bundles of fodder that lay loose in the rear of the seat. This done, he made his way to the small wooden building which Harmony Grove dignified by the name of depot, and which was at once the passenger-station and the storehouse for such freight as came to and went forth from that part of middle Georgia.

The negro had arrived during the forenoon, and the train was not due until two in the afternoon. Nevertheless he made no long delay in taking up his position on the sunny side of the platform around the

miniature depot. In him, patience was next-door neighbor to sleep, and he was soon engaged in nodding; often he was on the point of falling from the platform, but always caught himself in the nick of time. In this way he made the long hours short.

The negro boy was effectually aroused finally by the rattle of the old hack which plied between the station and the tavern, and he straightened himself up. The hack passed so close to him, as he sat with his feet dangling from the platform, that the wheel spokes struck against his toes.

"Humph! you must be tryin' to drag me down," he said to the driver, an older negro. "What you tryin' to drag me down fer?" The tones of his voice were soft and drawling.

"Wanter see ef you 'live,'" replied the

driver, curtly. His voice was in harsh contrast to that of the other.

"Well, when you foun' dat out," said the negro who had been nodding, "what den?" His tone was one of idle curiosity.

"Nothin' 'tall," answered the driver; "you ain't done nothin' ter me."

"Oh, I ain't? I thought maybe I hurt



THEY PASSED BY A FIELD IN WHICH AN OLD NEGRO WOMAN WAS DIGGING, WHILE A BOY WAS . . . GATHERING UP THE RESULT OF HER LABORS."

yo' feelin's some time when I wuz 'sleep.'" He laughed a flutelike laugh, as he continued: "I ain't done nothin'—well, dat won't be de tale you'll tell nex' time you try ter drag me down."

"I'm a blue-gum nigger," remarked the hack-driver, with a frown.

"Oh, you is?" laughed the other. "Well, dey useter be one down yan whar we-all live at. He ain't dar now. You go down dar an' ax um how come he ain't dar. Dey'll tell you terreckly."

"B o y, whar you fum?"

"Man, I'm from de Briscoe settlement."

"What yo' name?"

"Flingin' Jim."

"Well, suh!" exclaimed the driver. He turned around in his seat and stared at the negro from the Briscoe settlement with great interest. The fame of the latter had evidently gone before him.

"H o w come you kin fling rocks like folks say you kin?" the driver asked.

"Kaze, when I wuz little a fox-squirrel sassied me an' made me mad. I promised 'im I'd git 'im, an' I got 'im."

"Well, suh!" repeated the driver. Then, "How 'bout de blue-gum nigger?"

"Who—him? Well, he don't b'long 'roun' dar nohow. An' sho 'nuff, he ain't dar now!"

The whistle of the locomotive was heard a mile away, and presently its funnel-

shaped smoke-stack appeared around a curve, and the whole train, consisting of a number of freight-cars, a baggage-car and a passenger-coach, soon drew up at the station.

Flingin' Jim kept his seat on the platform, and the driver remained in his place in the hack, although the train and such bustle as its arrival created were on the farther side of the building. In a little while, the baggage-master, a florid young fellow, came around and threw a consump-

tive-looking mail-sack at the hack-driver's feet.

"Any passengers?" inquired the negro.

"I hunted around in the car and found one a piece down the road. He may have walked and beat us in," said the baggage-master.

Nevertheless the passenger had been patient enough to remain on the slow-going train, and he now appeared.

"Is there a livery-stable here?" he in-

quired. Receiving an affirmative reply, he asked if it was possible to get a "conveyance" to the Briscoe settlement.

Flingin' Jim sat up straight at this, and looked hard at the stranger from under the brim of his wool hat.

"Yassar, you kin git took out," replied the driver, "but all de bes' stock done hired out. De town young men went huntin' dis mornin', some in buggies, an' some on hossback. But dar's a boy I



"MIN, NOW, IF SHE AIN'T DAR YOU COME RIGHT BACK."

speck kin take you out. I dunner what kinder rig he got."

"She ain't right bran'-new," said Flingin' Jim, with a grin, "an' she may wabble some, but she'll lan' you dar, suh."

"Very well, I'll go with you."

The gentleman—he was a stranger to both negroes—was tall and dark. His face was far from handsome, but his features were strong. His eyebrows were very heavy. When he lifted them, as he did when asking a question, his face was somber. When they fell back over his keen black eyes, his countenance seemed to be both fierce and arrogant. And yet, in spite of this aspect, in spite of the heavy mustache and imperial, there were lines of both tenderness and humor about his mouth. He appeared to be about thirty. The hack-driver had turned his team and was on his way back to the hotel when he saw Flingin' Jim wrestling

with a huge valise. He came to a halt, and called out:

"Fetch dat kyarpet-sack here an' put 'er in de hack; I'll take it uptown."

"You sho doin' me right dis time," said Flingin' Jim, gratefully. "Dey wouldn't be no trunks an' no chists ef ev'ybody had dis kinder doin's."

The stranger paid no attention to all this, but stood on the platform gazing

curiously at an old two-story building that sat in a clump of pines on a hill to the right. The building had once been the village academy. He was aroused by the hack-driver, who inquired if he would ride to the village, the center of which was half a mile away.

No, he would walk. He took his time about it, too, sauntering along and pausing to take in some scene or prospect that seemed to strike his fancy.

Flingin' Jim was ready and waiting



when the stranger arrived on the public square. The old buggy was hardly presentable. The paint and varnish had all worn off, and what had been the dashboard was now simply a frame of rusty iron; but the vehicle was still strong, having been made in the days when good, honest workmanship was in fashion.

No fault could be found with the horse, which was a creature of some spirit, trotting steadily and swiftly when the road

was level, and taking the shorter hills with a bound and a rush.

As they went along, the gentleman fell into conversation with the negro, and soon learned that some member of his family had been in the habit of coming to town every Saturday for several years; sometimes his mammy would come, but for a long time his daddy had been coming. Now, however, the responsibility had been laid on his shoulders.

"WHEN SHE . . . TOTE A BIG BASKET DOWN TER DE SPRING AN' BACK, HIT'S GWINETER BE DE SIGN ER SUMP'N."



"It's mammy's doin's," explained Flingin' Jim. "She got it strong in 'er min' dat Marse Phil Moseley gwine ter come back some time."

"But why on a Saturday?"

"Ef I ax myse'f dat question one time, I ax it leb'n hunder'd an' leb'nty-leb'n times," replied Flingin' Jim. "Mammy may know why, but she ain't tol' me."

"What is your mammy's name?"

"Elviry Moseley, suh. We-all useter b'long ter de Moseleys, suh. My daddy name Bob Moseley. Marse Phil useter call 'im Unk Bobuel. Daddy 'low he speek mammy's sen'in' in atter Marse Phil."

"Phil who?" inquired the gentleman.

"Marse Phil Moseley. Daddy say he wish Marse Phil'd make 'as'e an' come on ef he comin', kaze it's terrifyin' ter hafter stop a plow-hand ev'y Sat'day in de year, 'specially when de grass is in de craps."

"Well, I should think so!" exclaimed the gentleman. "What does your mammy want with this Phil Moseley?"

"Des want 'im ter come back. Big house dar empty an' gwine ter rack, an' Mr. Bill Dukes say de county gwine ter step in presently an' sell de whole place fer taxation er sump'n like dat."

"What has become of the rest of the Moseleys? Was Philip the last of his family?"

"Oh, dey wuz mo' un um, suh; but some went off an' some done dead—Miss Sue, she married, an' I bet you she's a-makin' dat man toe de mark right now, dis very minit. Miss Sue wuz cousin ter Marse Phil's ma's cousin."

The gentleman laughed for the first time, an event so unexpected that Flingin' Jim looked at him sidewise, and asked him if he knew Miss Sue.

"I've heard of her," was the reply. "I

used to know Phil Moseley, and he told me about her."

"Is Marse Phil dead?" asked the boy.

"Yes; he's dead, but he's not buried."

Flingin' Jim thought this matter over for some little time.

"Well, suh!" he exclaimed.

"Dead an' ain't buried!"

The statement rhymed, in his mind, with some old folk-tale he had heard his elders tell. "No wonder dey say de house ha'n'ted. I speek it's

Marse Phil comin' back



"THERE WAS ELVIRY WEARING UNK BOBUEL'S HAT, AND SWEEPING THE FRONT WALK."

kaze he wanter be buried."

"You are certainly correct about that," said the traveler, with grave emphasis.

The sun was still shining when Flingin' Jim and his passenger passed by the little church which seemed to interpose its presence between the settlement and the evil influences that might be presumed to emanate from the village miles away. Established as it was upon a hill, the church was properly termed Mount Horeb,

and this name had belonged to it ever since the third year after Matthew Clopton had settled at Shady Dale. If the building is standing to-day, it is one hundred and ten years old.

A few hundred yards farther on, they passed by a field in which an old negro woman was digging, while a boy was kneeling near by gathering up the result of her labors.

"Dat's granny," Flingin' Jim explained; "granny an' my Brer Sam. I speck dey er gittin' a mess er taters fer Sunday. Well, suh!" he exclaimed, "ef granny ain't got de long-handle weedin'-hoe you kin shoot me!"

"Well, why not?"

"Kaze she allers say dat when anybody see 'er diggin' wid de long-handle weedin'-hoe sump'n 'bout ter happen. She been had dat hoe und' her house ever sence Marse Phil went 'way."

"She must have felt that a stranger was coming," remarked Jim's passenger.

"Granny sho is a plum sight," said Flingin' Jim, with pride. "Is dey any special place whar you wanter be took, suh?"

"What about this haunted Moseley house?" the stranger inquired. "If there is any bed or furniture left, I should like to stay there. Couldn't your mammy manage to get me up something to eat?"

"She mighty handy wid de pots an' pans, suh," the negro replied.

They drove to the old house which loomed up dark and grim even with the last rays of the setting sun shining upon its tall roof. Flingin' Jim left his passenger sitting in the buggy and ran to his mammy's house, which was not far away. Elviry heard what Jim had to say.

"'Tain't Marse Phil," she remarked, with a sigh. "Ef it had 'a' been Marse Phil, he wouldn't 'a' waited fer you ter

come atter me. An' mo' an' dat, he'd 'a' axed you 'bout—but n'er min'; I'll go an' lookat 'im."

The gentleman made known his desires in a very few words. He had come to look after the Moseley property, and settle up all the affairs of the estate. If there was a bed left in the house, he would like to sleep there, and if Elviry could cook him something to eat



"WHO DAT TURKEY FER?" HE ASKED.

while he remained in the neighborhood, he would pay her well.

The woman hesitated one brief moment, with a question on her lips. Then she went around the house and soon had the front door open. The stranger had taken his heavy valise from the buggy with one hand and carried it to the veranda as easily as if it weighed not more than a pound and a half, a fact that caused Flingin' Jim to utter an exclamation of surprise.

By the time the gentleman entered the door, more than one candle was lit. Placing his valise in the hall, he called to Jim, "How much do I owe you?"

"Mammy'll tell you dat, suh," responded the negro, and at once drove the buggy away.

However grim and dark the exterior features of the old house appeared to be, the interior presented a most homelike appearance. On every side there were evidences of neat housekeeping. On the hearth a fire was kindled. A clock in the dining-room chimed the half-hour, answered by the clear bell of the clock on the sitting-room mantel. It was half-past six.

"You must have been expecting some one," the stranger suggested.

"Not specially, suh," replied Elviry. "We des tryin' ter please Marse Phil. He liable to drap in any minit, an' I know mighty well he'd like ter have eve'ything look like it did de day he went off. A white lady comes an' fixes up fer me when I have ter clean up. You see dat book on de table dar? Well, Marse Phil wuz lookin' at it de mornin' he lef' an' when he turn 'roun' to say good-by to we-all, he laid it right whar you see it layin' now."

"Is that so?" said the stranger.

"'Twon't be no trouble fer ter git yo' supper," continued Elviry. "We allers has eve'ything ready ag'in de hour when Marse Phil is ter come."

"But suppose he doesn't come?"

"He des bleege ter come; dey ain't no two ways 'bout dat." Having thus settled the matter, she piloted the gentleman to the back porch, where there was fresh water to drink, and to remove the dust of travel.

Supper was soon ready, and it was a good one, to which the new-comer did ample justice. Elviry had placed two candles on the table and had so arranged them that they would illuminate the gentleman's face. Beyond praising Elviry's cooking, he said nothing, but when he had dulled the edge of his appetite, he suddenly looked up. Seeing Elviry regarding him intently, he smiled.

"Bless God!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands together.

"What is the trouble?" he asked.

"Why, I come mighty nigh fergittin' de jam!" Elviry replied, in a tone so queer that the gentleman looked at her again, this time with amazement.

The jam was promptly forthcoming. When he had finished, the gentleman declared that it was the best supper he had eaten in many years. He paused on his way to the sitting-room, saying:

"How much do I owe you for the buggy ride?"

"Who? Me? How much you owe fer bein' brung out here? A ten-dollar bill in greenbacks—dat's how much!"

"Well, I'll be ——!" exclaimed the gentleman.

Elviry went out into the hallway.

"Come in de settin'-room," she said.

"Set down in dat cheer dar."

The stranger complying, Elviry seated herself on the floor near the corner of the hearth.

She picked up a splinter that had fallen from the kindling, and looked at it, twisting it around and about her fingers. "Marse Phil," she said, still studying the sliver of pine, "I been knowin' de Moseleys ever sence I been born, an' been hear talk er dem what I ain't knowed, an' dis de fust time, in so fur ez I knows, dat arrer one un um wuz ever cotch sneakin' back home."

The man's face reddened, and his jaw fell, but Elviry saw nothing of that; she was studying the pine splinter.

"Plague on you!" Moseley exclaimed; "how did you know me?" There was irritation in his tone, but no anger.

"I knowed you by de skyar on you lip, whar you cut it wid a chany cup when you wuz l'arnin' ter walk."

"Why, there's no scar there," he replied, taking a candle and examining his lip in a mirror.

"You draw you mouf open like you gwine ter laugh, an' you'll see it show red." At this he laughed in earnest, and sure enough, the scar showed, a tiny stroke of red. He replaced the candle on the table and seated himself again. During all this time, Elviry never raised her face to look at Moseley; and he, looking at her intently, suddenly remembered this was always her way. She was fifteen when she became his nurse, and he was a month old. Until he was nine, she nursed him or followed

him about, and he remembered with something like a pang that during all these years, the only rebuke she ever administered was to display shame or grief when he transgressed the rules of right conduct.

"I suppose you are ashamed again," he suggested, somewhat curtly.

"Yassar, I is; mo' 'shame' now dan all de yuther times put terge'er." She paused, but he made no reply, and she went on: "Marse Phil, how come you ter do it; what make you do it? Is dey anybody atter you? Wuz you feared we-all wuz cheatin' you?"

The truth is, he hardly knew the motives that had prompted him to refrain from making himself known, especially to Elviry. He had reasons—not very good ones, perhaps; still they were reasons. As he used to do when a child, he proceeded to put Elviry on the defensive.

"Why didn't you go around telling everybody that you were sending after me every Saturday?"

For the first time since she had been in the room, she raised her head and looked at him through her tears. "Do which, Marse Phil?"

"Why didn't you send word around the neighborhood that you were sending to town for me every Saturday? You didn't even tell Uncle Bobuel, did you?"

For answer, Elviry threw back her head and laughed joyously. "Dat des de way you use ter do when you wuz little. Now you nee'nter b'lieve I dunner why I ain't tell Bob, kaze I does, but I can't put it right plain in words." Even while she laughed she was wiping away the tears.

"That's about the way I feel," said Philip Moseley. "There's no reason why I shouldn't have had handbills scattered around announcing that on a certain day Phil Moseley would return to his old home, but I didn't."

"But you ain't tell me 'bout it atter you done come. You never said howdy, an' you never shuck han's."

"Well, I'll not bother you long, and I'll shake han's when I start back home."

"Home! Home!" exclaimed Elviry, with vehemence. "Ain't dis yo' home? Ain't dis whar ole miss an' ole marster live an' die at?" In her earnestness Elviry rose to her feet and stood facing Philip Moseley.

"Well, I've lived in Mississippi so long that it feels more like home than this place." He had followed the fortunes of Bedford Forrest during the war, and had gone with that great fighter to Mississippi when Providence called a truce.

"Seven year ain't so long," she replied.

He made no reply, and she suddenly asked, "Is you married, Marse Phil?"

"No, by George! and I never expect to be."

Elviry fumbled at the red table-cloth with her fingers. "Well, dey useter be a young lady some'rs in dis county dat you set some sto' by."

"Yes," he replied, stroking his mustache. "I've forgotten her name. The only thing I remember about her is that she gave me the back of her hand and the toe of her shoe, as the saying is."

"Well!" cried Elviry. It is impossible to describe on paper the tone and emphasis employed by the negro woman to charge this simple exclamation with doubt, distrust and contempt.

He looked up at her, and something he saw in her face, some expression of pity not unminged with disgust, caused his eyes to fall, and the blood to rush to his face. It was almost as if he were a boy again.

"Well—what?" he said, with some irritation.

"Nothin' 'tall, suh," Elviry replied.

Her voice was low and humble. She turned slowly away and went about cleaning off the table in the dining-room.

Something or other in the situation gave Philip Moseley considerable discomfort. As he sat there gazing in the fire, the face of a girl he used to know slowly shaped itself in his memory—the face of Ann Briscoe. It was a very striking face, sensitive, proud, reserved, and yet marked by a tenderness that flashed from lustrous brown eyes—a face that was noble rather than beautiful. Specifications such as these had not occurred to Moseley's mind during the days when he was to be found at Ann Briscoe's elbow, or riding by her side at all proper hours. But now, he could check off each feature of that haunting face, and glibly give the name of each quality or group of qualities that it stood for. He knew now why neither he nor

any one else had ever called her "Annie," though the fact used to puzzle him.

He had been grandly and dramatically in love with Ann Briscoe in his early youth, and for some years afterward. The two had, in fact, exchanged pledges when he started off for the war. He wrote her as soon as an opportunity offered, and that was the last of his youthful dream. He wrote again, to be sure, and the third time, but no reply ever came, and he gave himself over to some very miserable hours during the long days and nights that followed. In fact, he knew now why he had come sneaking back, as Elviry had said, and he knew only too well why he had refrained from making inquiries about this girl he used to know. Girl? If still unmarried, she must now be an old maid of twenty-six.

Elviry had had her own hopes. But these had been shattered and her plans crumbled before her eyes. She said to herself that the Marse Phil she had been expecting for so long, was not the Marse Phil she had formerly known, and she felt that his return was but a matter of money.

Philip Moseley could hear her muttering to herself as she cleared the table, or as she crossed the hall. Her words failed to reach him, but what she was saying was that he needn't be afraid that anybody had cheated him out of a trip. The truth is, the affairs of the plantation had been well managed. The court of ordinary had appointed 'Squire Barksdale administrator until such time as Philip Moseley should return, or until proof of his death was forthcoming.

Judge Barksdale was glad to lease the plantation to Ann Briscoe, who, in managing her own property after the war, had developed a considerable capacity for business. She had, too, the advice of her father, who, though a helpless invalid, had a clear head and a vigorous mind.

There was just enough enthusiasm left in Elviry to urge her to bring about a quick settlement of the whole business. The next morning, after she had prepared breakfast for Philip Moseley, she returned to her own house. The day was Sunday, but she stirred up things at a lively rate. She had an errand for her husband, who was sunning himself on the door-sill.

"Bob, you git up fum dar, an' take yo' foot in yo' han' an' go tell Miss Ann fer ter sen' dem 'count-books what she been keepin'. Take dat bag dar an' fetch um in it. Ef she ain't dar, you come back an' tell me; I know right whar dey is. Now, man, move like you got some life in you!" She followed him to the opening of the rugged fence that answered the purpose of a gate. "Min', now, ef she ain't dar, you come right back."

Uncle Bobuel knew from Elviry's tone that something more than ordinarily serious was on foot, and he made no delay. He covered the half-mile to and fro in a very short time, bringing back with him a number of account-books, mainly copy-books, such as children use at school, but among these were two or three "day-books" which had been made to serve the purpose of ledgers. They were all neatly arranged and carefully tied together.

Now, if Ann Briscoe had been at home, this bundle of account-books would never have been given to Uncle Bobuel. The contents of all of them had been summed up and set forth in one of the larger books. But Miss Ann had gone from home immediately after an early breakfast; she had heard that one of her friends was ill, so she determined to call on her way to church. Her father was at home, however, and when Uncle Bobuel made his desires known, Mr. Briscoe wheeled his chair into the library, pointed out the books, and bade the negro get them down from the shelf.

"Take 'em along, take 'em along," he said, with some petulance. "I don't see why Barksdale can't come here and look at 'em."

"'Tain't Marse Barksdale, suh," remarked Uncle Bobuel. "I 'lowed fum de way Elviry done, dat it mought be Marse Phil Moseley hisse'f."

"Well, he's got nothing in the world to do with these accounts," exclaimed Mr. Briscoe, with some heat. "But take 'em along, take 'em along. Your Miss Ann has nothing to hide."

Now, as a matter of fact, Ann did have something very important to hide, something of which her father knew nothing. Nevertheless, Uncle Bobuel took the bundle

and went trudging home with it. Once there, he handed it over to Elviry, who took it from the bag and placed it on her head. Nicely balancing it, she took a pitcher in one hand and a basket in the other, and made her way to the big house. Strange to say, the house seemed to be lonelier than ever. The door was open, but the blinds in front were tightly closed. She carried the package of books into the sitting-room and placed it on the table.

"Here de sums an' figgers. Ef dey er wrong anywhar, dey kin be sot right. 'Twon't take Miss Ann two minits an' a half ter fix um." Elviry had almost as much respect for Miss Ann's 'sums and figgers' as she had for Miss Ann herself.

"Why, I asked for no accounts," said Moseley. "I wouldn't know head from tail if I were to go through them a dozen times. Who has kept these accounts? Miss Ann Briscoe; very well. If Miss Ann Briscoe says they are all right, that settles it with me."

"Well, dar dey is," Elviry insisted, "an' dar I'll leave um. You may change yo' min' 'bout lookin' at um, an' den you'll fin' um handy. Mo' dan dat, I ain't got no place ter put um at, less'n I sen' um back ter Briscoe's."

She waited for some response to this, but Moseley was watching a belated white butterfly fluttering about the flower-garden, where a few fall blossoms were in bloom. Observing his abstraction, and resenting it as indifference, Elviry turned and hurried from the room to see about dinner. But Moseley called her back.

"Elviry, what in the name of heaven has Ann Briscoe to do with this place?" His manner was very solemn.

"You better ax what she ain't got ter do wid it," replied Elviry. "Why, Marse Phil, ef it hadn't been fer me an' Miss Ann de whole place would 'a' gone ter rack an' ruin. All yo' blood kin done dead, an' de lawyers des a-waitin' a chance fer ter hatch up a showin' dat you done dead too. Dat what I hear Marse Barksdale say, an' Miss Ann 'gree wid 'im."

As Moseley said no more, Elviry went about her business, still in a pucker. Moseley untied the package of account-

books and began to examine them with indifferent interest. He remembered Ann Briscoe's handwriting well. There was a certain boldness and deftness in its style, bordering on masculinity, and these qualities were thoroughly characteristic. He remembered how completely she differed from all the women he had ever met in her open sincerity, and her complete indifference to those trivial and unimportant conventions that are made so much of by the great majority of the weaker sex. She was thoroughly a woman, but possessed both common sense and humor.

Philip Moseley remembered all these characteristics with satisfaction rather than indifference, as he thumbed one book after another. Presently, in the very center of the bundle, he came upon a paper-bound volume a trifle smaller than the rest. It was the young woman's diary, and he felt that he had no right to open its pages. And yet—he had opened them. At the moment the thought occurred to him, his thumb lay against a date-line—"July 31st, 1861." The entry that followed was in these words: "P. M. has now been gone three months to a day. He was to write and he has not written. Mr. Dukes, who was in P. M.'s company, has returned on a furlough. He says that all are well. To me this is very strange news—that all should be well. Mr. Dukes said that the soldier boys in his company 'loaded him down' with letters and messages. A letter from P. M. to me would have been the last feather to break the camel's back. Mr. Dukes has been kind enough to remind me that he asked me to marry him before he went away, and I have been cold enough to ask him if he remembers what my answer was." Another entry was made under date of January 4, 1862: "Still no word from P. M. It is really curious that one's *friends* should be dead and still lack burial."

Moseley closed the book with a laugh, remembering the remark he had made to Flingin' Jim. Yet in his inmost soul his emotions were tragical enough to suit the occasion. He tied the books together again, and went out into the garden, where he paced up and down the familiar walks, thinking. His memory had become ab-



sardly strong and vivid. He remembered that as he was writing his first letter to Ann Briscoe some of the boys started a rabbit—their camp was newly pitched in the neighborhood of hedges and thickets of briars. The yells of the troops had so frightened the rabbit that it ran blindly into his tent and took refuge between his feet as he sat writing.

He could remember, also, some of the tenderer passages of the letter. He had written in a great glow of feeling, for it was a period of his life when hope, and courage, and the passionate devotion of youth, ran high. He remembered that his first letter had been intrusted to a man named Grierson—a friend and kinsman of this William Dukes whose name Moseley had found celebrated in Ann Briscoe's diary. Grierson had been transferred, at his own request, to the Department of the Gulf, and on his way there, intended to stop at Harmony Grove to transact some business for Mr. Dukes.

Dukes—well, something about the name must have been funny, for Moseley smiled as he spoke it aloud. Then he lit a cigar, the fumes of which, floating houseward to Elviry, caused that appreciative individual to pause in her labors long enough to remark, "Hit sho do smell like o' times." Then there was the "P. M." of the diary. Did the letters stand for post meridian or post mortem? Again Moseley smiled, and Flingin' Jim, passing by at the time, took it to himself and bowed, lifting his hat.

"Good-morning, James," said Moseley.

"I'm mighty well, suh. I seed granny totin' de big basket des now."

"Now, is that so?" inquired Moseley, gravely. "And on Sunday, too."

"Yes, suh, granny been sayin' fer de longest, dat when she dig wid de long-handle hoe, an' tote a big basket down ter de spring an' back, hit's gwineter be de sign er sump'n. Specially when she tote de hoe an' de basket. I ax her what she got in dar, an' she say, 'Larroze ter ketch meddlers.'"

"Well, well!" exclaimed Moseley, with a solemn affectation of wonder.

"Dat's granny's sesso, suh, it sho is; larroze ter ketch meddlers. She say dat when she do like dat, hit's gwineter be a sign ter we-all in de fambly, dat Marse Phil done come back."

"You don't tell me! And has he returned?"

"I speck he is, suh," replied Flingin' Jim, directing a shrewd but fleeting glance at Moseley. "Ef he ain't here now, he'll come ter-day."

"By the by, do you know a man named Grierson?" Moseley inquired. He had no thought but to change the subject.

"Huh!" grunted Flingin' Jim, "eve'y-body know dat man. He come here right atter de war, an' settle down close ter Mr. Bill Dukes. Dey say Bill Dukes gi' 'im de lan'. But he ain't been here long 'fo' he had a fallin' out wid Bill Dukes an' his Brer Tom, an' dey coteh 'im out one night an' come mighty nigh beatin' 'im ter death. He been cripple ever sence. Dem Dukes is monstus servigrouz folks—dey sho is."

"H-m-m! So I've been told."

"Dey tol' you right dat time. After dis Grierson man got his beatin', he took an' move off. You know whar de Trimble useter live? Well, right dar you'll fin' Grierson—des beyan' de Tunison place. He married Miss Jane Fraley. Miss Jane wuz a right promisin' white 'oman when she married Grierson, but now——" Flingin' Jim paused and shook his head. "Marse Barksdale say dat eve'y year count fer ten wid Miss Jane sence she married dat man. Folks say dat man put a spell on her." Evidently Flingin' Jim was fond of gossip.

"Is there a horse on the place that's fit to ride?" Moseley asked.

Flingin' Jim laughed. "We got one dat's fitten, but I don't speck you kin ride 'im. Miss Ann rides 'im sometimes, but it's all she kin do."

"Well, saddle him directly after dinner. I want to pay a party call."

"Daddy'll saddle 'im, suh—not me."

Whereupon Moseley went to the barn to inspect the horse, and, if possible, make friends with him. The creature was very peculiarly marked. He was a chestnut sorrel, but his head, a part of his neck, and the near hindleg were as white as milk, the skin underneath giving it the pinkish reflection which frequently marks the albino type. Sherman's army, in passing through that section, took all the stock on the Briscoe plantation, but left in

its place a thoroughbred mare which was in no condition to travel farther. The peculiarly marked horse was her offspring.

Moseley soon discovered that the bad character which Flingin' Jim had given to the horse was due partly to a lack of understanding, and partly to the desire of Uncle Bobuel, who had the care of him, to win a reputation for himself, as the manager of an unmanageable horse. The astonishment of Flingin' Jim was great when the strange gentleman, who had never seen the dangerous animal before, walked confidently into the stall, untied the halter, and led the well-groomed horse out into the sunlight. Beyond a few antics which never carried him to the length of his halter-strap, the creature did nothing but stand with his head high, and draw into his pink nostrils huge volumes of the sweet atmosphere which is the boon that Indian summer brings to those who know her and watch for her coming.

"Miss Ann named 'im Prince, suh, an' dat what we-all calls 'im," said Flingin' Jim, by way of comment.

Prince was too fat for hard service, but otherwise he had been carefully groomed. His coat shone like satin in the sun, and his peculiar markings gave him an uncanny appearance. Nevertheless, Prince was very beautiful.

"Daddy say he savin' Prince fer Marse Phil," Flingin' Jim went on. "He say Marse Phil kin ride any hoss what'll stay on de groun'. Dey all say dat. But Daddy, he 'low dat when Marse Phil come, he'll ride dat hoss wid a halter."

Everything, it seemed, was waiting for Philip Moseley, and everything was for his special glorification.

After dinner, Moseley called to Flingin' Jim to show him where the bridles and saddles were, and the horse was soon ready for the journey to Mr. Grierson's. At one part of the proceedings, the negro boy shook his head. The horse had always been ridden with a curb, but Moseley substituted a snaffle. By the time he had settled himself in the saddle, he seemed to be a part of the horse, and somehow the appearance of both was greatly improved. The first burst of eagerness over, the horse settled down into a long, swinging stride that was the perfection of ease and grace;

and for the first time in many a long day Moseley found himself enjoying some of the sensations peculiar to the years of his youth.

Mr. Grierson was at home. Alas! he was always at home these days, so Mrs. Grierson said, as she met Philip Moseley at the door. Prepared by Flingin' Jim's description, the visitor had no difficulty in recognizing the lady whom he had known before her marriage as Miss Jane Fraley; but there was no point of resemblance between the buxom Jenny and this shrunken and weakened woman, old before her time.

Shrunken as she was, Moseley soon discovered that what she had lost in flesh she had gained in spirit and temper, and he quickly found that the gossip which placed her in the attitude of an abused wife, had not a particle of basis in fact.

"Wishin' may be believin'," said Mrs. Grierson, "but it's strong in my mind that you're no other than Phil Moseley."

"You are right, madam," was the reply, "and I'm very glad to see you again."

"Well, you've come in the nick of time, and I thank the Lord for that much," exclaimed Mrs. Grierson.

"Janey! Janey!" cried a wheezy voice from within; "don't talk so loud. Bill Dukes'll git wind of your wild words an' he'll be down upon us."

"Listen at him—just listen! I could die wherr I hear him say that! Oh, if I was a man!" Mrs. Grierson's voice was so stifled by passion that she spoke in a hoarse whisper. And then, in impotent rage, she beat her clenched hand against the door-facing.

She recovered herself almost immediately, saying, "Don't take me for a fool till you see me in the lunatic asylum."

He followed her into an inner room, where, lying upon a rude stretcher, he saw Mr. Grierson, the shadow of a wreck, and yet clinging to life most strenuously. The stretcher on which he lay had wheels at one end and handles at the other, so that it could be rolled from room to room.

"Look at that," said Mrs. Grierson, grimly, pointing at the wreck; "look at it and tell me what you think of it."

It was out of the question that Moseley should enter into the woman's mood.

"Mr. Grierson probably doesn't remember me," he remarked.

"Well, I reckon I do," cried the cripple, petulantly, "when I've laid awake all night many a night waitin' for you."

"I'm truly sorry to see you in such a plight," remarked Moseley.

"Plight—plight? What's plight got to do wi' it? I tell you it's the mind that works trouble; the body hain't got a thing to do wi' it. It's the mind—the mind, constant a-wanderin' and a-tossin'. Roll me in t'other room, Janey, where there's a better light."

This was promptly done, and Moseley was pressed to have a seat in the rocking-chair.

"I have no long time to stay," the visitor remarked. "Mr. Grierson, several years ago I intrusted you with a letter. You were going to Harmony Grove, and it was to be posted there. Have you any idea what became of that letter?"

Mr. Grierson rolled his eyes toward his wife, who was sitting beside the stretcher, and the response came from her.

"He knows; he knows mighty well. He took the letter, brought it to the Grove, and handed it over to Tom Dukes, just as Bill Dukes told him to do."

"I'll tell you why I done it," said Mr. Grierson. "I done it because Bill Dukes told me to do it. He and his folks had favored me in many ways. He said he was engaged to be married to Miss Ann, and that she didn't want to be pestered wi' letters, so I fetched it here and handed it over to Tom Dukes."

"And you see what's come of it all," remarked Mrs. Grierson, solemnly, with a gesture toward the wreck on the stretcher.

"Did it never occur to you to say something about it to Miss Ann?" inquired Moseley.

"It certainly did," responded Mrs. Grierson, with emphasis, "but I didn't know her so mighty well, and I went about it the wrong way, I reckon. Anyhow, she cut me up. That was—oh, ever so long ago. But one day durin' last summer, I met Ann Briscoe in the road, and she asked me plump and plain what I meant when I spoke to her about a letter. Well, she had cut me up, and I paid her back then and there. Says I, 'When I

wanted to tell you, you wouldn't listen, and now I'll not tell you.'"

"And that ain't all," said Mr. Grierson, raising his peevish voice. "Every letter that ever passed betwixt you fell into the hands of Tom or Bill Dukes. Why, I've hearn 'em laugh about the way they worked it. Well, Bill and Tom Dukes they done it. I says to Bill Dukes, 'You didn't git the gal after all, and I'm blasted well glad of it.' One word fetched on another and both of 'em lit on me, and I ain't never walked a step from that day to this."

"You know what I believe, Phil Moseley?" suddenly remarked Mrs. Grierson. "I believe Providence has worked for you from the first jump."

"I'm afraid not," replied Moseley, shaking his head. And yet he had often noted some very curious coincidences in his career. Nevertheless—

"Nevertheless," said he, giving voice to his thoughts, "the two men who have done me the foulest wrong are alive and prospering."

"They're alive and prospering to-day," commented Mrs. Grierson, "but the Almighty don't go by human clocks. Don't the Good Book say some'r's that a thousand years ain't more'n a minute wi' Him?"

"That is true," said Moseley, rising to take his departure. He promised to come again, after assuring and reassuring Mr. Grierson that he bore no ill will. "You were but a blind tool in the hands of these men," he explained to the old man. "Both of them will have to answer to me for their rascality."

"Well, thank the Lord for that much!" exclaimed Mrs. Grierson. "You'll find that when they have to toe the mark, they won't be so full of fight as they are when they jump on a man when his back's turned."

Philip Moseley bade the couple good-by, and was soon skimming along the red road, enjoying to the utmost the swift undulations of the spirited animal he was riding. He sat perfectly erect in the saddle, his bridle-hand low, and his right arm hanging easily by his side. He looked neither to the right nor to the left. He saluted or raised his hat to every person he met on the road, or passed going in the same

direction. There were a number of vehicles going his way, and in one of them sat Judge Barksdale, who was a justice of the peace, a man of affairs, and one of the most popular citizens of the county. It was Judge Barksdale who, exercising his neighborly impulses, took occasion to point out to the court of ordinary the necessity of appointing an administrator for the Moseley estate.

"Now, that is what I call riding," exclaimed the Judge, as Philip Moseley sped past. "If the horse was to turn a somersault and light on his feet, you'd see that chap right where he is. Why, I believe that's the Moseley horse." Molly, his daughter, was sure of it. "Well, well! I hope it's Phil," said the old man.

Now, when Ann Briscoe reached home from church that afternoon, it chanced that her father was asleep. When he awoke, the incident of the morning had passed from his mind, and it was not until he was ready to retire for the night that he remembered it.

"You've heard the news, I reckon," he remarked to Ann.

"No, I've heard none."

"Well, they say Phil Moseley has come back." He did not look at Ann.

"Who brought the news?" she inquired.

"Why, old Bob. After you went to church, I heard a mighty shuffling and scrambling on the front porch, and there was old Bob in such a hurry and flurry that he scarcely had time to wait for what he came after."

"And what did he want, pray?"

"He said Elviry sent him for the account-books, and when I asked him what in the world she wanted with 'em, he replied that he thought Phil Moseley had come back. I told old Bob flat and plain that Moseley had no more to do with the accounts than a man in the next county."

"That is quite true," said Ann, trying to assume the attitude which would enable her to crush Moseley, should he dare to speak to her for any reason or purpose whatever.

"But I considered the matter," her father went on, "and rather than give Moseley the idea that we have anything to hide, I told old Bob to take the books and mosey along with 'em."

The next morning bright and early, Ann Briscoe was up attending to the various duties and responsibilities which she had gradually taken upon herself. She felt unduly elated, as she supposed, and she tried, with some determination, to put the feeling aside. She had long ago reduced the romantic illusions of her youth to a consistency of fiber (as it were) which the fluttering moths of sentiment could not successfully assail. Nevertheless, it was a period full of very pleasant memories, and after breakfast Ann decided to reread a part of her diary. Her notes covered only a year and a half, but during that time she had been quite faithful in jotting down the sentiments and emotions with which her mind was charged.

She searched her desk, ransacked the shelves of the library, and then, flinging up her hands, fell upon a sofa as if she had been shot. She had suddenly remembered that the diary had been placed among the books containing the accounts of the Moseley plantation. Her swift imagination could perceive Philip Moseley reading and laughing over the innocent confessions therein set forth. Her most intimate emotions, as she supposed, had been faithfully interpreted and written out, and the thought of it caused her to writhe in agony. But the young woman's collapse was of no long duration.

Suspended from the ceiling of the back porch, there hung a steel triangle, and alongside it a piece of steel about ten inches long with which to strike it. This was known on the Briscoe place as Miss Ann's gong. It was as loud as a country church-bell, and was used to summon field-hands to dinner, or to call such of the servants as were not in sight. One blow upon this gong meant a particular servant, two blows another, and three blows were a call for the man who attended to the mules and horses.

Ann Briscoe hurried from the library to this gong, and struck three blows with such vehemence that the man (he was grooming Miss Ann's saddle-horse) dropped everything and ran to the house as rapidly as if he had been called to quench a fire.

"Saddle my horse," commanded the lady, as soon as the servant came within hearing distance.

Ann made no great preparations. She hastily adjusted a riding-skirt, put on her garden hat, a wide-brimmed affair with a touch of blue in its make-up, and began to pace impatiently up and down. In a few minutes the negro came running, leading the horse at a swinging trot. By the time he reached the horse-block, Ann Briscoe was there also, and the next moment she was riding toward the Moseley place, almost as rapidly as the horse could go. The sweeping rush of the wind did her good, and the movements of the horse had a soothing effect upon her nerves.

She was soon in a position to see that even if Philip Moseley had read and gloated over the confessions of her youth, no cataclysm had occurred. The Moseley house was still standing, as grim and as lonely as ever. No, not altogether lonely, for, though the blinds were tightly closed, there was Elviry wearing Uncle Bobuel's hat, and sweeping the front walk.

Elviry saw Miss Ann coming, and knew that trouble was brewing somewhere. Being a very excitable negro, she dropped the broom and ran to the gate.

"What de matter, Miss Ann? Name er goodness, what de matter?" cried Elviry.

"Hush!" responded the lady. "Don't talk so loud. How dare you send after those books when I was away? You've ruined me!" Her voice was charged with both indignation and grief.

"Why, Miss Ann, I thought de books wuz all right. I——"

"Didn't I tell you not to talk so loud?"

"Dey ain't nobody in de house. Marse Phil done gone off some'rs. He ain't never totch de books. Dey er layin' right whar I put um at."

"Go and bring them here." Miss Ann breathed easier. She soon had the precious diary in her hand. "I'll burn you," she cried, exultantly, shaking it before her face. "I'll burn you the minute I get home." Without another word, she went galloping away.

Elviry stood looking after the young woman until a bend in the road hid her from view. "Well, well, well!" said the negro woman, talking softly to herself. "Ef an angel fum heaven had come down here an' tol' me dat Ann Briscoe had sump'n she wanter hide, er had sump'n

wrong in dem 'count-books, I wouldn't 'a' b'lieved it—dat I wouldn't." She carried the books back in the house and tied them in bundle form again. "If anybody ax me what's de 'casion er all de ruination in de worl' I'll tell um it's money an' figgers. I'll say it anywhar!"

Just beyond the bend in the road which had hid Ann Briscoe from Elviry's eyes, there was a hill which commanded a view of pretty much all of the settlement. The houses that could not be seen were small and insignificant indeed. This hill with the primitive forest on one side and cultivated or fallow land on the other, fell away to a valley in which there was a number of comfortable houses. Here lived Mr. William Dukes and his brother Tom, and not far away, Judge Barksdale had his home.

When Ann Briscoe reached the top of this hill, she saw three men. Two were walking together, and the third was moving toward them. As the figure of this third man was unfamiliar to her, Ann judged that it must be Philip Moseley, though he was too far away for his features to be clearly visible. On the right, in a piece of fallow land, a most unusual movement caught Ann's eye and arrested her attention. It was the stooping figure of a negro, running toward such cover as a clump of sassafras saplings would afford.

Ann Briscoe recognized the stooping figure as Flingin' Jim. Some instinct told her that trouble was brewing. And this was indeed the case, for when the three men met in the road, there was a moment's pause, and then Philip Moseley proceeded to express his opinion of Messrs. William and Thomas Dukes in language that was more emphatic than refined. In short, Moseley employed terms which in the South (and, indeed, wherever men are amenable to insult) always mean a personal encounter.

Moseley had armed himself with a stout hickory, for he knew what to expect. But Mr. William Dukes was armed with a pistol, and this he attempted to draw, but Moseley was quicker, delivering a blow with his bludgeon which sent the man reeling. Meanwhile, Mr. Thomas Dukes made a rush at Moseley and the two clenched, engaging in a struggle which

required all of Moseley's attention. In a moment Mr. William Dukes had recovered himself sufficiently to get his pistol out. He advanced close to the struggling men.

With a cry of warning on her lips, Ann Briscoe spurred her horse forward. What she hoped or intended to do she never knew. Whatever it was, she was too late for its performance, for as her horse plunged forward, she saw Flingin' Jim rush from behind, the clump of bushes, whirl his body around and straighten his left arm quickly. Apparently responsive to these movements, Mr. William Dukes threw his arms out wildly, his pistol went off in the air, and he sank upon the ground.

By this time, Moseley had detached himself from his antagonist, and by a few well-directed blows soon had him crying for quarter, so that when Ann Briscoe reached the scene, peace reigned direfully. Perceiving which, the young woman made no pause, except that occasioned by her horse, which shied when it came to the body of Mr. William Dukes. Ann was strong enough, but the sight of blood, together with the strain under which she had labored, was too much for her. Her face, which was white, grew whiter still when she looked at Moseley.

"Ann!" he cried, but she shook her head and rode on, and, when she reached home, went straight to her room and wept because she had not stopped and turned when his voice called her name.

Flingin' Jim, meantime, after he had gone through the singular performance which Ann Briscoe had witnessed, went running to Judge Barksdale's and informed that gentleman that a big fight was going on "down de big road 'twix' Marse Phil an' de Dukeses." Judge Barksdale, piloted by Flingin' Jim, hurried to the seat of war, but when he arrived the trouble was over.

"Hello, Tom!" Judge Barksdale exclaimed, "you've got life in you. I'm afeared your brother Bill's a-goner. Well, I've made two perditions in this settlement and they've both panned out. One is that a man with a good hickory is equal to two armed men at close quarters; t'other is that Bill an' Tom Dukes would some day wake up the wrong passenger."

"You say that Bill Dukes is dead?" in-

quired Philip Moseley, with some concern.

"It strikes me that way," replied Mr. Barksdale, in a judicial tone.

"Why, I never hit the man but once, and he was on his feet some time after that. I heard his pistol go off, and seeing him fall in a heap, I thought he had accidentally shot himself."

"No, sir; there's a soft place on the side of his head here, jest about the size of a walnut. He must 'a' butted ag'in the end of your hickory. Jim, run over to Doc' Dawson's and tell him to come here as hard as ever he can, and do you come back by Dukes's and tell some of the hands to hitch up some sort of a contrapment and come after the dead and wounded—if so be Bill is dead."

It was one of the peculiarities of Judge Barksdale that he was never flustered. Under all circumstances he was cool and self-contained.

"You fellers must have some good reason for this fracas," he remarked to Moseley, and when the latter told him briefly of the causes that led up to it, he took a pinch of snuff and nodded. "I endorse it as a human bein', but not as an officer of the law. And that's the reason you left your prop'ty hangin' in the air, is it? Well, it's a better reason than I thought you had, but it won't hold water. Young people in love are fools, and they never come to their senses till long after they are married. If you could ketch and spread out in a book all the unspoken thoughts that fly up the chimney-flue while married folks are settin' before the fire, you'd have a mighty interestin' volume."

"Is Bill dead?" asked Tom Dukes, who had been helped to a sitting posture by his late antagonist.

"It's more'n likely," replied Judge Barksdale; "but the doctor'll tell us. I see him a-comin' now."

"William's not dead," the physician remarked, after a careful examination. "But he may die. What was he hit with?"

Philip Moseley explained the affair.

The doctor was a very inquisitive man. "Did anybody see the fight?" he asked. There was no answer to the question. "This wound on William is of the same



kind and character as the one I found on that nigger tramp—you remember him, Judge Barksdale—that ran after Miss Ann Briscoe. The nigger never knew what hit him; he was dead before he quit running." That being the case, Mr. Barksdale could give a reasonable explanation of the mystery, but he remained silent. He happened to see an iron ball lying in a wagon-rut near the side of the road. It was, in fact, a grape-shot, one of the relics of the war that had found its way to that section. He changed his position so as to place his foot near the missile, dropped his knife, stooped to recover it, and transferred both knife and grape-shot to his pocket.

Mr. Tom Dukes was badly bruised, but not seriously hurt, and was even able to help lift his brother in the light wagon that soon came. He surprised Philip Moseley by inviting him to go with the others to the Dukes place.

"I ain't got a thing ag'in ye in the world, Phil—not a thing. I've got some papers there that I want to give you wi' my own hands. Bill wanted me to burn 'em, an' I told 'im I had, but they're all there."

Those papers were the letters written by Moseley and Ann Briscoe, to each other. There were six of them—three written by each—and they had never been opened. Those he had written to the young lady, Moseley bundled up and sent to her by Flingin' Jim, with this brief note:

"DEAR MISS ANN: I send you three letters that you should have received long ago. What changes have taken place in your mind I have no means of knowing, but if the sending them to you at this late day (they have just been recovered) is an act of impertinence, pray return them by the bearer."

After reading the note, Miss Ann questioned Flingin' Jim very closely, but in an indirect way, and thus discovered that the letters had been returned by Mr. Dukes.

"And how is Mr. William Dukes?" she inquired.

"He gittin' on mighty well, dey say."

Then he added: "I wuz too fur off. Dat clump er bushes whar I wuz at it mighty nigh two hundred yards fum de road—I done stepped it off. An' now dat

man'll git up fum his bed, an' he'll piroot 'roun' an' shoot Marse Phil in de back. Is dey any answer?" he asked.

"No; no answer," Miss Ann blushed as she spoke. She reread the note in her own room. "He must think," she said, with a smile of scorn, "that women are as changeable as men."

She read these letters with mingled emotions. They were the intimate confessions of a young man floundering about in the arms of love and romance, and their ardor brought to her cheeks a glow which took possession of that fair field and remained there. The last of the three created the deepest impression on her mind. It was the one in which he bade farewell to the dreams of love. It was melancholy but manly.

After going over the letters twice, Ann leaned her head on her hand, apparently in deep thought, and the burden of her reflections found voice. "I'd give a pretty to know what I wrote in *my* last letter. I'm sure it's something mean."

Not many hours elapsed before Philip Moseley came knocking at the Briscoe door, and Ann herself answered the summons. The man looked at the woman and held out his arms, and the woman ran to the sheltering embrace with a sigh of happiness and content.

Some weeks later, Flingin' Jim found his mammy picking a turkey. "Who dat turkey fer?" he asked.

"What you ax me dat fer, boy? You know Marse Phil ain't gwine ter let nobody but me cook de dinner fer de infair."

"Dat so; dey gwine ter marry ter-night. Well, suh! I like ter fergit it. I been huntin' fer my fool-killer an' marryin' ain't been in my min'."

"Marse Barksdale come by an' lef' a ball fer you des now. He call it a grave-shot. It's in dar on de bed."

"It may be a grave-shot," replied Flingin' Jim, "but I call it my fool-killer."

"Ef it fetch you ter de gallows I'll never tell folks dat 'twan't rightly named."

Flingin' Jim laughed, saying: "Yander go Marse Phil an' Miss Ann. Dey er sho mighty chummy."

"Dey got de right ter be," replied Elviry.

QUIZZING VALENTINE WRITER.



*Oh go you little harmless thing  
A dandy will do fine  
The gods I hope a Man will bring  
To be my Valentine.*

Page 18

THE  
QUIZZING  
VALENTINE WRITER.  
a Collection of Original  
VERSES.



LONDON

Published by T. HUGHES, 55, Ludgate Street.

FLY-LEAF OF "THE QUIZZING VALENTINE WRITER," 1805.

THE FESTIVAL OF LOVE.

BY MILLICENT OLMSTED.

IT wasn't in the past our custom to ponder on the why of St. Valentine's Day—sufficient to us that it was. But now, left with only the shadow of the thing on our hands, we are trying to console ourselves by finding out more about it than we ever knew before. We are interested in the fact that one of the most austere saints in the Christian calendar and the most mischievous little god of pagan mythology have become all tangled up in the name and observance of one day in each year, the 14th of February. If the good Bishop gave his name to the day, certain it is that little Eros, on mischief bent, is its presiding genius.

With all the change of custom, St. Valentine's Day was to us—not so very long in the past—much like what it is to the little girls and boys of to-day, although the lace-paper and scrap-picture folders with honeyed words within are now almost entirely superseded by fanciful

cards embodying most artistic designs and quizzical or pretty verses.

As we slip along back from our own child days to those of our grandmother, we see that she fed on still more sentiment and still less art than did we. Folded sheets with lacy edges, and most delicately hand-written verses beneath crudely colored sentimental sketches, found their insidious way under her front door.

Simpler, more primitive, more verse, less picture, runs the form of the valentine, until we find that there is none. That is, no missive other than an occasional impassioned rhyme from some lover.

To our amazement, when we look at the calendar, the date is only 1800 when the manufactured valentine first began to steal away the early charm of St. Valentine's Day.

Now we come to the time when the valentines were pretty gifts to some friend chosen for the day. Nay, more, valentines were people selected by some

quaint custom, by whom gifts were interchanged. The lady valentines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were honored not by anonymous verse but by substantial gifts.

In the "Connoisseur," a publication of about 1750, is published this naïve and vivacious account of some curious practices: "Last Friday was St. Valentine's day, and the night before I got five bay-leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk and filled it with salt; and, when I went to bed, ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper and rolled them up in clay and put them into water, and the first that rose up was to be our valentine. Would you think it?—Mr. Blossom was my man. I lay abed and shut my eyes all the morning till he came to our house, for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world."

In that inexhaustible storehouse of customs and manners of the middle seventeenth century, the "Diary of Mr. Samuel Pepys," we find almost yearly allusions to

the usages of the day. No fewer than twelve passages may be noted.

For February 14, 1661, he says: "Up early, and to Sir W. Batten's but could not go in till I asked whether they that opened the doore was a man or a woman, and Mingo, who was there, answered a woman, which, with his tone, made me laugh; so up I went, and took Mrs. Martha for my Valentine (which I do only for complacency), and Sir W. Batten he go in the same manner to my wife, and so

we were very merry."

18th February, 1661: "In the afternoon, my wife and I, and Mrs. Martha Batten, my Valentine, to the Exchange, and there, upon a paye of embroyd-ered and six paye of plain white gloves, I laid out 40s upon her."

22d February, 1661: "My wife to Sir W. Batten's, and there sat awhile; he having yesterday sent my wife half-a-dozen pair of gloves and

a pair of silk stockings and garters, for her valentine."

It appears by the foregoing passages, that married as well as single persons took part in the observances of St. Valentine's Day.

On the 14th in 1667 he writes: "I am also this year my wife's Valentine, and it will cost me £5; but that I must have laid out if we had not been Valentines."

Meantime, in France, the boys were choos-



A TYPICAL EARLY VALENTINE.



AN OLD TYPE OF THE COMIC  
VARIETY.

drawing saints' names for girls'. These the boys drew, and each was supposed to imitate the virtues of the saint named in his billet. But good St. Francis reckoned without human nature, the spring of youth and love-making, which after all exists in Christian youth as well as pagan, and so the young people triumphed over this saint and returned by degrees to their heathenish practices. Cavalier and lady, by lot valentines, exchanged smiles and silken favors; balls and fêtes were given in honor of the festal day; and in some places the tender bond endured for a year.

A pretty way of celebrating St. Valentine's Day, which is still observed in some English villages, is called valentining. The children gather in a little band early in the morning, and go from house to house singing some little chorus, like:

"Good-morrow to you, Valentine;  
Curl your locks as I do mine.  
Two before and three behind;  
Good-morrow to you, Valentine."

The youngsters receive the little notions, pennies or candies which are tossed to them from the windows, with dancing glee.

ing girls' names, the girls boys' names, so that each had two valentines.

In the sixteenth century, St. Francis de Sales, the Rev. Alban Butler tells us in his "Lives of the Saints," endeavored to suppress this survival of paganism. He substituted in the

Children of Norfolk "catch" their valentines by being first to say "Good-morning, Valentine," to any person appearing eligible. But this they must succeed in doing before the sun rises, or they are "sun-burnt" and entitled to no reward. At one time even grown-ups indulged in this custom.

As early as 1477, in the "Paston Letters," we find a reference to the vogue of the day.

In February of that year Dame Elizabeth Drews writes charmingly to "My Wurschypfull cosyne, John Paston," "who was anxious to press his suit with her daughter Margery." "And cosyn, uppon Fryday is Sent Volentyne's Day, and every brydde chesyth hym a make; and yf it lyke yowe to come one Thursday at nyght, and so purvey yowe, that ye may abyde tyll Monday, I trusty to God, that ye schall so speke to myn husband; and I schall bryng the mater to a conclusyon, &c., for cosyn.

"It is but a sympill oke  
That is cut down at the first stroke."

Sir John avails himself of this extended privilege and the wooing speeds merrily. We have as a result one of the tenderest and prettiest of love-letters ever written, which the loving Margery indites a little later "Unto my ryght welebelovyd Vol-



A CUT PAPER VALENTINE OF 1783.

untyn, John Paston, Squyer," et cetera. But it seems the course of true love is slightly ruffled by Margery's "ffadur," who will give her but a very small dowry. Then she says: "Yf that ye cowde be content with that goode and my pore persone, I wold be the meryest mayden on grounde." That the lover is true and makes her the "meryest maiden on grounde," is proved by the sequel, a letter in 1484 directed to him during a short absence from home, by as tender and affectionate a wife as she had been Valentine.

Charles, Duke of Orleans, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt in 1415, and detained in England twenty-five years, was the author of the earliest specimens of the written valentine extant. He left about sixty of them. They were written during his confinement in the Tower of London and are still to be seen among the royal papers in the British Museum. One reads:

"Wilt thou be mine? dear love, reply—  
Sweetly consent, or else deny;  
Whisper softly, none shall know—  
Wilt thou be mine, love?—ay or no?"

"Spite of fortune, we may be  
Happy by one word from thee;  
Life flies swiftly—ere it go,  
Wilt thou be mine, love?—ay or no?"

Now comes a gap in our records, and we leap to the early Christian Rome. A.D. 496. Here we find the Roman youths and maidens still observing the heathen

feast of Lupercalia on February 15th, the joint festival of Juno and Pan, at which time the names of the young women were cast into an urn, and drawn by the blind-folded men. The association resulting from this drawing of lots usually lasted for one year. The feast ended in an extravagant revel—even, it is said, in scandalous orgies.

The priests found they could not steal away the day from these young people, so at the instigation of Pope Galsius, who

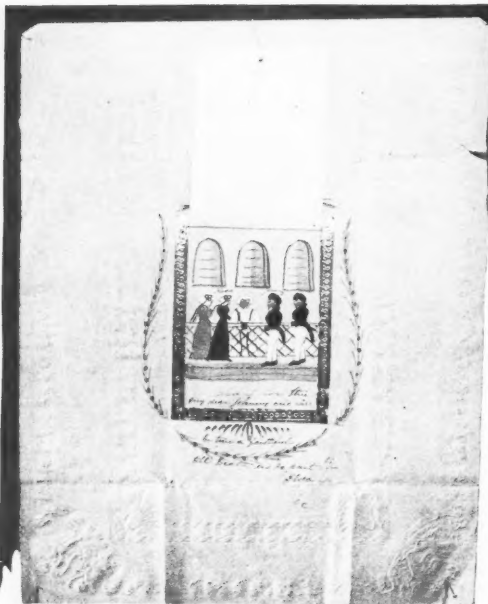
undertook to explain the change to the Roman senators and populace, they substituted the names of saints for those of maidens in the public drawings, and set the day firmly on the 14th of the month, thus commemorating the pitiable death of good Bishop St. Valentine. This day was the anniversary of his death, in 270, during the Claudian persecutions,



ONE OF THE MOST ARTISTIC OF THE OLD VALENTINES.

when he was first "beaten with clubs and afterward beheaded" for the simple miracle of opening the blind eyes of his jailer's daughter.

But think you the good Christian bishops could filch from the traditions of youth their lovers' festival, their day of frolicsome love-making? Witness the insidious but persistent growth of it even after the alien stock was grafted upon it, commemorative of a saint's martyrdom. After all, what so rare a monument as this of joy and love of life which marks St. Valentine's Day apart from all others?



PAINTED ON VALENTINE PAPER, AND INSCRIBED  
"FROM FLORA TO JOHNNY."

Is it not good to set aside a day dedicated to all the sweets of life? Is it not a mistake that we are losing our grasp on a day that keeps our hearts young and appreciative of romance and sentiment? If in the worst state of blues or misery, we will but set our faces in a semblance of a smile, the smile will creep into them, willy-nilly. If we but frame our hearts one day in the year into a semblance of loving, the love will creep into them, and give reality to the semblance. It will keep the wrinkles of worry and weariness from our lives by making the warm blood to stir in every vein.

Before valentines became a definite article of merchandise, lovers were constrained to construct their own. Materials for these were a quill pen, a sheet of thick writing-paper, and an acquaintance with the muse of poetry; failing this latter commodity, access to the pages of some obliging little chap-book, called the "Gentleman's New Valentine Writer," or the "Bower of Cupid." These were especially prepared for the lover's convenience, little sixpenny pamphlets usually, provided with

choice specimens of doggerel for almost all degrees of love and sentiment ascendant on St. Valentine's Day. Behold a specimen:

"You are witty, you are pretty;  
You are single! What a pity!  
I am single for your sake.  
What a handsome couple we shall make."

These little books were prepared annually by enterprising booksellers, provided with an enticing frontispiece in three colors, laid on with an indefiniteness terrible to behold when the fair maiden's cheek appears under her left ear; their names were chosen especially for their alluring sound—"Cupid's Annual Charter," "The School of Love." Ladies were provided with one especially designed for their own needs, called the "Ladies' Polite Valentine Writer"; the tradespeople had many for their peculiar use, and the joker one called the "Quizzing Valentine Writer."

The earliest known date of these little books is 1797, that of a copy in the private collection of Mr. Frank House Baer, of Cleveland, Ohio.

The tradespeople's "Valentine Writer" provided valentines for almost every known trade or profession: anchorsmith, apothecary, dancing-master, fishmonger—and pawnbroker, whose verse runs as follows:

"I pledge my word for thee I live,  
And am sincere when honor calls.  
Oh, then, my dear, an answer give,  
You know where to, at the *Three Balls*."

One will observe the delicate play upon words in the lines. There are puns and double meanings running through them all, that make them spicy reading indeed.

Hark to the poulterer's:

"I do wish for my own picking  
To've a delicate sweet *chicken*:  
For thy sake I'll be quite spruce,  
Tho' I may be call'd a *goose*."

The doubtful rhymes do not seem to hamper in the least the sincerity of his emotion. The grocer's is given because of its answer. He sighs:



"Your breath is *all-spice*, I declare,  
And you're so neat and handy,  
That you're as sweet, I think, my fair,  
As *plums* or *sugar candy*.  
Be favourable, I employ,  
These verses kindly *weigh*;  
And if you will my heart restore,  
I'll treat you to some *tea*."

The bribe in the last line seems not sufficient to his "fair," for she answers scornfully:

"Your letter I've *weighed*,  
Am truly afraid,  
Many *pounds* you're deficient in weight;  
And so, Mr. *Grocer*,  
I'd have you to know, Sir,  
I care not a *fig* for your *tea*."

From the books provided especially for them, it would seem that the ladies were expected to make use of the day to sigh, either anonymously or openly, their unrequited affection.

Some chap-book writers took themselves very seriously, and in one rather pretentious little volume we find a whimsical history of the day in the preface, and a complaint that the literature for the day was so rapidly degenerating—in fact, had never attained that high tone of purity and elegance which the day deserved. "The gap in literature remains, then," says he, "and like the devoted Quintus Curtius of old, I prepare to shy myself therein, exclaiming most emphatically as I disappear beneath the surface, 'Reform your Valentines.'"

In good sooth, I have been a zealous votary of 'Ye Merrie Saincte,' ever since I first inked my infant goose quill; and if his saintship has any interest in the Pierian courts, or a special license to vend the inspiring liquids of Castaly, I venture to hope that, through his interposition these pages will be bedewed to a great extent with that—to a rhymester—indispensable fluid."

I shall not speak of the caricatures whose vulgarity and cruelty no pen or tongue can adequately describe, called insulting or "comic" valentines. The latter name, though the accepted one, has no hint more of truth in it than have the awful pictures themselves. They certainly possess no element of comedy, and are not valentines if Dr. Samuel Johnson's definition be correct—a missive sent to a sweetheart by another sweetheart.

Valentine manufacture grew from the simplest processes by natural degrees of elaboration to the ornate concoctions of lace-paper, silver and gilt, artificial flowers, and scrap-pictures, worth large sums of money.

One person has been interested enough in this progress to gather together specimens of these many varieties into a collection of several thousand, that show these variations from the simplest home-made affairs of a century or more ago, to those of thirty years ago when the modern well-



ONE OF THE PRETTY, OLD CONCEITS IN BLACK AND WHITE.



There is still another valentine with a touch of the home-made about it, that is particularly naïve. In the center of a sheet of embossed paper is a hand-painted view of a church with a spire, set in a green field, and underneath it the verses:

"Let Hymen's bands the happy knot entwine  
And I will prove a faithful valentine."

The church scene is painted on a flap of cardboard which conceals the interior view of the building, wherein stand "Flora" and "Johnny," duly labeled, before the altar-rail, the priest, and also the best man and maid of honor, not labeled, with Flora's declaration:

"Believe I love  
thee my dear  
Johnny and will  
be true & faithful  
till Death us do  
part!!

"Flora."

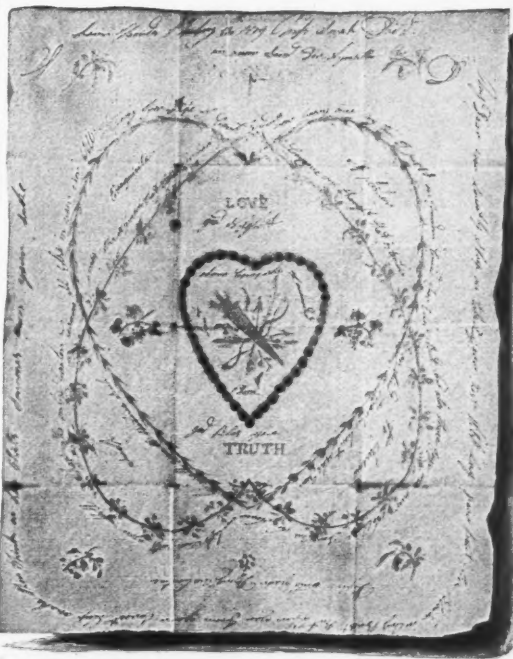
There is a large series of pastoral, garden and drawing-room scenes, with garlands and verses in script, or written in by hand in blanks left for the purpose, at which time recourse was probably had to the "Gentlemen and Ladies' Polite Valentine Writer."

A group of exceedingly quaint ones represent bunches of distressingly gay posies, so slit into latticelike meshes that when a thread which is attached to the heart of the rose is pulled, the whole confection rises up in a cone of lacy strands to exhibit further scenes and sentiments concealed in its wondrous depths.

Transformation pictures were a conceit of German manufacturers. A lone bachelor sits and bemoans his fate of solitariness.

until a shifting of scene reveals to him what bliss life would be with her of his dreams. The same idea was utilized for the comic valentines, when by a little clever manipulation a talkative lady's head was made to give place to that of a poll-parrot. The manufacture of valentines provided a vast field of labor to craftsmen, from verse-writers to die-sinkers, and fifty years ago it gave remunerative occupation to an army of women, to whose delicate touch and woman's ideas of combinations the labor of construction was intrusted.

An interesting point is brought out by one of the old manufacturers, and that is, that they bought a quantity of beautifully made artificial cambric roses, each no larger than a pea, but so perfectly formed that each separate petal was true to nature. "And these were made by ladies to whom valentines were never sent, but vowed to celibacy and single life. They made in their French con-



A HOME-MADE VALENTINE. GILT AND SPANGLES  
AND MUCH SENTIMENT.

vents flowers which were destined in many cases to gladden eyes and hearts of their more fortunate sisters, to whom the valentines were sent by admiring suitors."

Germany, however, furnished most of the material in bulk for valentines.

Strange as it may seem, the custom of exchanging these messengers of love has been solely a custom of English-speaking people.

We are losing so rapidly our pretty cus-

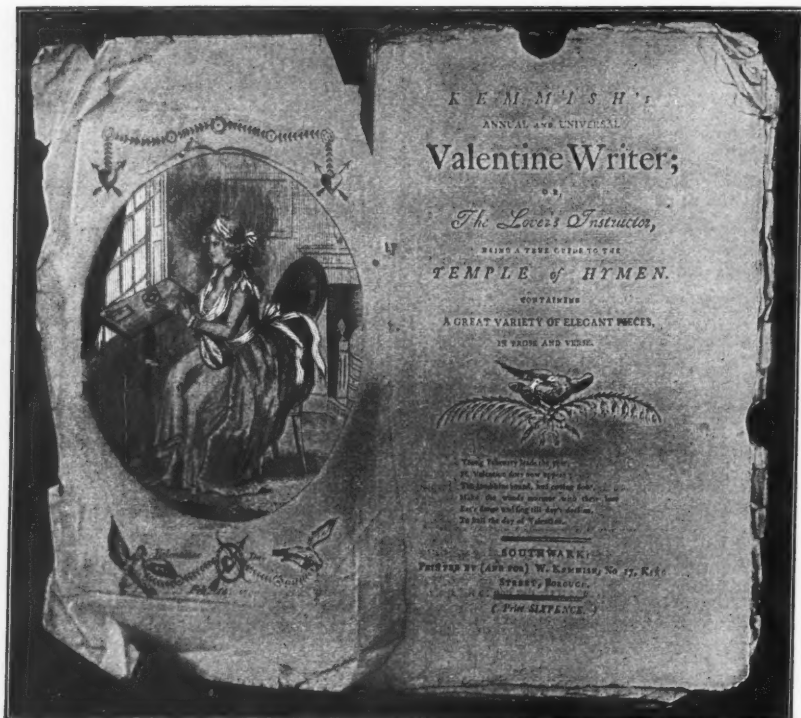
toms and holidays, in these practical times, when all growths of the imagination and sentiment are so promptly pruned away, that a plea for St. Valentine's Day, its simple, original observance, may meet the pruning-knife on the instant.

There are those, however, with a tender romance still flourishing in their hearts, like a rose-garden hidden behind a high box hedge. These keep up the thought of the day in secrecy: little gifts, flowers, fruit, a book, yea, valentines themselves, find their quiet way into another's keeping, bringing a ray of joy. The anonymity of the remembrance is its charm, as in the case of the young artist of Charles Lamb's acquaintance, who expended hours and his best work on a valentine for his neighbor, a young girl with whom he had never spoken, but whose radiant girlhood had given him joy to behold. To her surprised eyes came his exquisite

testimonial, and joy for joy was given.

Imagination and love of romance are still alive in our hearts, but if we persist in smothering them, just so much shall we hamper our true growth, mentally and spiritually. So I dare to suggest, with the authority of all the poets bracing me, that we reinstate Cupid as guardian spirit of the 14th of February; indulge our imaginations in a frolic; kindle our hearts into leaping, impetuous flame that will burn up indifference and materialism, and leave the glowing embers of tenderness, kindness, charity (which is love), to warm the fingers and hearts of all who approach.

Thus will our hands perform the offices of St. Valentine's Day as priests of the heart, and thus will the good Christian Bishop St. Valentine, and Love, which is the Christian attribute, become reconciled, and the day be a joyful testimonial to both.



PAGES FROM THE OLDEST KNOWN "VALENTINE WRITER," DATED 1797.



*Drawn by O'Neill Latham.*

## MADemoisELLE DE CASTELFRANC.

BY ADOLPHE RIBAUX.

M<sup>L</sup>LE. SIBYLLE DE CASTELFRANC had worked at her embroidery all the afternoon, filling in, with the patient industry of the women of a bygone age, the gray canvas with fantastic arabesques, chimeras and winged dragons, in the midst of heraldic flowers. She straightened her back, stretched her arms, picked up a mantilla from an arm-chair, opened the French window, and, through a wide peristyle, in the summer-time ornamented with orange-trees, and daturas in boxes, now in the end of autumn with dahlias and chrysanthemums, she reached a high esplanade, where veteran chestnuts arched their branches, which dominated the whole landscape.

November had already numbered the half of its brief days, pale as the autumn crocuses, and, although a few sunny hours still lingered, there were many tokens of the near approach of winter. The sun each morning had lost some of its heat; one felt a sharp freshness in the depths of the air, imprisoning colds and bronchitis; the devastated vines revealed their bare

and knotted stems; the woods arrayed themselves as for a requiem mass, and all things breathed a subtle, an intense melancholy.

The roofs of the little town, extending in terraces below the garden, shone in the sunlight; the lake was tinged with dull silver and reddish gold; but on the high esplanade, under the chestnuts bending beneath the weight of years, a sepulchral atmosphere already reigned, a whisper of secret death. The giant trees were clothed from base to summit in the most gorgeous hues; at their feet the earth was wrapped in a thick shroud of dead leaves; and at each breath of wind, and even when the air was motionless, other leaves broke off and fluttered to the ground, like poor blood-stained doves.

Shivering slightly, Mademoiselle Sibylle drew her mantilla more closely round her. She sought the sunshine, but it too seemed frozen, and she returned to the majestic, somber avenue, whose proud sadness harmonized with her own inmost thoughts.

Only this morning, the beautiful buhl clock in her bedroom had sounded the



dawn of her fiftieth year, and the chime, usually so crystalline, had assumed a solemn tone of warning.

A sudden chill had crept over Mademoiselle Sibylle, and neither her morning cup of chocolate, nor the bright wood-fire burning in the chimney of the salon, had sufficed to warm her. Fifty years! The lordly home of her ancestors, where she had lived alone for the last ten, appeared immense this morning. Never more than on such anniversaries does one feel the need of being surrounded by affection. The chatelaine had received, on crested note-paper, the formal good wishes of her nearest relatives—cousins settled at a distance. She felt that no real kindness vibrated beneath the pompous phrases. The servants came to offer their compliments. She received them with condescension, but these ceremonious greetings, this undemonstrative respect, only made her loneliness the more apparent.

And the little pocket-mirror, which she always carried with her—a Louis Quinze trinket of inlaid silver—put the finishing touch to her depression. The coquettish mirror, with cruel sincerity, had also told her things of grave import. In its clear oval, Mademoiselle Sibylle inspected the lines on her forehead and counted her gray hairs with bitter curiosity. Alas! the lines grow deeper day by day, and many snow-white hairs appear among the dark.

In the afternoon, somber threads mingle with the brightly colored silks of her embroidery. Silence reigns in the great half-empty house, the silence of the tomb. And always the same sensation of cold, which at last drives the chatelaine out of doors in the hope that a little exercise will dispel this feeling of sadness; but she only feels sadder and more depressed among the desolate flower-beds and leafless trees.

A few withered leaves flutter to the ground. There is a sound of wings: it is a flight of swallows, who have held a great conventicle all morning on one of the gables of the manor, and who now, with one accord, take wing; they wheel about for a moment as if feeling their way, then dart off rapidly in a long dark triangle, flying to the south. Mademoiselle Sibylle's glance wistfully follows the happy little creatures; down yonder the blue sea

awaits them, delightful shores where smiles eternal spring; and she sighs as she thinks of the fleeting spring-time of human life, of the many years she has wasted in vain dreams of pride, which have vanished and left her defenseless to face old age and solitude.

She recalls her first ball, given by the Governor of the little town, then a dependent principality of a neighboring kingdom. She sees herself on the arm of the Count, her father, entering the ball-room decorated with white-and-gold panels, with dainty cupids and delicate garlands above the doors and round the mirrors; she hears a murmur of approbation following her progress, unanimous homage to her fresh, resplendent, girlish beauty.

From that first evening her success had been complete and undisputed.

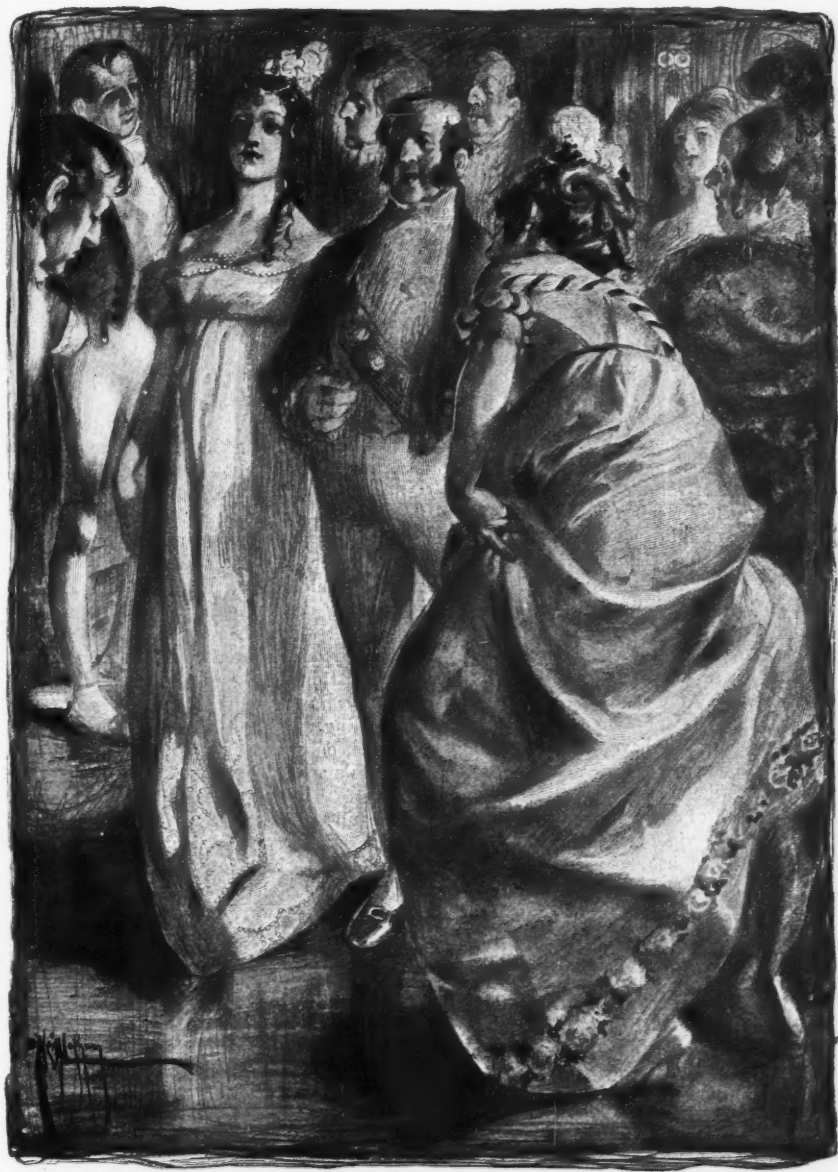
She was tall and slight, with imperious mien and statuesque shoulders and hands; what struck one most was the aristocratic grace of her bearing, of her every movement, the brilliancy of her complexion which challenged comparison with roses and lilies, and the magnificent auburn hair which covered her radiant head with dazzling light.

The veriest ragamuffin in the street touched his cap to her in unconscious admiration.

She was entirely aware of it. Not a whit of all this homage escaped her. She enjoyed it, breathing it in as an idol breathes the incense burnt before its pedestal. As far back as she could remember, long before the servile flattery of her English governess, before education had molded her, when the reasoning faculties of her little mind were in a merely elementary state, she thought herself made of finer clay, a creature elect, before whom it was quite natural that all should bow down. As she grew up, this conviction became more firmly rooted, and the universal obeisance that she received in no wise surprised her.

Fate had willed that she should be the exact type of Marie Antoinette. The first time that her attention was drawn to the fact, her heart beat with unwonted violence, and a flush of satisfaction overspread her archduchess face. Since then she had set herself to accentuate this resemblance





Drawn by O'Neill Latham.

"SHE HEARS A MURMUR OF APPROPRIATION FOLLOWING HER PROGRESS."

by her costume. She had surrounded herself with portraits and sketches, and had collected quite a small library of works concerning the Queen-Martyr. And she had been more than ever intoxicated with the strong wine of adulation, moving on through life like a conqueror, surrounded by a halo of glory and a cloud of incense, and she would not have been greatly astonished if some prince of the blood-royal had sent, with all the pomp and ceremony befitting such an occasion, an embassy to demand her hand.

At this stage of her reverie, steps on the lower terrace, and the sound of voices, attract Mademoiselle Sibylle's attention.

She leans over the sculptured balustrade and sees an old couple walking arm in arm down one of the garden paths bordered with chrysanthemums; then, at a little distance, some nine or ten persons of both sexes and of various ages.

And she remembers.

The two old people are tried and faithful servants of the house; at the age of twenty they had entered the service of the Count, they had lived at the château for half a century, and this, by a curious coincidence, is their golden-wedding day. They have been fêted by the servants, the farmers and the tradespeople. They were awakened by the sound of rustic music. From some they have received offerings of fruit, bouquets from others; each has brought what he can, but all with the same heart, full of affection and respect for their green and vigorous old age. Mademoiselle Sibylle has not been a stranger to these demonstrations; they have received a generous gift from her, and she has invited all their relations—sons, daughters and grandchildren—to dinner at the Maronniers. The dinner lasted far into the afternoon, they had champagne—also the gift of their noble lady—and it is perhaps to dispel the unwonted fumes that all the family have come out to breathe the fresh air in the garden at this sunset hour of magnificence and melancholy.

Leaning her elbow on the balustrade, where moss and tiny lichens have traced delicate arabesques in golden-brown, Mademoiselle Sibylle looks down.

Bent and decrepit are Silvain and Silvia

—in reality her name is Charlotte, but she is so thoroughly her husband's other half that no one ever dreams of calling her by her real name—how heavily those seventy-five years weigh upon their shoulders! He has hardly any hair left, and her few remaining locks are white as snow. They were once fine lad and bonnie lass; he strapping and robust, she slim and supple as a stalk of maize. Now their skin is like parchment, with deep and innumerable wrinkles; their hands, too, are shriveled, and one can see at a glance that a mere nothing would suffice to make those bodies, worn out by work and old age, crumble into dust.

But how happy they look, those two poor old ruins, in the triumphal purple of this autumnal sunset!

Through the yews, the box-trees and the cypresses, like themselves almost centenarians, a crimson ray shines on their heads like an aureole. How happy they look, and how charming they are, walking along with tiny steps, leaning one on the other, the four drops of sparkling wine, which they had sipped like nectar, winking and smacking their lips, having turned their heads a little!

They appear to be murmuring very tender things to each other—as they did fifty years ago, at the time of their joyous wedding.

He, enlivened for the moment, presses Silvia's arm, then slips his own round her waist. Thus they had walked together in the full and fragrant freshness of their youth in the warm twilight, along the hedgerows lined with hawthorn, and through the blossoming orchards. She defends herself, pushes him away, playfully at first, perhaps in a last return of innocent coquetry—then in earnest, casting an anxious look around her, for he is becoming insistent, the little old man, and Dame Silvia is startled.

But he tosses his head, reassures her with a gesture: "No one will see us!" She defends herself again, and becomes a shade indignant: "What are you thinking of?" which does not discourage him the least little bit, and suddenly, at a turning of the path, where a thick elm-hedge protects them—but not from the eyes of the chatelaine—suddenly this stripling of

a Silvain imperiously draws his wife to his breast and lingeringly, tenderly kisses her on her poor faded eyes.

It goes like a knife to the heart of Mademoiselle Sibylle. She has just seen, and in what an unexpected and touching manner, the best and most beautiful thing in the world: true love which defies time, becomes more profound each year, and withstands the miseries of old age, because it bears within it the leaven of immortality. And the noble lady, more deeply depressed, more bitterly sad than ever, buries herself once more in her memories.

Among the admirers who had thronged around her were some who sought only the pleasure of an esthetic contemplation, who would have been alarmed at the prospect of a conjugal union with this high-born damsel; but many others were bolder, and courted the honor of her hand. In her own world she was the center of attraction for many fathers and mothers who had sons to be settled in life, and she had no lack of proposals. The pretendants might have spared themselves their audacity; in the course of ten years, fifteen offers were rejected, all acceptable, several brilliant, but which, nevertheless, fell short of Sibylle's ambition. She still clung to her ideal of the Prince incomparable, who should come to seek her mounted on a white horse and wearing the collar of the Golden Fleece or the order of the Annunziata. At first the Count had left his daughter entirely free, had even approved of some of her refusals. He, also, considered her a creature apart, who had a right to be fastidious and who could afford to wait. Then, as years went on, he became alarmed, and ventured a few remarks, briefly and victoriously refuted by Sibylle. And the procession of suitors continued, and continued also the disdain of Mademoiselle de Castelfranc.

Ah! But the kiss of those octogenarians, that pure, sweet kiss among the yews, the box-trees and the cypresses, in the crimson glow of the late autumn sunshine!

O for true love, love infinite and imperishable!

And Mademoiselle Sibylle dreams that she also has met it on her path, and an image rises in her memory.

It appeared when she was past her first

youth, over thirty, but still beautiful, more beautiful than ever; no longer the rosebud half opening to the dew, but the full flower in rich and glorious blossom. In the narrow streets of the little town she often encountered a young man, with the careless locks of an artist, inspired eyes, and who was modestly, almost poorly, clad. Those meetings became so frequent that they ceased to be attributable to mere chance. Sibylle took the trouble to make some inquiries, and learned the name of the young man, and that he belonged to that part of the country but had been studying abroad for several years and had only recently returned.

To gain a livelihood, he gave a few lessons, but devoted the greater part of his time to composing verses. Sibylle, after this, read several of them in reviews. The poems were rather unfinished, and across them flitted the image of a young woman worshiped and extolled with romantic ardor—the verses of a peasant celebrating the Madonna. Then one day a thin volume appeared, signed with his name, which revealed in all its pages the same passion, the same cult. Sibylle's bookseller sent the little volume for her approval. Her first impulse was to refuse it. She kept it, however, moved by a slightly scornful pity; it was necessary to help the poor fellow to prevent him from dying of hunger. For aught she knew, it was quite possible that he depended on the profits of his book for to-morrow's meal. And she had cut the leaves and carelessly scanned them, without the slightest emotion awaking in her splendid hazel eyes.

The following winter, four fishing-boats were wrecked on the lake, and an entertainment was organized in the neighborhood for the benefit of the widows and orphans. There was to be a bazar, a concert, and the representation of a play in verse by Luke Salvarte, the young man with the careless locks and dreamy eyes. Rumors of a revolution had agitated the country. The local aristocracy judged it wise to be present in person on the occasion of this work of charity. An old dowager had presided, with Sibylle as aide-de-camp. During the preparations, which lasted three weeks, Mademoiselle

de Castelfranc and Luke Salvarte met almost every day. She was obliged to admit that this poet was much nicer than the reputation acquired by the generality of poetasters: under the rustic exterior were refined tastes, distinction, and delicacy of feeling, and his every word revealed extreme warmth of imagination, a strangely romantic and enthusiastic soul. To make this imagination, and this fiery soul, entirely hers in their inmost fiber, to treat this ardent poet as a toy to be flung aside at will, was a strong temptation, and Sibylle did not resist it. She intoxicated Luke with her provoking beauty, encouraged him to heights of rapture, without compromising herself, and with the thousand resources of an incomparable Célimène. The fête was a brilliant success. A few days afterward, all those who had taken an active part in it were invited by the Count to a garden-party in his grounds, for spring was exceptionally early that year. The day was clear and exhilarating, with immaculate sky, benign temperature, and enchanting effects of light and color. All that afternoon, Sibylle continued her skilful tactics, knowing well that Luke was on the point of losing his self-control, and curious to see to what lengths his infatuation would carry him. At a certain moment they found themselves alone in a corner of the vast garden, where the Judastrees rained down a shower of rosy corollas. Really this poet was not at all bad; his eyes, his face, sparkled with genius; sometimes he shook his rich hair, like a young lion, with a movement full of inexpressible grace and pride. Even a Sibylle de Castelfranc might go the length of driving him to distraction—just for amusement.

They were walking at a little distance from each other. On each margin of the path ran a fragrant border of violets. He stooped down, gathered a few and offered them to her, murmuring the first alexandrine of one of his poems:

"Je suis la violette et vous êtes l'étoile."

Then suddenly, carried away by an uncontrollable impulse:

"The poems in my little book—did you not guess for whom they were written?" Without doubt she knew. But what bliss to her pride to hear him tell her, bending

thus toward her, quivering with supreme emotion, ready to throw himself on his knees! She smiled; and what a smile—the sharpest arrow in her arsenal.

"For you, for you, for you! And my whole soul trembles with other poems demanding to take their flight, still sweeter, more tender, more true, because each day I love you more, Sibylle. And if you do not love me, nothing remains for me but to die!"

A step crunched on the gravel. Some one was coming. "I am forgetting my duties as hostess," she said, slipping the violets in her dress. "That is your fault, O poet!"

"I love you, Sibylle! And it is impossible that such love has not touched your heart! I am poor, but for you I will conquer fame. Tell me that I may come and ask Monsieur de Castelfranc's consent!"

Some one was overtaking them. Another bewitching, dazzling smile and Sibylle had disappeared. A less ingenuous man than Luke Salvarte would have seen in it encouragement and a promise. One believes so easily what one wishes!

And indeed, the next day, the poet presented himself at the château, and made known his request to the stupefied Monsieur de Castelfranc.

The latter had observed his daughter's coquetry and Luke's infatuation, but without imagining for a moment that they could lead to anything. The gulf between them seemed too enormous for him to believe that Luke could hope to cross it. He replied that Mademoiselle de Castelfranc was her own mistress, but that he considered it useless to communicate the affair to her, his daughter having declared that she had no intention of marrying. The words were polite, but the tone was supremely insolent.

Sibylle had secretly assisted at this tragicomic scene, hidden behind a curtain.

For it had never occurred to her that matters would go so far. When Luke had proposed to her, she simply thought that he had lost control of himself for a moment, had forgotten himself, and that the night would bring counsel. The idea of being asked in marriage—seriously, deliberately—by this starving poet, appeared to her so comical that she was seized with an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which broke

through the silence as Monsieur de Castelfranc rang the bell for the footman to show his visitor out.

Luke wheeled round, saw the curtains quivering, and knew from whose lips that insulting laughter had parted. He learned that he had been tricked, that she despised him, and the joy of life was quenched within him.

A few days afterward, Sibylle de Castelfranc read in a local paper that Salverte had enrolled himself among the volunteers then setting out to fight for a noble little Eastern people in their righteous struggle for independence; and a month later the same gazette announced the heroic death of the poet, which had happened in the first engagement.

And life had gone on as usual. Always sought after, Sibylle persisted in refusing each suitor, in the expectation of the same chimerical fortune, of a coronet which never appeared.

A great transformation had come over the little town and surrounding country.

The revolution, which had been smoldering for years, had burst with volcanic fury. In the course of a few weeks, ris-

ings had taken place successively in different parts of the country, followed by united action; then came the proclamation of the republic, and the total defeat of the troops sent by the King to protect the ancient rights. The nobles, dispossessed of their supremacy, had almost all emigrated with the court.

The Count de Castelfranc, now a widower, would have done the same, if paralysis had not imprisoned him in his chair. He remained, almost the only one of his class, in the midst of a population intoxicated by the new régime.

It was for Sibylle a trying change.

No more fêtes, no more courtiers. Only the dull life of a sick-nurse, of a recluse.

"I do not wish to compromise your future," her father had said to her more than

once. "Your godmother, the Duchess, would be only too pleased to receive you. And it is high time you got married."

Sibylle had always adored her father. She loved him all the more now that he had greater need of her. She had refused to leave him, nursing him during his long illness, without a complaint. After his death, Sibylle had thought of going away.



Drawn by O'Neill Latham.

"JE SUIS LA VIOLETTE ET VOUS ÊTES L'ÉTOILE."



But she was so accustomed to the place that she put off her departure from year to year. Besides, several losses had considerably diminished her income. At court it would not have sufficed to keep up her rank. At home, she could still hold a certain position. She went on living in this environment, which henceforth she detested, cloistered in the lordly, half-deserted mansion, leading the monotonous, sterile existence of a maiden-lady among the pompous, antiquated surroundings of these salons, this terrace—less empty and less desolate than her own heart.

Fifty years! Oh, what sudden solemnity had echoed this morning in the chime of the beautiful buhl clock! Fifty years!

Youth had long since vanished, her prime was almost past—and afterward—

The sun has set majestically behind the dark-blue mountains, clear-cut against the crimson sky. Suddenly a raw, pernicious chill pervades the garden. Far below twinkle the lights of the town. The rustling of little wings among the branches is heard no more. And all at once a deadly wind springs up, making the dahlias and chrysanthemums shudder and Mademoiselle Sibylle cough. And from the chestnuts a thick fall of leaves flutters a moment, then sinks on the wet grass. Autumn! Autumn! And to-morrow winter! But her winter would not be illumined, and warmed, and magnified, by a simple and divine tenderness like that which had been revealed to her by the kiss of that

poor old couple. Hers should be named loneliness, regret, remorse. More leaves fall, and Mademoiselle Sibylle feels chilled to the marrow. In the gathering darkness the silhouette of the château stands out weirdly gigantic. One window is lighted in the whole façade—the window of the gloomy dining-room where her place awaits her at the great Henri III. table. Above, in the portrait-gallery, are all her ancestors for five hundred years back, in cuirass or hauberk, or in gala costume, the women sparkling with jewels.—Ah! but Silvain and Silvia! Those octogenarians who still adored each other on this their golden-wedding day! What nobility could compare with that of their life's setting, when the soul revealed itself so strong against mortality? and what riches could compare with their poverty—

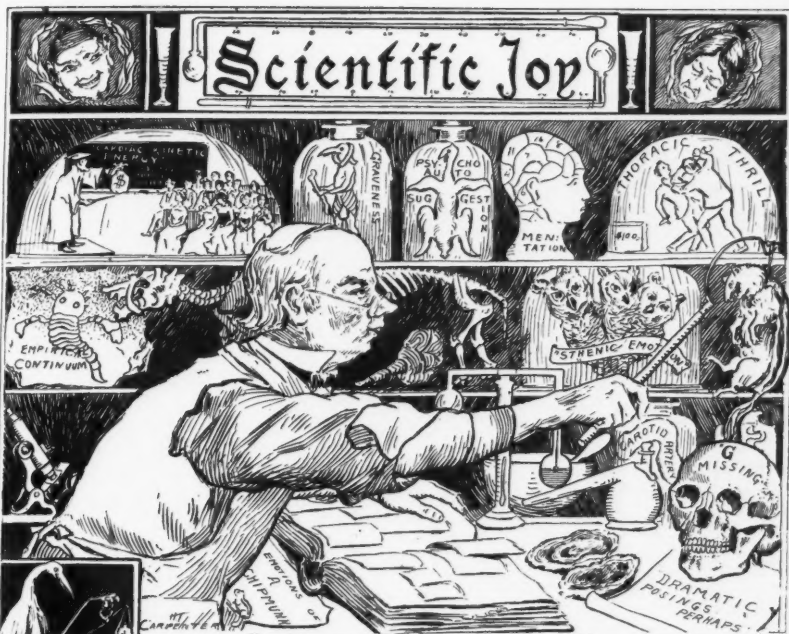
The withered leaves fall thicker in a heavy shower. Mademoiselle Sibylle shivers and hastens her steps. She goes up into her room, opens an antique cabinet and takes out a small olive-wood box. Inclosed in it are a few girlish treasures, ribbons, ball-programs, a broken fan. She sees only an envelope yellowed by time. Nothing written upon it, nor on the paper which it contains. Only in the folds of the paper some discolored, scentless petals.

And from Mademoiselle Sibylle's eyes—proud jewels that have never wept for love—a tear falls on the scarce recognizable violets, humble relics of the simple poet, dead because of her.



Drawn by O'Neill Latham





By Harry Thurston Peck.

PROBABLY all of us have, at various times and places and under all sorts of circumstances, experienced the emotion which is known as joy. Most of us also have experienced it without stopping to think precisely how it has affected us, or what particular results it has had upon our various joints, our muscles, glands and alimentary system. When a man is joyful he seldom stops to bother about a kinesthetic theory, or whether its manifestations in his own self are in accordance with the true biologic principles of a psycho-physic subject. He is just joyful and has a gay, spontaneous feeling; and that is all.

This crude way of accepting an emotion—taking it on trust, so to speak—is very ignorant and very reprehensible. I never knew this, however, until the other day when I came across a volume on the subject lately written by a trained psychologist. Then I found out that there is a good deal more in this matter than I had ever supposed. That psychologist develops the thing down to a point of ex-

ceeding fineness. First of all, he tells what joy really is. He says that it is only "a form of psychophysical experience abstracted for scientific convenience from out the empirical continuum of a living organism." Now that is worth knowing. It is so simple, too. Next he goes on to say that a careful observation of joy is important and profitable because its essential bodily aspect is plainly to be seen in other organizations than our own. He adds:

"The psychologist himself may be, to be sure, of that calm and unruffled habit of mind that is proverbially the nature of the true philosopher; but his friends, his maid-servant, butcher, cook, even his opponents in psychological discussion, not less than his house-cat and saddle-horse and the wilder acquaintances of his summer haunts, are sure to display emotions which he can study with no little advantage."

The more one thinks this over, the more he is impressed with its far-reaching truth; for nearly all of it applies not only to the psychologist but to the untrained person likewise. Many a man who never even heard of a psychological laboratory has had to reckon with the emotions of his

butcher whenever that person's bill has not been promptly paid. Again, he may not be given to psychical observation and experiment, but there are almost certain to come times and moments when the emotions of his cook are not merely easy of detection, but when they are positively thrust upon his notice. As to his house-cat, one may at first sight think that the emotions of this faithful creature are not of serious importance; yet when they find strenuous vocal expression in the middle of the night, it is not possible to overlook them altogether. And as to the saddle-horse—how true that is! Often and often I have myself been riding peacefully along some shady road in the pleasant suburbs of a town, quite fancy-free and with a careless out-of-doors serenity, when, all of a sudden, the violent approach of a large steam-roller in full blast has made the emotions of my saddle-horse a subject of earnest, I might almost say of painfully absorbing, study. All these things belong to others as well as to the experimental psychologist. And then there are "the wilder acquaintances of his summer haunts"—which I take to mean chipmunks. Perhaps it is at chipmunks that the ordinary man will draw the line. The psychical possibilities of a chipmunk, his joy, his sorrow, his passion and his pain—these things may well be left to the reverent study of one who has been educated up to such things and who possesses alike the technical training and the scientific imagination. I should think that the author of the monograph from which I have just quoted might be the man to do it, for he knows all about "extramotion," and "cardiac kinetic energy," and how the carotid artery reacts under certain special variations of "mentation." Anyhow, there is a goodly space left vacant on one of the shelves of my library, and it is waiting to be filled by a book that must not long remain unwritten—"The Emotions of a Chipmunk." It is not at all unreasonable to expect it; for our author mentions with approval an Italian gentleman named Ghiradelli who once published a valuable and minute account of the emotional experiences of an oyster.

The fact is that most of us are not aware of just what is going on in the world of

psychological research. That is why, as I said at the beginning, we are so ignorant of how complicated some of our most usual experiences really are. Now this matter of joy, for example. There is a great deal in it—an immense deal. Just one little phase of it has occupied the attention of the psychologists of a great American university for the best part of a year. This university, which is situated in New England, was lately the scene of a whole series of experiments intended "to determine on a biological or organic basis why events happen in pleasant emotions as they are known to happen."

For the purpose of the experiments, fourteen young and impressionable persons were selected, nine of them being men and five of them being women. The conditions were that they should all be made to feel simultaneously the emotion of joy—first in a moderate degree, and then by easy stages with greater and greater intensity, while the keen psychologists around kept tab on them to see what they would do. But how were these emotions to be excited in them in such various degrees yet by precisely the same means? By gifts of money.

"No other sort of object seemed to serve those requirements so well as gifts of money. No very wealthy persons being among the subjects, the acquisition of money would be as great a source of joy to one as to another, and considerable to all."

But here arose a difficulty which would have seemed to the unscientific mind to be insuperable. The psychologists didn't have the money to give to the "subjects." How, then, was it possible to make the subjects joyful by such gifts? That was easy.

"Imagination supplied this necessary deficiency."

That is, the gifts were hypothetical gifts. The subjects were rounded up and "seated comfortably," and were then asked to imagine that to each of them had been given a specified sum of money. The fact that there was no actual cash in the transaction was not to dampen their joy, for they were directed to employ "repeated auto-suggestion." That made the whole thing intensely real, and it is worth noting down for the benefit of the impecunious. Whenever you are short of money, just cultivate auto-suggestion and

it will be all right. Christian Science, as described by Mark Twain, is nothing to it. But to resume:

"Those conditions being understood, one after another hypothetical gifts of ten dollars, one hundred dollars, one thousand dollars, ten thousand dollars, and one hundred thousand dollars, respectively, were made to the subject. What would he or she do under these various circumstances?"

It was a great success. The record proves it. As soon as the hypothetical ten-dollar bills had been distributed, one of the young women immediately "looked in the mirror" and became "less attentive to work, and more lively." Another had "broad smiles" with "no study." One of the young men had a "thoracic thrill," and made "a playful attack on his roommate," also with "no study." Another, who must have been of an ascetic temperament, felt "no joy unless use appeared for the money." Still another was "psychopathically more active than usual," while a fourth "might cut a lecture or two." A fifth "hugged the money" (this was a triumph of auto-suggestion) and noted down tersely, "jig perhaps."

Next, the hundred-dollar test was applied. Instantly one of the young women ran downstairs, treated herself to novel-reading, was "less attentive to work for a day or two," and felt as though she "might hug a familiar chum." Another one showed her joy by "continual grinning" and by "playing Sousa's marches very loudly on the piano." A third indulged in "laughter, embraces, smiles" (which seems an anticlimax), and "couldn't study well." Curiously enough, the fifth young woman as soon as she was in full possession of her Barmecide treasure, began to engage in "reflections of a melancholic and unpleasant sort" and to exhibit "none of the common expressions of joy." Perhaps this was because she felt that the imaginary hundred dollars wouldn't really help her out on a new mink muff. Still, she seemed to get some kind of a sensation; for her record reads, "little work for a day or two." This last, by the way, appears to have been a general symptom all through this series of experiments. One of the gentlemen developed "playful pugnacity" with "much general physical energy"; but this case, too, is marked "no work for a

day or two," though it is darkly hinted that he "might celebrate"—that is, I suppose, if psychological money could have been converted into champagne or any other suitable aid to auto-suggestion.

After the excitement of this test had worn off, the "subjects" had their emotions freshly and much more violently stirred by the gift of a thousand dollars apiece and any quantity of auto-suggestion. The results were very marked. The second young woman as soon as her imagination got a firm grasp on the money, began to walk round and round the room, to "leave work," go to the theater, ride a bicycle, dance, "seek sympathy from some one at once" and become "overconfidential." She is also marked, "vanity." The fifth young woman grew "heart-wild" and shut herself up in her room "with painful thoughts." Why? I don't know. Most of the young men cut work, and one went so far as to light a cigarette; while the gentleman who on a hundred dollars "might celebrate," now actually "proposed a celebration to his friends." I like this young man myself; he is so human.

With a certain feeling of trepidation, the sum of ten thousand dollars was then given to each of the fourteen "subjects." The trepidation was justified. The second young woman was seized with a general trembling, she flushed, exhibited "graveness" ("graveness" is good); while the fifth young woman had a "melancholy attack" and went into seclusion for several days; and one, though indulging in "little laughter," emitted "low yells of delight." The self-restraint of the fourth young man began to give way. He "might deliberately break some furniture, seek the crowd and dissipation," and "smoke Havana cigars fast." An original manifestation was that of the sixth young man, of whom it is noted that he grew "kinder to an organ-grinder." The human young man began to experience insomnia, probably because he didn't go to bed; for it is cautiously observed that his expression of joy was "violent."

In spite of the mental and moral strain that had already been put upon their "subjects," the master-psychologists went right on with ruthless persistency to the

climax. Science must have her victims. The sum of fourteen hundred thousand dollars was recklessly distributed among the five young women and the nine young men. Then the psychologists stood from under, as well they might. The second young woman promptly fainted, then sighed, and finally indulged in what is enigmatically described as "dramatic posings perhaps." That "perhaps" is puzzling. It gives rise to dark suspicions as to what those dramatic poses were, and there ought to have been an appended foot-note to explain the point. The eighth young man exhibited "friskiness, intense hilarity," and began waltzing and whistling. The third young man threw off the last vestige of restraint, "smashing all the furniture in the room," and then telegraphed to his friends, winding up with "hiring a fast span." But all this is as nothing to what befell the second young man, who up to this time had evidently been holding himself in. In the record he is designated as "G"; and when we reach the point of this hundred-thousand-dollar test with the tremendous strain which it put upon the imagination and upon the moral safety-valve of the "subjects," G went under. Something happened to G. What it was I cannot tell. Even the psychologist who wrote the narrative shrinks from telling. The record contains a little note of only two short words, obscure, ambiguous, yet tragic; for they mean the wreck of a human life, blasted by the potentialities of imaginary wealth. The record simply says, "G missing."

Well, the experiments finally reached their end. The facts were all recorded. The symptoms were all noted down. Then the head-psychologist gathered them all together and dealt with them in the statistical and scientific way which great psychologists employ when they wish to arrive at definite results. I do not know just what he did with all his facts and observations. He does not tell us. Let us suppose, however, that he reduced them all to a common denominator, added them together, divided them by seven (which, as every one knows, is a mystic number), extracted the cube root of the quotient and finally split the difference. Anyhow, whatever he did, he got his results. Psy-

chologists always do. These results were three in number: first, that joy is a "sthenic emotion," which means in ordinary language that it is an active one; second, that joy in its physical aspect stands ready for expansion and extension of the body, and leads one to hold up his head; third, that joy is the realization of desire.

These three valuable facts were discovered by the psychologists of Harvard University after the long and interesting series of experiments which cost over a million and a half of imaginary dollars, and which wrecked irrevocably the life of G. The facts, the results, the truths, which they established are now quite clear to these psychologists. Perhaps they are also new to them; yet if these gentlemen had been acquainted with the present writer they might have discovered them in an easier way and one which would have spared poor G. They might have written me a letter asking about these facts; for I knew them all the time.

This whole thing has its comic side, and it is that side which at first sight seems to be almost the only one. Yet there is a very serious side as well. Experiments like this, conducted gravely in the laboratories of the oldest of American universities, watched over and recorded by learned men, and published for the information of the world at large, serve as an illustration of how much sheer tomfoolery is permitted to encroach upon and to discredit our university training. We have turned from the humanities as these were formerly understood, to the worship of Science; and in the blindness of our adoration we apotheosize not only Science but all her bastards too. What the universities of today encourage most may have a value in giving to the student new fields of effort and new points of view. Yet, after all, one sometimes feels the stirring of an uncomfortable doubt; and he asks himself whether after all there were not more real mental discipline, more real breadth, a more truly liberal culture, and a far greater sanity in the older learning, than can be gathered from a system which enshrines and glorifies alleged results derived from the fictitious emotions excited by the hypothetical gift of an imaginary ten-dollar bill.

## THE LIFE OF A VAUDEVILLE ARTISTE.

BY NORMAN HAGOOD.

Illustrations by Archie Gunn.

A FAMOUS American actress, now one of our most popular stars, was, a few years ago, in decided need of money. A vaudeville manager offered her eight thousand dollars to play eight weeks in his houses. She refused.

A famous American singer, for years one of the most popular attractions of light opera, last year went into vaudeville, and naturally was asked by the reporters how she liked it. "I don't mind," she said, in effect, "appearing between a cat circus and an aggregation of trained monkeys; since the animal artists are the best of their kind."

This was partly a difference between two individuals, but perhaps even more a change in the times. The lines between the legitimate and vaudeville have been shattered of late, owing mainly to that greatest of stimulants, money, but partly to improved surroundings in the vaudeville world, and to the introduction of the one-act play. The salaries paid to successful performers in music-halls and continuous houses are almost absurdly large

compared with those paid most of our best-known stars and leading men and women. One woman was advertised by a circuit of continuous-performance houses last year as receiving a larger salary than the President of the United States, and the statement was nearer the truth than are most theatrical announcements, in the

making of which an abundant power to lie is a fundamental necessity. There was a report last season that Madame Modjeska intended to enter the continuous houses. She did not do it, but the possibility was taken seriously, and there was nothing absurd in it, as there would have been a few years earlier. It is coming to be something like the American tour of foreign actors, a respectable way of fat-

tening a depleted bank account. Take the amount of money paid in a season to stars who are not dramatists or managers, and compare the average with the average of the salaries made by the leaders in vaudeville, and one of the charms of the inferior occupation would speedily become apparent. As



A MEMBER OF THE BALLET.





WAITING FOR THE CUE.

"money talks," and as the managers of the vaudeville houses have proved that these big salaries pay them, as they could not pay "legitimate" managers, the flow of well-known actors from the dramatic stage to the continuous and music-hall stages is likely to increase. The drift the other way is less marked. The only cases I think of at this minute are two, and the change probably meant a large pecuniary sacrifice in both cases. Yvette Guilbert has talked, off and on, for years, of making the change, just as opera singers, who can act, so often talk of going into drama, and so seldom do. The person who voluntarily goes from a big salary to a small one is, in the theatrical business, even more than elsewhere, a rarity.

It is often made a subject of comment that the morals of the stage have

become more like those of ordinary respectable society. So they have, but the difference still remains wide between the average morals of the vaudeville or regular stage and those of wholesale grocers' wives, for instance. I notice that this is the truth usually exaggerated by pictures and cheap articles, and therefore presumably it is the fact in which the public is most interested. How the women on the vaudeville and those on the regular stage compare in this respect, it would not be easy to state with complete conviction. Thousands of chorus-girls are among the steadiest matrons in the world, talking at ballet rehearsals about how their daughters are getting on at school; and, on the other hand, thousands of chorus-girls are not. The subject might, perhaps, with fair

safety, be summed up thus: the women in vaudeville differ more even than those on the regular stage.

A large part of the actresses on the regular stage are neither one thing nor the other. They are perfectly respectable and yet they lack all the best elements of domestic life. Their work absorbs them to such an extent that nothing else exists. They get what one who knows them well calls "actressitis." Nothing brings a real response of interest out of them but what touches their particular professional affairs. In the theater every night from seven to twelve, perhaps, or an hour less, and two afternoons a week, and rehearsing besides, they are exposed to this complete absorption in their work and limitation to one set of ideas, as women who work only an hour in the afternoon and an hour in the evening are not. Moreover, the vaudeville actress, usually doing her turn alone, does not, like her regular sister, have the daily chat with the company, in which



each talks about her own affairs or those of her companions, who return the favor.

Especially at the first hints that youth is going does she cling to its pre-



This is a salientelement in the life of a vaudeville actress—the comparative lightness and freedom of her work. Not for her the sacrifices necessary in the existence of any woman, not of superhuman strength, who wishes to do powerful and progressive work in the drama. Take almost any one from among our best actresses and you will find her life one of almost pathetic abnegation and concentration. She goes to bed after the play—no late suppers for her. She gets up pretty late, and takes a rest every afternoon. She rides, walks, takes massage, uses all the devices of common sense to be in condition for her best efforts and to keep her youth.

A BRIEF REST.

servers, of which the first is sleep. Your vaudeville "artiste" leads a far less enthralled life. For her there is none of the long, steady, serious labor, calling upon every faculty, in the development of her art. Her stock in trade is likely to be a little trick, incapable of much development, and not calling for any great study, or accumulation of energy, or for the best mental and physical state. It may be a piquant way of singing or dancing, or of delivering soft or ambiguous words, and even in the continuous it usually takes but a few minutes' work every day. Add the time needed for making up and getting to and from the

theater, and you have a pretty leisurely existence left. In London a vaudeville performer frequently appears at two theaters in the same evening, but that does not hold here. This large amount of leisure is spent by vaudeville actresses according to their nature, in leading either a more human or a "gayer," a more dissipated and irregular, life than do the women of the ordinary stage.

The market does much to mold the artist, in any line, and our vaudeville friend faces an audience much less particular than those which support our fashionable theaters. The histrionic temperament above all others responds to what is desired of it, and the woman on the vaudeville stage feels little or none of that demand for "refinement" which is on the increase in the theaters. There are cases where this is part of her stock in trade, but they are very rare. Usually she sees before her one of two species of audience, roughly speaking. If it is a continuous house, or a house with two performances every day, in the shopping district, the audience may be extremely respectable, but it will not be subtle, and it will be satisfied without the more delicate shades of art, so that it is generally believed that, even in the very best vaudeville houses we have, an actor going from the legitimate stage soon uses broader effects in response to the tastes of the spectators. There are two continuous houses on a

certain street in New York, within a block of each other. A knowledge of the tone of the two would be enough to suggest the differences in the lives of various "artistes" in the same general world, both artistically and professionally. Sometimes the same person will appear at both places, but in the main the whole personnel is unlike, the superiority of the performances in tone and ability at one house corresponding to the superior quality of the patrons. The same contrast holds between the most respectable "continuous" and the ordinary music-hall, which has its exhibitions in the evening and is supported as largely by "sporty" men as the other is by the steady bourgeoisie. Naturally, the

"artiste" whose business it is to please the taste of sporty men leads, a good proportion of the time, a life of ordinary gaiety and frivolity, but there are always exceptions, and plenty of them, and among the women of the

vaudeville stage who are sound and even domestic in habits

are some whose popularity with the chief pleasure-seekers of the music-halls is greatest.

FROM THE CAFES CHANTANTS OF PARIS.

The vaudeville performer, however thoroughly an artist, is not likely to be sought out by "society," as the presentable actress now is. I have happened to know but of one woman in that line whose acquaintance was at all widely sought by people who are supposed to constitute "society." There is, indeed, a quite ignorant hostility, among those



women who rule the social destinies of the world, to anybody associated in their minds with music-halls. They imagine a vaudeville lady as appearing, dressed in little, in a hall filled with tobacco, casting immodest winks at not wholly ideal men, and they, therefore, however desirous of procuring specimens for their drawing-rooms, draw the line against the whole vaudeville world. "I am pretty liberal, but I couldn't do that," said a social leader, telling about staying away from a lunch because one of these music-hall ornaments was to be there. "But you gave a dinner for Miss —," said I, naming a person inferior in education, talent, taste and personal associations. "I know it," said the pillar of society, "but I have to draw the line somewhere, you know." The life of a vaudeville actress is a life apart, only less in degree than the life of a regular actress was even less than a hundred years ago.

She is a vagabond, also, through the needs of her profession, though not necessarily a "rogue and vagabond," in the words of the Elizabethan legal description. She rushes about the country and the world,

sometimes playing a long engagement, but usually staying only a week in a place. Her accommodations in the theater have been until lately very bad. They must be visited to be appreciated, for pictures give a somewhat too rosy suggestion of these quarters. The usual dressing-room

for such an actress is small, dark, drafty, cold or hot, and ugly, and this is true even where it would hardly be expected; as it is true, also, that the vaudeville theaters are usually dirty and uncomfortable "behind," to a highly unpleasant degree. At most of them, the performers stand about as they please in groups, and chat, or watch what is happening upon the stage. Along these lines a change has been made lately, by one manager, which is of real importance to the profession and will be likely to spread. This man, owner of a circuit of houses, has in-



A DANSEUSE.

troduced regulations as strict as those which prevail in the best theaters. Everything is scrupulously clean and well ordered, the dressing-rooms are neat, large and pleasant, and the performers are forced to stay in them until their turn is

called, instead of gossiping about the wings. Moreover, there is a set of rules which throws light on the lives and habits of some professionals, who are strictly forbidden the use of profanity and slang in the theater—not in this vague generalization only, but in a list of the offensive words, some of which are little more than inelegant. Now, just as an actor will take less money in the legitimate than in vaudeville, so this manager, having made his continuous houses handsomer, healthier and more comfortable than those of his rivals, can secure the best talent for less money than his rivals, and they will soon find it good policy to follow his lead. He

is able, for instance, to get an "artiste" for six hundred dollars a week who could readily get eight hundred from other managers. The men of superior business ability who now control so many regular theaters do some harm, but they also do the kind of good a business man is particularly fitted for, and the same kind of practical insight has begun the reformation of the vaudeville business. One element which this growing strictness tends to take away from the life behind the scenes is the "chappy"—the young man, namely, who hangs about such places and such women—and who is made unwelcome under the new régime, where he was unmolested before.

One special hardship that frequently belongs to the vaudeville player's life is the unbrokenness of the work, there being the same demand in summer that there is in winter, so that she may go on, if she needs the money, every week in the year, twice every day, even appearing in what are politely called "sacred concerts" on Sunday. One has to be pretty callous not to feel doing the same little act some six hundred times in a year. Many a vaudeville actor, sick of this meaningless iteration, sighs for an opportunity in the "legitimate"; and, on the other hand, I have heard one of the most successful actors on our stage swear that if he could earn his living by two little turns a day, and get rid of the deadly long nights and afternoons in one part, he would not hesitate a minute—but he probably would. Of course, the great majority of vaudeville players have no opportunity to decide which stage they will appear on. They usually lack talent sufficient for success in the drama and those who could hold prominent place in the regular theater are the exceptions.



A CHARACTER SKETCH.

Some people expect an even greater increase in the dignity and artistic importance of the vaudeville life from now on than there has been lately. One actor in that line, a couple of years ago, published an interview in which he expressed the hope, and in part the belief, that vaudeville audiences might become educated up to the point of allowing him to appear before them as Hamlet or Othello. That day is, perhaps happily, afar off. The extent to which vaudeville reaches upward is more visibly limited than the distance to which it reaches downward.

Taking the word "artiste" not in its French sense, but as it is used in the theater business in America, as being of feminine gender, and also taking it as denoting a certain grade of work, I have left out of account a mass of women whose performances go under the name of vaudeville. A city like New York, for instance, contains hundreds of saloons, or little show-houses with saloons connected, where vaudeville is given, at which no admission-fee at all is charged, and in which the expense of the show is paid for by the increased sale of drinks. Naturally, the existence of these performers contains little glamour. Even taking the vaudeville actress at the top, the amount of glamour in her life is easily exaggerated, as is the brilliancy of any successful actor's life, in the public imagination. It exists, of course. Many more men will fall in love with a woman on the stage than would with the same woman in private life. On the stage, she has a pedestal, a setting, that brings her out and enhances her



AN ENTRÉE.

power of attraction, probably more even than social prominence or money. A rich woman can pass for clever, handsome or fascinating on much less wit, beauty or charm than a poor one; and a girl who stands on a public stage every night, made up, dressed up, the focus of the light and of the attention of hundreds, will inevitably receive more personal attention afterward than she would in any other way. In the street, in the cars, in restaurants, on steamers, there are always people who know her by sight, and seek an opportunity to make her acquaintance, and when they do know her, they think her more interesting than she really is. As Voltaire said, it is unsatisfactory to be hanged in private; we all wish to be noticed



## AFTER HOURS.

by our fellow-creatures; and a pretty girl in the chorus will always be the center of a much greater amount of interest than a large-souled and deep-minded woman of equal beauty quietly treading the paths of ordinary life.



## THE REQUIEM OF THE DRUMS.

BY "BUCKY" O'NEILL.

THERE is that about the sounding of the drum that is unlike any other music in the world. How it sets the heart to throbbing and the blood to coursing through the veins as it falls upon the ear! What scenes has its beating been the prelude to, and what sights have men seen within the sound of its rollings!

In its music there is something that sweeps away the sluggishness of life and gives instead a feeling that is akin to the drunkenness of wine. No matter whether it be the long roll, beating alarm, as it is beaten by startled drummers in the night, or the softer beats, when the snares are muffled and men march with arms reversed, thinking of the comrade who has left the ranks forever, it is the same. Every one at some time in life has felt

something within him start in sympathy with its beating. If one has ever heard it in the fury of the rally, when ranks are broken and regiments are fading away under fire, it is something to remember forever.

What matters it if, as musicians say, its music is barbarous—so barbarous that it has but one note? After all, it is the music of the soldier, whether it comes from the metal kettledrums, glittering as they swing in the sun at the head of close columns of helmeted men, or if it comes from tom-toms beaten in tepees amid the cold snows and darkened days of northern winters, or amid cacti-covered sands of deserts glowing with the fierce heat of summer suns? Soldiers and warriors all, and be they red or white, not one will die

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Within the past few years the great, inexhaustible West has not been content to supply literary material only. It has produced also the literary man. The men who yesterday dug into the sides of the mountain, after gold and silver; who, side by side with the Mexican and the Indian, "rode the range" and "punched cattle"; who saw towns, almost in a few hours, rise to roaring prominence and fall to forgotten decay; who lived the manly, if lawless, life of the frontier, have turned their hands to the pen, and proved the old, old truism that authors are born, not made. When the erstwhile "grub-staker," "bronco-buster" or "rustler" writes, he can say of his work—"all of which I saw, part of which I was!"

Such an author was "Bucky" O'Neill. In his too brief life—for he was in the full flush of early manhood when he fell at the head of his company of Rough Riders before the Spanish trenches of Las Guasimas—much was crowded. His hands were no strangers to the pick and pan. He had worn the "chaps" and "sombbrero" of the cowboy. More than once his "44" was all that stood between him and sudden death in the days when he won his spurs as sheriff in Arizona.

O'Neill died as he had lived, a true and gallant man. This is one of the penalties that war demands. Of his last hours Colonel Roosevelt writes:—

"The most serious loss that I and the regiment could have suffered befell just before we charged. Bucky O'Neill was strolling up and down in front of his men, smoking his cigarette, for he was inveterately addicted to the habit. As he moved to and fro, his men begged him to lie down, and one of the sergeants said, 'Captain, a bullet is sure to hit you.' O'Neill took his cigarette out of his mouth, and blowing out a cloud of smoke, laughed and said, 'Sergeant, the Spanish bullet isn't made that will kill me.' A little later he discussed for a moment with one of the regular officers the direction from which the Spanish fire was coming. As he turned on his heel, a bullet struck him in the mouth and came out at the back of his head; so that even before he fell, his wild and gallant soul had gone out into the darkness." This story, "The Requiem of the Drums," was written by O'Neill not long before the breaking out of the recent Spanish-American war, when he was still acting as sheriff of Prescott, Arizona. By chance it has hitherto been unpublished.

the less bravely for the dreams that his drummers and their drums have conjured up. The glory of the drum is passing away. Of all our regiments to-day, but the First Infantry retains a drum corps.

After a thousand years' service as the most warlike instrument in the armies of Europe and America, it must now take a secondary place, and with it will soon go the bayonet and the sword, those heroic relics of the days when soldiers looked into one another's eyes before firing, and men reached out from the ranks to catch their foemen by the beards, to drag them closer, the more easily to cut their throats.

It was not so, though, with the drum in 1861, when the sounds of reveille broke through the stillness of an Arizona mid-summer morning at Fort Buchanan. The first glimmer of the long June day could hardly be noticed in the morning air, so cool and fresh after the night spent in the hot, close barracks. Already, though, the officers of the post gathered in groups on the parade-ground, preparing as if for a march, while the adjutant and officer of the day darted here and there, as if to see that all was in readiness.

The drums ceased to beat, and the drummers, save the one on duty as the drummer of the guard, disappeared among the men. One crossed the parade-ground to the line of adobe buildings. He was hardly twenty, young and handsome, his eyes sparkling with excitement and animation. As he approached one of the buildings a woman came to the door with a child in her arms—an Indian woman, and young as he was, she was still younger, hardly more than a girl, as the drummer was hardly more than a boy. He placed an arm around her and drew her, with the child, into the room, and pointed out the different articles that were in it, as if he were trying to tell her that they were hers. He gathered in his arms the blankets from the bed and passed out of the room, leading the girl by the hand. He then placed them under a near mesquit-tree and seated her upon them. As he did so he spoke to her, half in Spanish, half in English, telling her that he must leave, that he could not help it, for the "nantan"—the colonel—had ordered it. He would come back to her some time. Till

then she could have all he had taken from the house to live on. He almost grew angry when she asked him to let her go with him. Again and again she asked him, in her soft, broken Spanish and English, as if fearful that she could not make him understand what she wanted.

She watched him in a pleading, pitiful way. She couldn't understand it. All night she had lain awake thinking. Since the little squad of dust-covered soldiers had ridden into the post the day before, all had been excitement and stir. All night long, as she had lain awake, she had heard wagons being loaded and men moving about as if preparing for a long march.

"Don't you understand, Si-ana?" said the boy, as if in answer to her pleading looks. "We are going to war. We are going to leave here to fight. In the land where we come from is war, and the men whom you saw yesterday brought orders to the colonel to burn everything here and to march to New Mexico to fight the rebels."

"Why must you fight?"

"I can't tell you why. We have just got to go, that's all, for the colonel's got the orders, so you see I can't stay with you, Si-ana," as if to give her the comfort of knowing that it was not his wish that they were parting.

"No, no, no," replied the girl, as if even the thought of his remaining after his comrades had gone, frightened her. "For when the soldiers are gone my people would kill you."

"And besides, that would be desertion," said the boy, "and the colonel would shoot me for it."

"Si, si, si, querido mio" ("Yes, yes, yes, dearest"), she replied, in Spanish, as she began to sway back and forth, which touched the boy more than anything she had said. He had seen the swaying to and fro among the Indian women when mourning for their dead.

A sergeant with a squad of men approached, and applied a torch to the dry tule roof, which in an instant blazed with a fierce fire.

"And this burning means that none of you will ever come back." For the first time her voice trembled and her eyes filled with tears. "Let me go with you, no



*Drawn by Frederic Remington.*

"THE MEN TURNED BACK TO LOOK AT  
THEIR OLD QUARTERS."

matter if I die to-morrow. Let me go with you until I drop. No one will know it, no one will see it."

"I can't, Si-ana. You must stay here. You will be all right with your own people." But the girl only shook her head as her body swayed to and fro.

She was only an Indian. Hardly more than a year since, she had left a husband among her own people to live with him; and when after a short time her tribe had gone on the war-path, she had refused to rejoin them for his sake; and because of her usefulness as an interpreter and go-between with the "hostiles," she had been allowed to remain with him.

The boy hardly knew how to bid her good-by, for in his heart he knew that it would be forever. As he thus stood in

silence looking down on her, the drummer's call, beaten by the drummer of the guard, came from the parade-ground, and seizing his drum and sticks, he bent over the girl, and raising her head he kissed her, and then the child, and ran rapidly to take his place in the ranks.

He had hardly joined them when the men fell into line. Each, like a machine, as he answered his name, came from a support arms to a carry, and then to an order. An officer, accompanied by the ordnance sergeant, returned from spiking the two cannon that were to be left behind. The long line of wagons filled with ammu-

nition and stores stretched out toward the east, with drivers waiting for the orders that would set their wheels in motion. The adjutant faced the colonel:

"Sir, the battalion is formed!"  
"By fours right wheel, march!"

The drum beat, and through the dusty road the column wound its way, climbing the steep mountain-sides that sloped down to the abandoned post. As the regiment reached the higher summits, the men turned to look back at their old quarters, which, now that the fire had burnt down, looked like dark silhouettes against the gray dust of the plains below.

One of the officers who had a field-glass passed it to another, remarking, "The Indians are already in the post."

So they were; hardly had the troops left the post before the Indians, whose keen eyes since early morning had noted the burning of buildings and departure of the soldiers, crept cautiously closer and closer to the post to see if all were gone. One by one the most courageous entered. Then after them trooped the entire tribe. They looked into the burnt buildings and sought greedily for whatever they could find that the fire had not consumed. They crowded everywhere, each anxious to be the first in the search for what the soldiers had abandoned. Suddenly one saw the girl, surrounded by blankets and household goods, seated under a mesquit-tree. A shout, and in a moment she was surrounded. She did not move, but looked gloomily down at the child on her breast. Out of the crowd of Indians stepped one, a man, and spoke to her, calling her by name in the Indian tongue. She did not heed him. Reaching down, he caught her by the hair, and pulling her face back, looked into it. Her eyelids dropped and she tried to bend her head toward her child, as if striving to shut out the face above her—the face of the husband that a year ago she had abandoned for another. The man, reaching down, grasped her rebozo, and tearing it away, looked at the child, who, in alarm, began to cry. Then he turned and harangued the crowd. It was an appeal to the old law of the tribe by which a woman guilty of adultery should be stoned to death—a law of the Papagoes. She knew the law, because it

was one of the oldest—so old that the oldest men said that their fathers could not remember the time when it did not exist. The child had grown quiet, and the man for whom she would have once given her life ceased to talk. She was conscious that some kind of decision had been rendered by her kinspeople.

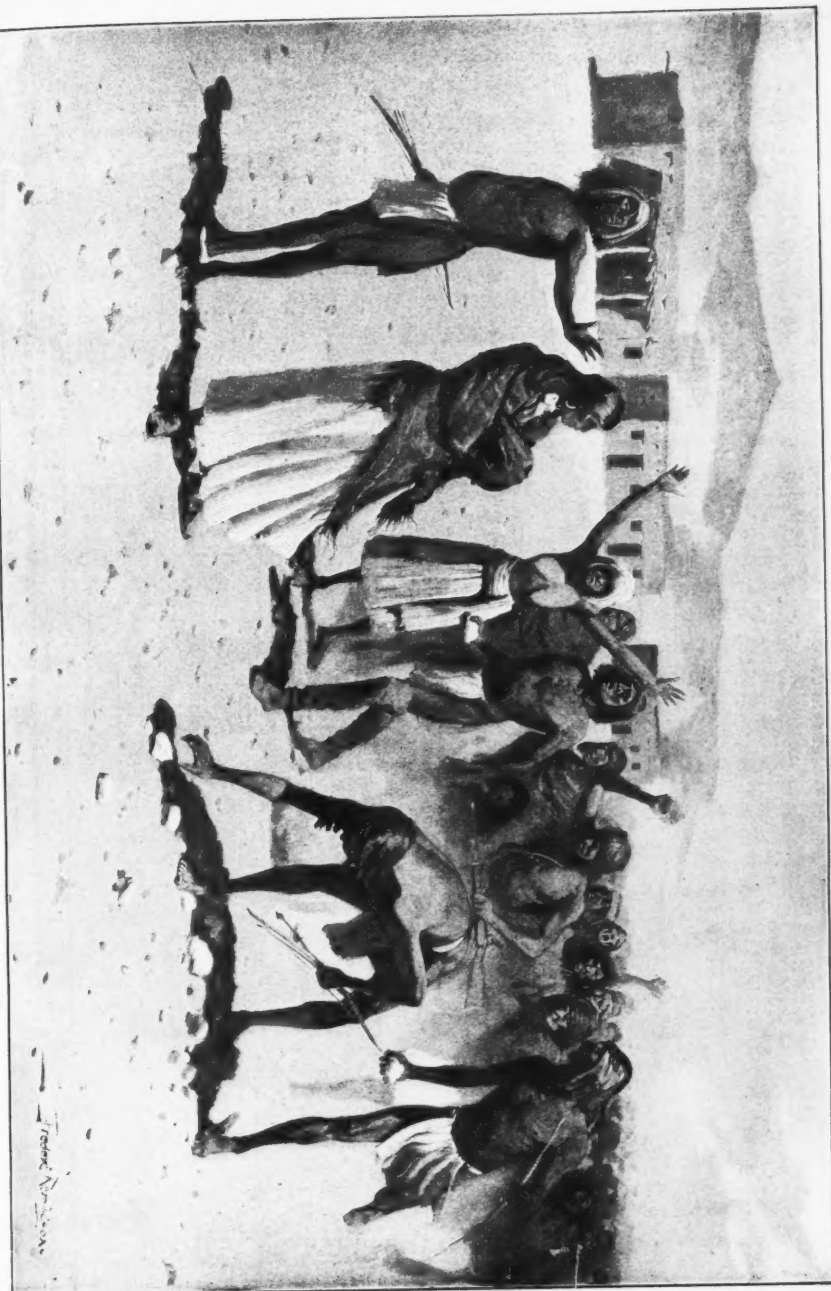
An old man approached, and taking her by the arm, led her toward the parade-ground. Far off on the hillside she could still see the dust that marked the march of the soldiers. As she walked toward the parade-ground every one followed, and she noticed that all, even the children, gathered up stones as they went. She turned to the old man, whom she had known as long as she could remember, and, calling him by name, besought him to tell her if she was to die. Unheeding, he placed her in front of the multitude and stepped back, leaving her standing alone facing the dark-faced men and women.

Before she could speak, a stone flew toward her and hit the child in her arms. Turning, she started to run toward the mountains, where still could be seen the cloud of dust raised by the marching men. A few steps and a stone struck her on the head. She stopped as if stunned, and then, more like an automaton than a human being, stunned and bleeding, she sprang forward, as if striving to save the child. Another stone struck her and another, and she sank to her knees. The child fell to the ground in front of her. From her head, shoulders and face the blood flowed, and her eyes were dazed, like those of one who has received a death-blow; but still she struggled to reach the child, as if to cover it with her body. The yelling crowd was close behind, and from it sprang a man, who, running in front of all, came within a few yards of the crouching, trembling figure and threw a stone directly at her. It crushed her skull with a sound so loud that it could be heard above the panting crowd, and the crouching form fell face downward in the dust. In a few moments nothing was to be seen but a mound of stone, from under which, in many streams, blood trickled through the dust.

Out of the clouds of dust on the mountainsides, as if bidding farewell forever to the plains below, came the rolling of the drums.

*Drawn by Frederick Remington.*

"SHE NOTICED THAT ALL, EVEN THE CHILDREN, GATHERED UP STONES AS THEY WENT."





BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

**A** PROUD title—the First Lady of the Land—and one that shines like a far beacon in the eyes of the American girl,



MRS. JOHN ADAMS.

who never knows what marriage may do in hoisting her to the elevation where she may claim it as her own! Yet the position of wife of the President of the United States has, with conspicuous exceptions, not been filled by women who have left a marked impression upon their day and administration.

Birth to the purple makes, of course, little difference in a nation where the adaptability of its daughters to high place is continually illustrated—when the child of an American dry-goods man has put her little foot upon the neck of British India as wife of its Viceroy; when the bench of English Duchesses is dashingly reinforced by the descendants of self-made Americans, and all the nobilities of Europe are paying court to the chic American beauties they have annexed to strengthen their failing order.

It must be remembered that some of our

Presidents' wives do not appear before the public until they have become, perhaps, set in the homely and retiring habits of life from which the nation's trumpet-call has summoned them. The sovereign ladies of Europe are all educated from the cradle with a view to exercising tact, finesse, imperturbable dignity, toward their fellow-man. They are skilled linguists, acquainted with art and literature, able to interest themselves in affairs of diplomacy and statecraft, to face crowds with superb equanimity, to serve as high ornaments of society, if no more. Our republican queens sometimes arrive at the White House feeling em-



MRS. MONROE.

barrassed by social exigencies; never having previously worn the low-cut corsage exacted for robes of ceremonial; possessing no facility for dinner-table talk, with only the mother-tongue at their command; and generally oppressed by necessary public appearances. One of these has little precedent, and no established rule of dignified habit to hold up her hands. Into her present place of extraordinary prominence she may have stepped from



MRS. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS



some remote community where the customs of social intercourse are the offspring of ignorance of the world and dire monotony. Her backers and counselors are, like herself, new to the task. The society before which she must appear is critical, sharp-tongued, on the qui vive for a fresh sensation, and not always under bonds to high patriotism. This ceremony of the installation of an unknown new-comer among them has been so often repeated

that perchance the process has hardened their sense of hospitality, as well as their imagination. Then, again, whatever may be her social intuitions and ambitions, the lady of the White House knows herself to be a creation of universal suffrage, and during her four brief years of power must always bear that fact in mind. If she moves to right or left out of the beaten track of her predecessors;

if she projects reforms hygienic or sanitary in her new home; still more, should she attempt to introduce innovations that savor of high life or Old-World custom of courts, in an instant the whole press of the country will be belaboring her with acute personal criticism.

The "fierce light" of publicity has, indeed, "beat" upon her ever since the nomination of her husband to his lofty

post. The election was a signal for innumerable paragraphs in print, exploiting her previous life and surroundings in all attainable phases. The great affectionate public has then to be fed with morsels of gossip revealing her most intimate domestic affairs, and the same thing goes on at intervals during her sojourn in Washington. The exaggerations of statement thus engendered are, surely, enough to paralyze an ordinary woman's enjoyment of exist-

ence, and must exact sympathy from all toward the innocent object of their perhaps unintended malevolence.

Should a political cabal arise into which unscrupulous wire-pullers may drag a President's personal affairs to the advantage of his enemies, no respect for the First Lady of the Land can control its mischief. As an instance of this latter fact, one recalls the secret history



MRS. MADISON.

of an incident occurring at a critical period of national affairs within the last fifteen years, when the clever and plucky wife of a Cabinet Minister was enabled to bestow upon a prominent statesman of the party in politics opposing that in power, an effectual and well-deserved quietus.

Having traced to this leader a series of offensive stories in circulation involving the alleged domestic infelicities of the



MRS. VAN BUREN.

Executive family, she expressed herself with great vigor in denouncing them. This brought upon her a letter from him, couched in peremptory and threatening language, demanding to know whether

she was indeed the author of such utterances—a letter sent by a messenger-boy, and bearing outside the insolent superscription, "Wait for Answer." In the absence of her husband, she penned and addressed to the statesman in question a letter overflowing with righteous wrath at the misstatements, contradicting them upon her own intimate authority, and condemning anew the cowardice of such an attack upon those who might not defend themselves. Then, unwilling to dispatch it without taking counsel of a cooler head, she sent for a member of the Cabinet, her own and her husband's friend of years, and asked for his opinion of the letter. His answer was unhesitating in its indorsement of the accuracy and dramatic effect-

iveness of what she had written; but he would not assume the responsibility of advising her to send it. She hesitated for a moment, then sent the letter, with an invitation to give it to the public. The effect was silence, full and complete, in the enemy's camp, a silence remaining unbroken as far as the charges in question were concerned; and the consulting friend spoke afterward of her effort as a masterpiece of eloquence and feeling. The grave has closed upon the bright energy of this lady's mind and heart, as upon the animos-

ities of her brilliant opponent, but her championship was far-reaching in result.

Certainly, the position of the President's wife looks, on the face of it, to be an ideal one for an ideal American woman—the spouse, helpmate, comrade, of the first citizen of a grand free nation, neither he nor she bound by the gyves of tiresome dress, or ceremonial, or title, before the public. When she throws open her doors to receive her friends, they are the nation's friends who swarm across her threshold. At the levees every man,

woman and child in decent garb has a right to grasp her hand and claim her personal interest. This accomplished, nothing more is expected of her in the way of visits, receptions, or the treadmill round of an ordinary woman's duties to society. But withal, the yoke is heavy.



MRS. DONELSON.

(Wife of President Jackson's Private Secretary.)

At the state banquets of the White House, occurring several times during the winter season, are successively entertained the heads of government, army and navy, the diplomatic corps, with their wives and daughters, celebrities visiting Washington, and others desirable so to distinguish. These

guests are arranged at table according to time-honored precedent, and offer small opportunity for the hostess' sway. Except in the case of Mrs. Hayes, who suppressed wine and substituted coffee to accompany her husband's official feasts, we have little record of feminine individuality expressed in such a quarter. A tale is told of the late Hon. J. Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, a delicious and unforgettable wit, who coming upon a course of Roman punch served by the White House chef in small boat-shaped glasses,



MRS. TYLER.

MRS. SEMPLE.  
(President Tyler's Daughter.)

MRS. ROBERT TYLER.

and detecting its undercurrent of Jamaica rum, ecstatically proclaimed it to his neighbors as "the Life-Saving Station of a Hayes administration dinner."

There is, of course, lacking at the President's official table that display of gold and silver plate and priceless porcelain brought from the store-vaults of royalty abroad to deck a similar festivity. At many private houses in Washington the service is ten-fold more beautiful and striking. The flowers and plants from the White House conservatories are the chief dependence of the stewards for decoration, as also for garnishment of the large rooms of state thrown open to the public at levees.

The First Lady of the Land cannot, like thousands of the women who envy her from a distance, indulge in drawing-rooms filled with screens and cushions and encumbering bric-à-brac. Such belongings of her own are reserved for her private apartments. To the public she must stand revealed in spaces where a mirror is an event, a clock or vase an exciting incident. As all the world knows, the establishment of the White House is mounted on very simple lines. The astonishment, the rueful swallowing of first emotion, the determination to be pleased, *quand même*, is an ever-recurring feature of the introduction of fresh arrivals in the diplomatic corps at the Presidential mansion. Accustomed, as they are, to the pomp and state hedging in the Old-World ruler from intercourse with his subjects, they at first deem belittling the freedom of access to our Chief Magistrate and his wife. But as Bryce has so finely said, "To an European observer weary of the slavish obsequiousness and lip-deep adulation with which the

members of reigning families are treated on the eastern side of the Atlantic, fawned on in public and carped at in private, the social relations of an American President

to his people are eminently refreshing. There is great respect for the office, and a corresponding respect for the man as the holder of the office, if he has done nothing to degrade it. There is no servility, no fictitious self-abasement, on the part of the citizens, but a simple and hearty deference to one who represents the majesty of the nation, the sort of respect

MRS. TYLER.  
(Second Wife.)

which the proudest Roman paid to the consulship, even if the particular consul was, like Cicero, a 'new man.' "

It is her pride in this condition of things, her consciousness that, in spite of all the stings and arrows of outrageous gossip and journalism, her choice of a man has proved the choice of many millions of his countrymen, that must give her best happiness to the First Lady in the Land.

Nothing connected with the home life of the President's wife so marks her difference in style from the other leaders of Washington society as the absence from White House doors and lobbies of proper conventional servants. At one of the great evening receptions or levees where all the world comes, a mob of well-dressed people are first herded in a portico, then driven desperately ahead by the impact of a new crowd upon their heels, to bring up, breathless and battered, in a corridor on the threshold of the republican court group. What is not done for their wraps by a very few negro waiters, is effected by the guests themselves, and a moment more sees them again part of a human stream, now forcing its way into the presence-chamber, where



MRS. POLK.

passing as she desires to have stand behind her in the line during the reception, gives to many an agreeable opportunity to view the passing show to capital advantage. In the bowery precincts formed by palms, acacias and numerous flowers, the elect may survey at their ease the distinctive and characteristic procession that makes up a great Washington assemblage, paying its respects to an office "the greatest in the world except the Papacy." Men and women of many conditions in life, of almost every nationality, of wide and picturesque variety in costume, defile before the receiving party, shaking hands per-



MRS. PIERCE

sistently with the President and his wife, who evoke from lookers-on in the rear genuine sympathy in their submission to this senseless national custom. One recalls Mrs. Cleveland's gentle but vigorous method of consigning

hand-shakers down the line, after a greeting of which the cordial charm robbed the action of its bitterness.

After a walk around the beautiful and imposing East Room, where the throng is generally oppressive,



MRS. FILLMORE.

it is in order for the company, in general, to retire. Here, again, the want of proper service is noticeable. The same negroes are driven hither and thither in the search for wraps and hats, jovial, nay mirthful, at the expense of such unfortunates as fail to reclaim their own proper belongings. An amazing contrast these myrmidons of democracy present to the chamberlains, the grooms-in-waiting, the smug, silent, perfectly trained menials,



MISS FILLMORE.

of a foreign royal residence. One of the stringent rules of Windsor Castle is that no servant on entering a room where the Queen is may raise his eyes to look at her. We fail to imagine a merry darkey of the White House underworld refraining from a gaze upon, or even a salutation to, his liege lady, if it occurred to him to bestow it.

This, however, is the nation's part of her Chief Magistrate's domestic arrangements. Should one be honored by an invitation to remain to supper with the

presidential party, there is a little informal gathering around small tables in the corridor upstairs, where the atmosphere is like that of a delightful private house, and the arrangements, although simple, leave nothing to be desired.

The same conditions prevail whenever the First Lady chooses to convene her friends in private—at luncheon, or dinner, or to an afternoon "At Home," where tea is served at five o'clock. When she drives out, in a plain brougham or landau, equipped with a coachman and footman in plain livery, hers is not in any way noticeable in a crowd of other vehicles. Although, officially, precedence is accorded her over every other woman in her presence, there are none of the outward and visible signs of sovereignty to distinguish her in public. She is no leader in fashion, has no social weight as a dictator, is rarely quoted in matters of form or expressions of preference. Best of all, provided the press of the country can be induced to spare her absurd paragraphs regarding her private life, which her exalted position forbids her to contradict, she is, at least during the months when the climate exiles her from Washington, able to fashion her life according to her own and her family's will and taste.

But a month or two since, was celebrated in Washington the one-hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the seat of government in the District of Columbia. The White House, planned, built, and subsequently rebuilt, by an Irishman named Hoban, was not in the beginning quite the same beautiful building, with its stuccoed front and four stately Doric pillars, which we see to-day, and to which the twentieth century promises expansion without serious change in its charming and familiar lines.

The first lady to inhabit it officially—Mrs. John Adams—beheld from her windows even less to allure the eyes than was pictured by Tom Moore on his visit to Washington some years later—



MRS. JOHNSON

"An embryo capital, where  
Fancy sees  
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees,  
Where second-sighted seers  
the plain adorn  
With fanes unbuilt,\* and  
heroes yet unborn,  
Though naught but woods  
and Jefferson they see  
Where streets should run  
and sages ought to be."

To-day, Mrs. McKinley takes her drives abroad amid "fanes" and "obelisks" and "squares" in such number and beauty, and of proportions so imposing, that the "second-sighted seers" of the satirical little poet's imagination could scarce have dreamed of them.

Mrs. Washington, the "double First" Lady of our Land, would, doubtless, have enjoyed in that capacity a sojourn nearer than New York to her beloved home on the highlands of the Potomac. The "swampy woodlands" around the new White House would have been more congenial to the first President's wife than the Northern cities to which she was transplanted. What though "the General" had been annoyed and crossed in his projects for the national capital by the "obstinate Mr. Burns," a Scotch landholder

who refused to part with his cottage and six hundred and fifty acres of unprofitable soil lying directly in the way of the intended town? What though the recalcitrant Burns had even made himself so unpleasant as to suggest that George Washington had attained his prominence through possessing himself of the "Widow Custis and her niggers"? Dear to Mrs. Washington's gentle heart was the Southern country, and it was there she fain would have been. Witness an extract from a letter written by her to her niece, Fanny, in Virginia, while the new sovereign lady was in full flush of her honors in the presidential house

MRS. HARRIET LANE  
JOHNSTON.  
(Niece of President Buchanan.)

MRS. LINCOLN.

MRS. PATTERSON.  
(Daughter of President Johnson.)



MRS. GRANT.

are certain bounds which I must not depart from, and as I cannot do as I like, I am obstinate and stay at home a great deal."

And this while the Very First Lady was in the habit of showing herself in public in a coach of cream and gold with six horses and outriders; when her Friday evenings were thronged with the beauty and fashion and distinction of the first administration period. Truly, the heart of a good woman clings healthily to first principles.

Abigail Adams, wife of the second President, the first lady to occupy the Executive Mansion—over which, it must be owned, she grumbled and fussed vigorously, objecting to the removal from gay Philadelphia to forlorn Washington—had previously enjoyed a long training in the ways of courts and rulers. She had made part of high society in England when her husband was the first diplomatic representative of his country at the Court of St. James, and had traveled on the Continent, meeting and noting many interesting persons. As wife of Washington's Vice-President, she had been a power in administration circles in New York and Philadelphia. She was a bright, cheery, quick-witted woman, with a keen sense of fun, some tendency toward ridicule, and much adaptability to circumstances. Her letters, apart from their chronicle of events, are distinctly good reading, and her sway at the White House set a high

in Cherry Street, Manhattan: "I live a very dull life here, and know nothing of what passes in the town. I never go to any public place, indeed I think I am more like a state prisoner than anything else. There

standard of social elegance for her successors to maintain.

Mr. Jefferson, on becoming President, was a widower, and his young married daughter—she whom Randolph of Roanoke styled the noblest woman in Virginia—was supremely occupied with the cares of a young family at Monticello. The President had thought to rid himself of one feature of the cares of sovereignty by abolishing the levees bequeathed to him by his predecessors in office. But he reckoned without his guests, since some of the dames and damsels of Washington, resenting this infringement of their social privileges, once descended upon the White House in a flock, and were found by the President, on his return, muddy and weary, from a ride, occupying the accustomed room of state. To provide against such forays in the future, Mr. Jefferson solicited and obtained aid in social matters from the accomplished and capable Mrs. Madison, who, in the absence of the ladies of his family, thereafter presided when called upon by the much-beset Executive. It is a pity that Martha Jefferson Randolph does

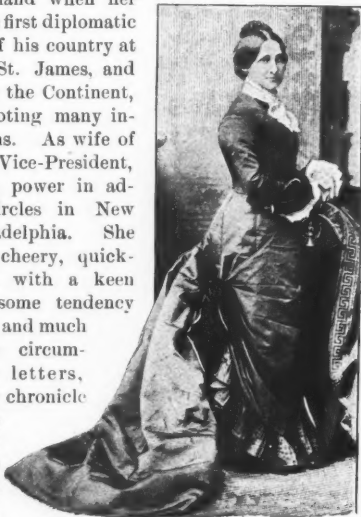


MRS. GARFIELD.

not take her full place among the galaxy of dames *châtelaines* of the White House, where her beauty, high breeding, and distinction in culture, would have left a notable mark.

Of Mrs. Madison, affectionately known to history as "Dolly Madison," so much in latter years has been said and written that it is only necessary to recall the fact that she was a widow of Quaker ancestry when Mr., afterward President, Madison married her in 1794. A tradition of her youth in Philadelphia told how her admirers would stand at street-corners only to see her pass.

During the reign of this charming personage, social life at the White House received a new impetus. There was an immediate refflorescence of the



MRS. HAYES.





MRS. MC'ELROY.  
(Sister of President Arthur.)

direct imitation of "Dolly" Madison's own especial "parlor" at the White House, and as such guarded intact by the generations succeeding those who adorned it. The stiff sofas, and many high-backed chairs, were of mahogany, covered in sunflower-yellow damask; a row of high windows was curtained in the same stuff; a valance of the damask, edged with a delightful "long and short drop" fringe, made over bits of wood, ran upon rods entirely around the upper portion of the walls, and was festooned at intervals. A quaint fire-board with yellow damask fluted over it into a "rising sun," with some mirrors, and pier- and card-tables of lustrous old mahogany, completed the outfit of this fascinating room, in the like of which we may safely imagine Mistress Dolly as exerting her charms and graces over the visitors who came flocking to the White House, as well as to Montpellier, her country home in the foothills of the Blue Ridge in Virginia. Mrs. Madison it was who, on the approach of the British to the capital in 1814, broke the frame of the portrait of Washington fastened to the White House wall, and rescued the canvas from the chance of removal or destruction by the foe, carrying it with her in her temporary flight from the city.

Following in the footsteps of Mrs. Mad-

extinct levees, and to all comers was extended a gracious and bewitching hospitality.

In an old manor-house of the Hudson I saw, where I hope it is still to be found, a room fitted up in

ison walked Mrs. James Monroe, formerly Miss Eliza Kortright, of New York, a renowned belle after the Revolution. The young lady's friends had, indeed, thought she might do much better in the matrimonial mart than become the wife of the plain little Virginian Congressman. But she had been serenely happy in

her life with the man of whom Mr. Jefferson said "his soul might be turned inside out without discovering a blemish to the world"; and through him, also, had come to her the worldly rewards of high place in his country's diplomatic service abroad, culminating now in the highest position in the nation's gift.

Mrs. John Quincy Adams, the daughter of Joshua Johnson, a Maryland squire and statesman, was born in London and lived abroad for years, her marriage with Mr. Adams occurring while he was Minister Resident at The Hague, a position he afterward exchanged for St. Petersburg and London. Her life in Washington during the eight years that Mr. Adams was Secretary

of State had given high evidence of her grace and ability as an entertainer, but while in the White House she was overshadowed by ill health, withdrawing from all but those formal appearances in public which she could not officially avoid.

A letter penned by a long-gone hand concerning domestic life at the White House in Mrs. Jackson's time, supplies the following:

"The large parlor was scantily furnished; there was light from the chandelier, and a blazing fire in the grate,



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MRS. HARRISON.



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MRS. CLEVELAND.



MISS CLEVELAND.

four or five ladies sewing around it; Mrs. Donelson, Mrs. Andrew Jackson, Mrs. Edward Livingston, et cetera. Five or six children were playing about, regardless of documents or work-baskets. At the farther end of the room sat the President in his arm-chair, wearing a long, loose coat and smoking a long reed pipe, with bowl of red clay, combining the dignity of the patriarch, monarch and Indian chief."

The "bonny brown wife" of that soldier-President, the lithe, dark Rachel Donelson, who in her youth "danced on the deck of a flatboat or took the helm while her father took a shot at the Indians," now appeared short and swarthy and fat. Before her arrival at the White House in 1824, the political opponents of the General had set afloat a hundred stories of her rough looks and ways. A caricature of the day represented her standing on a table, the fashionable dames of Washington engaged in dressing her appropriately, with Mrs. Edward Livingston lacking her stays. But before long, death interposed to remove the good lady from the scene, and Mrs. Donelson, wife of Jackson's nephew and secretary, took her place as presiding genius of the White House.

Mrs. Donelson is known to fame for her firm attitude in refusing her uncle's behest to call on the celebrated Mrs. Eaton, and, in so doing, costing her husband his post as secretary.

Mrs. Van Buren, daughter-in-law of the

President, preceded the charming bevy of gentlewomen composing the household of President Tyler, whose last marriage, to the beautiful Julia Gardiner, of Gardiner's Island, New York, occurred at the White House.

Mrs. Polk, lovely, well-bred and winning, was considered a trifle austere in her views of religious observance as applied to the life of every day.

Mrs. Fillmore and her attractive daughter were followed by Mrs. Pierce, whose delicate health made her rather a shadowy image in the White House galaxy.

Miss Harriet Lane, the fair and stately niece of President Buchanan, who had presided over her uncle's household while he was Minister to England, had the manners and bearing of the great world, and bore her part in the Execu-

tive pageant like one to whom the right to wear ermine was a natural inheritance.

The other ladies of the shining list—Mrs. Lincoln; Mrs. Johnson and her daughter, Mrs. Patterson; Mrs. Grant; Mrs. Hayes; Mrs. Garfield; Mrs. McElroy, sister of President Arthur; Miss Cleveland and Mrs. Cleveland; Mrs. Harrison, and Mrs. McKinley—belong to contemporaneous history.

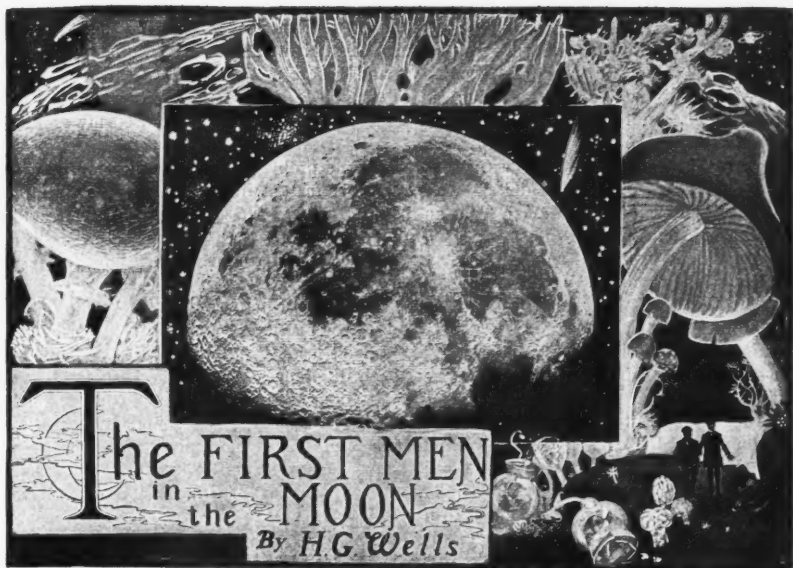
To look back upon these august dames in

line, after Mrs. Washington, from the day of the first occupation of the White House, is to see projected into the foreground of the canvas Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Madison, Mrs. Monroe and Mrs. Polk among the by-gones; Miss Lane and Mrs. Cleveland in the array of moderns, each supremely possessed of the personal distinction, social faculty and grace, of the typical American woman called to the forefront of conspicuous position in her native land.



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MRS. MCKINLEY.



Drawn by E. Hering.

### XIII.

#### SEARCHING FOR A COMMON BASIS.

FOR a time neither of us spoke. To focus together all the things we had brought upon ourselves, seemed beyond my mental powers.

"They've got us," I said, at last.

"It was that fungus."

"Well, if I hadn't taken it we should have fainted and starved."

"We might have found the sphere."

I lost my temper at his persistence and swore to myself. For a time we hated one another in silence. I drummed with my fingers on the floor between my knees and gritted the links of my fetters together. Presently I was forced to talk again.

"What do you make of it, anyhow?" I asked, humbly.

"They are reasonable creatures—they can make things and do things—those lights we saw——"

He stopped. It was clear he could make nothing of it. "We are some way in," he said, presently. "I mean—perhaps a couple of thousand feet or more."

"Why?"

"It's cooler; and our voices are so much

louder. That faded quality—it has altogether gone. And the feeling in one's ears and throat."

I had not noted that, but I did now.

"The air is denser. We must be some depth—a mile, even, we may be—inside the moon."

"We never thought of a world inside the moon."

"No."

"How could we?"

"We might have done so; only—one gets into habits of mind."

He thought for a time.

"Now," he said, "it seems such an obvious thing."

"Of course! The moon must be enormously cavernous, with an atmosphere within, and at the center of its caverns a sea."

"One knew that the moon had a lower specific gravity than the earth; one knew that it had little air or water outside; one knew, too, that it was sister planet to the earth, and that it was unaccountable that it should be different. And yet one never saw it as a fact. Kepler, of course——"

His voice had the interest now of a man

who has discovered a pretty sequence of reasoning.

"Yes," he said, "Kepler, with his Sub-Volvani, was right after all."

"I wish you had taken the trouble to find that out before we came," I said. He buzzed very softly. My temper was going. "What do you think has become of the sphere, anyhow?" I asked.

"Lost," he said, like a man who answers an uninteresting question.

"Among those plants?"

"Unless they find it."

"And then?"

"How can I tell?"

"Cavor," I said, with a sort of hysterical bitterness, "things look bright for my company——"

He made no answer.

"Good Lord," I exclaimed; "just think of all the trouble we took to get into this pickle! What did we come for? What are we after? What was the moon to us or we to the moon? We wanted too much; we tried too much. We ought to have started the little things first. It was you proposed the moon. Those Cavorite spring blinds. I am certain we could have worked them for terrestrial purposes. Certain! Did you really understand what I proposed? A steel cylinder——"

"Rubbish!" said Cavor.

We ceased to converse. For a time Cavor kept up a broken monologue without much help from me.

"If they find it," he began, "if they find it, what will they do with it? Well, that's a question. It may be that's *the* question. They won't understand it, anyhow. If they understood that sort of thing they would have come long since to the earth. No! But they will examine it. Clearly, they are intelligent and inquisitive. They will examine it—get inside it—trifle with the studs. Off! That would mean the moon for us for all the rest of our lives. Strange creatures, strange knowledge."

"Curse your strange knowledge!" said I.

"Look here, Mr. Bedford," said Cavor, "you came on this expedition of your own free will. Anyhow, it's no use your quarreling with me now. These creatures—these Selenites or Sub-Volvani—or whatever we choose to call them, have got us tied hand

and foot. Whatever temper you choose to go through with it in, you will have to go through with it. And we have experiences before us that will need all our coolness."

He paused as if he required my assent.

But I sat sulking.

"The problem is, communication. Gestures, I fear, will be different—pointing, for example. No creatures but men and monkeys point."

That was too obviously wrong for me.

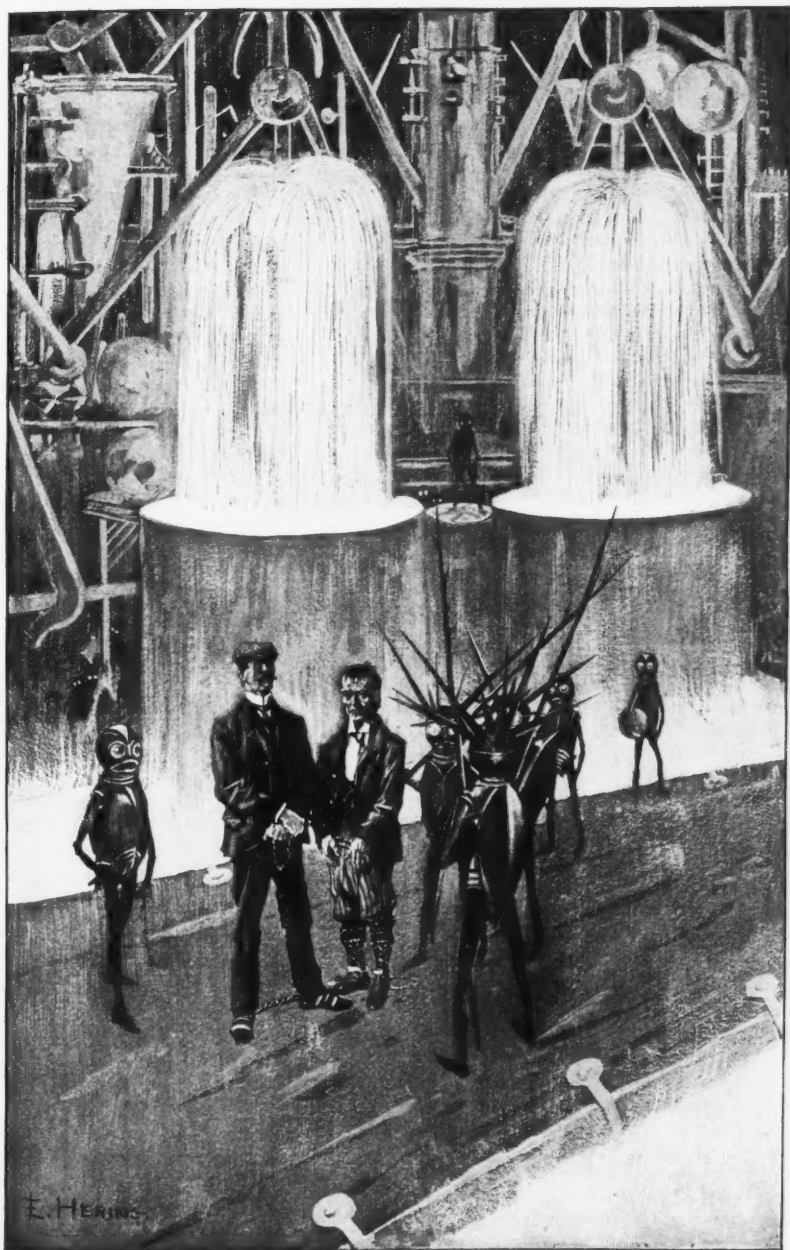
"Pretty nearly every animal," I cried, "points with its eyes or nose."

Cavor meditated over that. "Yes," he said, at last, "and we don't. There are such differences—such differences!"

"One might—but how can I tell? There is speech. The sounds they make, a sort of fluting and piping. I don't see how we are to imitate that. Is it their speech, that sort of thing? They may have different senses, different means of communication. Of course, they are minds and we are minds; there must be something in common. Who knows how far we may not get to an understanding?"

"I remember reading once a paper by the late Professor Galton, on the possibility of communication between the planets. Unhappily, at that time it did not seem probable that that would be of any material benefit to me, and I fear I did not give it the attention I should have—in view of this state of affairs. Yet—now let me see.

"His idea was to begin with those broad truths that must underlie all conceivable mental existences and establish a basis on those. The great principles of geometry, to begin with. He proposed to take some leading proposition of Euclid's and show by construction that its truth was known to us, to demonstrate, for example, that the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal, and that if the equal sides be produced, the angles on the other side of the base are equal also; or that the square on the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the two other sides. By demonstrating our knowledge of these things we should prove our possession of a reasonable intelligence. Now suppose I—I might draw the geometrical figure with a wet finger or even trace it in the air——"



Drawn by E. Hering.

"OUT OF THE TOP OF THE VERTICAL CYLINDER CAME POURING  
THIS INCANDESCENT SUBSTANCE THAT LIT THE PLACE."



He fell to buzzing. I sat meditating his words. For a time his wild hope of communication, of interpretation, with these weird beings held me. Then that angry despair that was a part of my exhaustion and physical misery resumed its sway. I perceived with a sudden novel vividness the extraordinary folly of everything I had ever done.

"Ass!" I said. "Oh, ass, unutterable ass! I seem to exist only to go about doing preposterous things. Why did we ever leave the thing? Hopping about looking for patents and concessions in the craters of the moon! If only we had had the sense to fasten a handkerchief to a stick, to show where we had left the sphere!"

I subsided, fuming.

"It is clear," meditated Cavor, "they are intelligent. One can hypotheticate certain things. As they have not killed us at once they must have ideas of mercy, possibly of intercourse. They may meet us. And this apartment, and the glimpses we had of its furnishing. These fetters. A high degree of intelligence——"

"I wish to heaven," cried I, "I'd thought even twice. Plunge after plunge. First one fluky start, and then another. It was my confidence in you. *Why* didn't I stick to my play? That was what I was equal to. That was my world and the life I was made for. I could have finished that play. I'm certain it was a good play. I had the scenario as good as done. Then, conceive it, leaping to the moon! Practically, I've thrown my life away."

I looked up and stopped in mid-sentence. The darkness had given place to that bluish light again. The door was opening, and several noiseless Selenites were coming into the chamber. I became quite still, staring at the chitinous impassiveness of their faces.

Then suddenly my sense of disagreeable strangeness changed to interest. I perceived that the foremost and second carried bowls. One elemental need, at least, our minds could understand in common. They were bowls of some metal that, like our fetters, looked dark in that bluish light; and each contained a number of whitish fragments. All the cloudy pain and misery that oppressed me, rushed together and took the shape of hunger. I eyed

these bowls wolfishly, and, though it returned to me in dreams, at that time it seemed a small matter that at the end of the arms that lowered one toward me were not hands, but a sort of flap and thumb, like the end of an elephant's trunk.

The stuff in the bowl was loose in texture and whitish-brown in color—rather like lumps of some cold soufflé, and it smelt faintly like mushrooms. From a partially divided carcass of a mooncalf that we presently saw, I am inclined to believe it must have been mooncalf flesh.

My hands were so tightly chained that I could barely contrive to reach the bowl; but when they saw the effort I made, two of them dexterously released one of the turns about my wrist. Their tentacle-hands were soft and cold to my skin. I immediately seized a mouthful of the food. It had the same laxness in texture that all organic structures seemed to have upon the moon; it tasted rather like a gauffre or a damp meringue, but in no way was it disagreeable. I took two other mouthfuls.

For a time we ate with an utter absence of self-consciousness. We ate, and presently drank, like tramps in a soup kitchen. Never before nor since have I been hungry to the ravenous pitch, and save that I have had this very experience, I could never have believed that a quarter of a million of miles out of our proper world, in utter perplexity of soul, surrounded, watched, touched by beings more grotesque and inhuman than the worst creations of a nightmare, it would be possible for me to eat in utter forgetfulness of all these things. They stood about us, watching us and ever and again making a slight elusive twittering that stood them, I suppose, in the stead of speech. I did not even shiver at their touch. And when the first zeal of my feeding was over, I could note that Cavor, too, had been eating with the same shameless abandon.

#### XIV.

##### EXPERIMENTS IN INTERCOURSE.

When at last we had made an end of eating, the Selenites linked our hands closely together again, and then untwisted the chains about our feet and rebound them, so as to give us a limited freedom of movement. Then they unfastened the



chains about our waists. To do all this they had to handle us freely, and ever and again one of their queer heads came down close to my face or a soft tentacle-hand touched my head or neck. I don't remember that I was afraid then, or repelled, by their proximity. I think that our incurable anthropomorphism made us imagine these were human heads inside those crustacean masks. The skin, like everything else, looked bluish; but that was on account of the light, and it was hard and shiny, quite in the beetle-wing fashion, not soft nor moist nor hairy as a vertebrate animal's would be. Along the crest of the head was a low ridge of whitish spines running from back to front, and a much larger ridge curved on either side over the eyes. The Selenite who untied me used his mouth to help his hands.

"They seem to be releasing us," said Cavor. "Remember we are on the moon. Make no sudden movements."

We remained passive, and the Selenites, having finished their arrangements, stood back from us, and seemed to be looking at us. I say, seemed to be, because as their eyes were at the sides and not in front, one had the same difficulty in determining the direction in which they were looking as one has in the case of a hen or a fish. They conversed with one another in their reedy tones that seemed to me impossible to imitate or define. The door behind us opened wider, and glancing over my shoulder I saw a vague, large space beyond, in which quite a little crowd of Selenites were standing.

"It seems to me that they are trying to make us understand something," I said.

"I can't make anything of their gestures. Do you notice this one, who is worrying with his head like a man with an uncomfortable collar."

"Let us shake our heads at him."

We did that, and finding it ineffectual, attempted an imitation of the Selenites' movements. That seemed to interest them. At any rate they all set up the same movement. But as that seemed to lead to nothing, we desisted at last, and so did they, and fell into a piping argument among themselves. Then one of them, a little shorter and thicker than the others, and with a particularly wide mouth, squatted

down suddenly beside Cavor, and put his hands and feet in the same posture as Cavor's were bound, and then, by a dexterous movement, stood up.

"Cavor," I shouted, "they want us to get up!"

He stared, open-mouthed. "That's it!" he said. And with much heaving and grunting, because our hands were tied together, we contrived to struggle to our feet. The Selenites made way for our elephantine heavings, and seemed to twitter more volubly. As soon as we were on our feet the thick-set Selenite came and patted each of our faces with his tentacles and walked toward the open doorway. That also was plain enough, and we followed him. We saw that four of the Selenites standing in the doorway were taller than the others and clothed in the same manner as those we had seen in the crater, namely, with spiked, round helmets and cylindrical body cases; and that each of the four carried a goad with spike and guard made of that same dull-looking metal as the bowls. These four closed about us, one on either side of each of us, as we emerged from our chamber into the cavern from which the light had come.

We did not get our impression of that cavern all at once. Our attention was taken up by the movements and attitudes of the Selenites immediately about us, and by the necessity of controlling our motion lest we should startle and alarm them and ourselves by some excessive stride. In front of us was the short, thick-set being who had solved the problem of asking us to get up, moving with gestures that seemed, almost all of them, intelligible to us, inviting us to follow him. His spout-like face turned from one of us to the other with a quickness that was clearly interrogative.

But at last the great place that formed a background to our movements asserted itself. It became apparent that the source of much, at least, of the tumult of sounds which had filled our ears ever since we had recovered from the stupefaction of the fungus, was a vast mass of machinery in active movement, whose flying and whirling parts were visible indistinctly over the heads and between the bodies of the Selenites who walked about us. And not only

did the web of sounds that filled the air proceed from this mechanism, but also the peculiar blue light that irradiated the whole place. We had taken it as a natural thing that a subterranean cavern should be artificially lit, and even now, though the fact was patent to my eyes, I did not really grasp its import until presently the darkness came. The meaning and structure of this huge apparatus we saw I cannot explain, because we neither of us learned what it was for or how it worked. One after another, big shafts of metal flung out and up from its center, their heads traveling in what seemed to me to be a parabolic path; each dropped a sort of dangling arm as it rose toward the apex of its flight and plunged down into a vertical cylinder, forcing this down before it. And as each of these arms plunged down, there was a clank, and then a roaring, and out of the top of the vertical cylinder came pouring this incandescent substance that lit the place and ran over, as milk runs over a boiling pot, and dripped luminously into a tank of light below. It was a cold, blue light, a sort of phosphorescent glow, but infinitely brighter; and from the tanks into which it fell it ran in conduits athwart the cavern. Thud, thud, thud, thud! came the sweeping arms of this unintelligible apparatus, and the light substance hissed and poured; and at first the thing seemed only reasonably large and near to us, and then I saw how exceedingly little the Selenites upon it seemed, and I realized the full immensity of cavern and machine. I looked from this tremendous affair to the faces of the Selenites with a new respect. I stopped, and Cavor stopped and stared at this thunderous engine.

"But this is stupendous!" I said. "What can it be for?"

Cavor's blue-lit face was full of an intelligent respect. "I can't dream! Surely these beings—men could not make a thing like that. Look at those arms, are they on connecting-rods?"

The thick-set Selenite had gone some paces unheeded. He came back and stood between us and the great machine. I avoided seeing him, because I guessed somehow that his idea was to beckon us onward. He walked away in the direction he wished us to go, and turned and came

back, and flicked our faces to attract our attention.

Cavor and I looked at one another. "Cannot we show him we are interested in the machine?" I said.

"Yes," said Cavor. "We'll try that." He turned to our guide and smiled and pointed to the machine, and pointed again, and then to his head, and then to the machine. By some defect of reasoning he seemed to imagine that broken English might help these gestures. "Me look 'im," he said; "me think 'im very much."

His behavior seemed to check the Selenites in their desire for our progress, for a moment. They faced one another; their queer heads moved; the twittering voices came quick and liquid. Then one of them, a lean, tall creature, with a sort of mantle added to the puttee in which the others were dressed, twisted his elephant trunk of a hand about Cavor's waist and pulled him gently to follow our guide, who again went on ahead.

Cavor resisted. "We may just as well begin explaining ourselves now. They may think we are new animals, a new sort of mooncalf, perhaps." He began to shake his head violently. "No, no," he said, "me not come on one minute. Me look at 'im."

"Isn't there some geometrical point you might bring in apropos of that affair?" I suggested, as the Selenites conferred again.

"Possibly a parabolic——" he began, and then yelled loudly and leaped six feet or more.

One of the four armed moon-men had pricked him with a goad.

I turned on the goad bearer behind me with a swift, threatening gesture and he started back. This and Cavor's sudden shout and leap clearly astonished all the Selenites. They receded hastily, facing us with their stupid, unchanging stare. For one of those moments that seem to last forever we stood in angry protest, with a scattered semicircle of these inhuman beings about us.

"He pricked me," said Cavor, with a catching of the voice.

"I saw him," I answered.

"Confound it," I said, to the Selenites, "we're not going to stand that! What on earth do you take us for?"

I glanced quickly right and left. Far away across the blue wilderness of cavern I saw a number of other Selenites running toward us. The cavern spread wide and low and receded in every direction into darkness. Its roof, I remember, seemed to bulge down as if with the weight of the vast thickness of rocks that imprisoned us. Above, below, in every direction, was the unknown. And these inhuman creatures with goads and gestures confronting us, and we two, unsupported men!

## XV.

## THE GIDDY BRIDGE.

Just for a moment that hostile pause endured. I suppose that both we and the Selenites did some very rapid thinking. My clearest impression was that there was nothing to put my back against, and that we were bound to be surrounded and killed.

Cavor came to my side and laid his hand on my arm. His pale and terrified face was ghastly in the blue light.

"We can't do anything," he said. "It's a mistake. They don't understand. We must go as they want us to."

I looked down at him, and then at the fresh Selenites who were coming to help their fellows. "If I had my hands free —"

"It's no use," he panted.

And he turned about and led the way in the direction that had been indicated for us. I followed, trying to look as subdued as possible and feeling at the chains about my wrists. My blood was boiling. I noted nothing more of that cavern, though it seemed to take a long time before we had marched across it; or if I noted anything I forgot it as I saw it. My thoughts were concentrated, I think, upon



*Drawn by F. Hering.*

"WE SEEMED TO BE MARCHING DOWN THAT TUNNEL FOR A LONG TIME."

my chains and the Selenites, and particularly upon the helmeted ones with the goads. At first they marched parallel with us and at a respectful distance, but presently they were overtaken by three others, and then they drew nearer until they were within arm's length. The shorter, thicker Selenite marched at first on our right flank, but presently came in front of us again.

How well the picture of that grouping has bitten into my brain; the back of Cavor's downcast head just in front of me, and the dejected droop of his shoulders, and our guide's gaping visage, perpetually jerking about him, and the goad-bearers on either side, watchful yet open-mouthed—a blue monochrome! And after all, I do remember one other thing besides the purely personal affair, which is, that a sort of gutter came presently across the floor of

the cavern and then ran along by the side of the path of rock we followed. And it was full of that same bright-blue luminous stuff that flowed out of the great machine. I walked close beside it, and I can testify it radiated not a particle of heat. It was brightly shining, and yet it was neither warmer nor colder than anything else in the cavern.

Clang, clang, clang! we passed right under the thumping levers of another vast machine, and so came at last to a wide tunnel, in which we could even hear our footfalls and which, save for the trickling thread of blue to the right of us, was quite unlit. The shadows made gigantic travesties of our shapes, and those of the Selenites, on the irregular wall and roof of the tunnel. Ever and again crystals in the walls of the tunnel scintillated like gems; ever and again the tunnel expanded into a stalactitic cavern, or gave off branches that vanished into darkness.

We seemed to be marching down that tunnel for a long time. Trickle, trickle, went the flowing light very softly, and our footfalls and their echoes made an irregular paddle, paddle. My mind settled down to the question of my chains. If I were to slip off one turn *so*, and then to twist it *so*? If I tried to do it very gradually, would they see I was slipping my wrist out of the looser turn? If they did, what would they do?

"Bedford," said Cavor, "it goes down. It keeps on going down."

His remark roused me from my sullen preoccupation.

"If they wanted to kill us," he said, dropping back to come level with me, "there is no reason why they should not have done it."

"No," I admitted; "that's true."

"They don't understand us," he said.

"They think we are merely strange animals, some wild sort of mooncalf. It will be only when they have observed us better that they will begin to think we have minds——"

"When you trace those geometrical problems?" said I.

"It may be that."

We tramped on for a space.

"You see," said Cavor, "these may be Selenites of a lower class."

"The infernal fools!" said I, viciously, glancing at their exasperating faces.

"If we endure what they do to us——"

"We've got to endure it," said I.

"There may be others less stupid. This is the mere outer fringe of their world. It must go down and down, cavern, passage, tunnel, down at last to the sea—hundreds of miles below."

His words made me think of the mile or so of rock and tunnel that might be over our heads already. It was like a weight dropping on my shoulders. "Away from the sun and air," I said, "even a mine half a mile deep is stuffy."

"This is not—anyhow. It's probable—ventilation! The air would blow from the dark side of the moon to the sunlit, and all the carbonic acid would well out there and feed those plants. Up this tunnel, for example, there is quite a breeze. And what a world it must be! The earnest we have in that shaft, and those machines——"

"And the goad," I said.

He walked a little in front of me for a time.

"Even that goad," he said.

"Well?"

"I was angry at the time. But it was perhaps necessary we should get on. They have different skins and probably different nerves. They may not understand our objection. Just as a being from Mars might not like our earthly habit of nudging."

"They'd better be careful how they nudge *me*."

"And about that geometry. After all, their way is a way of understanding, too. They begin with the elements of life and not of thought. Food. Compulsion. Pain. They strike at fundamentals."

"There's no doubt about that," I said.

He went on to talk of the enormous and wonderful world into which we were being taken. I realized slowly from his tone that even now he was not absolutely in despair at the prospect of going ever deeper into this inhuman planet-burrow. His mind ran on machines and invention, to the exclusion of a thousand dark things that beset me. It wasn't that he intended to make any use of these things; he simply wanted to know them.



Drawn by E. Hering.

"HE SMASHED LIKE AN EGG."

"Some rare sort of animal," I said, "might comfort himself in that way while they were bringing him to the Zoo. It doesn't follow that we are going to be shown all these things."

"When they find we have reasonable minds," said Cavor, "they will want to learn about the earth. Even if they have no generous emotions they will teach in order to learn. And the things they must know! The unanticipated things!"

He went on to speculate on the possibility of their knowing things he had never hoped to learn on earth, speculating in that way with a raw wound from that goad, already in his skin. Much that he said I forget, for my attention was drawn to the fact that the tunnel along which we had been marching was opening out wider and wider. We seemed, from the feeling of the air, to be going out into a huge space. But how big the space might really be we could not tell, because it was unlit. Our little stream of light ran in a dwindling thread and vanished far ahead. Presently the rocky walls had vanished altogether on either hand. There was nothing to be seen but the path in front of us and the trickling, hurrying rivulet of blue phosphorescence. The figures of Cavor and the guiding Selenite marched before me; the sides of their legs and heads that were toward the rivulet were clear and bright blue, their darkened sides, now that the reflection of the tunnel wall no longer lit them, merged indistinguishably in the darkness beyond.

And soon I perceived that we were approaching a declivity of some sort, because the little blue stream dipped suddenly out of sight.

In another moment, as it seemed, we had reached the edge. The shining stream gave one meander of hesitation and then rushed over. It fell to a depth at which the sound of its descent was absolutely lost to us. And the darkness it dropped out of became utterly void and black, save that a thing like a plank projected from the edge of the cliff and stretched out and faded, and vanished altogether.

For a moment Cavor and I stood as near the edge as we dared, peering into an inky profundity. And then our guide was pulling at my arm.

Then he left me and walked to the end of that plank and stepped upon it, looking back. When he perceived we watched him, he turned about and went on along it, walking as surely as though he was on firm earth. For a moment his form was distinct, then he became a blue blur and vanished into the obscurity.

There was a pause. "Surely—!" said Cavor.

One of the other Selenites walked a few paces out upon the plank and turned and looked back at us unconcernedly. Our guide's expectant gape reappeared. He was returning to see why we had not advanced.

"I could not go three steps on it," said Cavor.

We looked at each other's drawn face in blank consternation.

"They can't know what it is to be giddy," said Cavor.

"It's quite impossible for us to walk that plank."

"I don't believe they see as we do. I've been watching them. I wonder if they know this is simply blackness for us."

I think we said these things with a vague half-hope that the Selenites might somehow understand. I knew quite clearly that all that was needed was an explanation. Then, as I saw their blank faces, I slipped my wrist very quickly out of the coil of chain that was loose, and began to twist my wrists in opposite directions. I was standing nearest to the bridge, and as I did this two of the Selenites laid hold of me and pulled me gently toward it.

I shook my head violently.

Another Selenite added his compulsion.

I was forced to step forward.

"Look here!" I exclaimed. "Steady now! It's all very well for you——"

I burst out into curses, for one of the armed Selenites had stabbed me behind with his goad.

I wrenched my wrists free from the little tentacles that held them. I turned on the goad bearer. "Confound you!" I cried. "I've warned you of that. What on earth do you think I'm made of, to stick that into me? If you touch me again——!"



By way of answer he pricked me again.

I heard Cavor's voice in alarm and entreaty. Even then I think he wanted to compromise with these creatures. But the sting of that second stab seemed to set free some pent-up reserve of energy in my being. Instantly the link of the golden chain snapped, and with it snapped all considerations that had held us unresisting in the hands of these moon creatures. For that second, at least, I was mad with fear and anger. I took no thought of consequences. I hit straight out, at the face of the thing with the goad. The chain was twisted round my fist.

My mailed hand seemed to go clean through him. He smashed like an egg. It was like hitting one of those hard sweets that have liquid inside. It broke right in, and the flimsy body went spinning a dozen yards and fell with a flabby impact. I was astonished. It was incredulous that any living thing could be so flimsy. For an instant I could have believed the whole thing a dream.

Then it had become real and imminent again. Neither Cavor nor the other Selenites seemed to have done anything from the time when I had turned about, to the time when the dead Selenite hit the ground. Every one stood back from us two, every one alert. The arrest seemed to last at least a second after the Selenite was down. Every one must have been taking the thing in. I seem to remember myself standing with my arm half retracted, trying also to take it in. "What next?" clamored my brain; "what next?"

Then I perceived we must get our chains loose, and that before we could do this, these Selenites had to be beaten off. I faced toward a group of three goad bearers. Instantly one threw his goad at me. It swished over my head and I suppose went flying into the abyss behind. I leaped right at him with all my might as the goad flew over me. He turned to run as I jumped, and I bore him to the ground, came down right upon him, and slipped upon his smashed body and fell.

I came into a sitting position, and on every hand the blue backs of the Selenites were receding into the darkness. I bent a link by main force and untwisted the chain that had hampered me about the

ankles, and sprang to my feet, with the chain in my hand. Another goad, flung javelin-wise, whistled by me, and I made a rush toward the darkness out of which it had come. Then I turned back toward Cavor, who was still standing near the gulf, in the light of the rivulet, convulsively busy with his wrists.

"Come on!" I cried.

"My hands!" he answered.

Then, realizing that I dared not run back to him because my ill-calculated steps might carry me over the edge, he came shuffling toward me, with his hands held out before him.

I gripped his chains at once to unfasten them.

"Where are they?" he panted.

"Run away. They'll come back. They're throwing things! Which way shall we go?"

"By the light. To that tunnel. Eh?"

"Yes," said I, and his hands were free.

I dropped on my knees and fell to work on his ankle bonds. Whack! came something—I know not what—and splashed the livid streamlet into drops about us. Far away on our right a piping and a whistling began.

I whipped the chain off his feet and put it in his hand. "Hit with that!" I said, and without waiting for an answer, set off in big bounds along the path by which we had come. I heard the impact of his leaps come following me.

We ran in vast strides. But that running, you must understand, was an altogether different thing from any running on earth. On earth, one leaps, and almost instantly hits the ground again; but on the moon, because of its weaker pull, one shoots through the air for several seconds before one comes to earth. In spite of our violent hurry, this gave an effect of long pauses; pauses in which one might have counted seven or eight. Step, and one soared off. All sorts of questions ran through my mind. Where were the Selenites? What would they do? Should we ever get to the tunnel? Was Cavor far behind? Were they likely to cut him off? Then whack! stride! and off again for another step.

I saw a Selenite running in front of me, his legs going exactly as a man's would go on earth; saw him glance over his

shoulder, and heard him shriek as he ran aside out of my way into the darkness. He was, I think, our guide, but I am not sure. Then, in another vast stride, walls of rock had come into view on either hand, and in two more strides I was in the tunnel and tempering my pace to its low roof. I went on to a bend, then stopped and turned back and—plug, plug, plug, Cavor came into view, splashing into the stream of blue light at every stride, and grew larger and blundered into me. We stood clutching each other. For a moment, at least, we had shaken off our captors and were alone.

We were both very much out of breath. We spoke in panting, broken sentences.

"What are we to do?"

"Hide."

"Where?"

"Up one of these side caverns."

"And then?"

"Think."

We strode on, and presently came to a radiating, dark cavern. Cavor was in front. He hesitated and chose a black mouth that seemed to promise good hiding. He went toward it and turned.

"It's dark," he said.

"Your legs and feet will light us. You are all wet with that luminous stuff."

"But——"

A tumult of sounds, and in particular a sound like a clanging gong advancing up the main tunnel, became audible. It was horribly suggestive of a tumultuous pursuit. We made a bolt for the unlit side cavern forthwith. As we ran along it our way was lit by the irradiation of Cavor's legs.

"It's lucky," I panted, "they took off our boots or we should fill this place with clatter." On we rushed, taking as small steps as we could to avoid striking the roof of the cavern. After a time we seemed to be gaining on the uproar. It became muffled, it dwindled, it died away.

I stopped and looked back, and I heard the pad, pad, of Cavor's feet, receding. Then he stopped also.

"Bedford," he whispered, "there's a sort of light in front of us."

I looked, and at first could see nothing.

Then I perceived his head and shoulders dimly outlined against a fainter darkness.

I saw, also, that this mitigation of the

darkness was not blue as all the other light in the moon had been, but a pallid gray, a very vague, faint white. Cavor noted this difference as soon as, or sooner, than I did, and I think, too, that it filled him with much the same wild hope.

"Bedford," he whispered, and his voice trembled. "That light—is it possible ——"

He did not dare to say the thing he hoped.

## XVI.

### POINTS OF VIEW.

That pallid light grew stronger as we advanced. In a little time it was nearly as strong as the phosphorescence on Cavor's legs. We perceived that our tunnel was expanding into a cavern, and that this new light was at the further end of this space. I perceived something that set my hopes leaping and bounding.

"Cavor," I said, "it comes from above. I am certain it comes from above."

He made no answer, but hurried on.

Indisputably it was a gray light, a silvery light.

In another moment we were beneath it. It filtered down through a chink in the walls of the cavern, and as I stared up, drip, a drop of water had hit me in the face. I started and stood aside, drip, fell another drop quite audibly on the rocky floor.

"Cavor," I said, "if one of us lifts the other, he can reach that crack."

"I'll lift you," he said, and incontinently hoisted me as though I was a baby. I thrust an arm into the crack and just at my finger-tips found a little ledge by which I could hold. I could see the white light was very much brighter now. I pulled myself up, reached to a still higher corner of rock and so got my feet on the ledge.

I stood up and searched up the rocks with my fingers; the cleft broadened out upward. "It's climbable," I said. "Can you jump up to my hand if I hold it down to you?"

I wedged myself between the sides of the cleft, rested knee and foot on the ledge and extended a hand. I could not see Cavor, but I could hear the rustle of his movements as he crouched to spring. Then, whack, and he was hanging to my arm—and no heavier than a kitten. I

lugged him up until he had a hand on my ledge, and could release me.

"Confound it!" I said, "any one could be a mountaineer on the moon," and so set myself in earnest to the climbing. For a few minutes I clambered steadily and then I looked up again. The cleft opened out gradually and the light was brighter. Only——

It was not daylight after all!

In another moment I could see what it was, and after the sight I could have sworn with disappointment, for I beheld simply an irregularly sloping, open space, and all over its slanting floor stood a forest of little club-shaped fungi, each shining gloriously with that pinkish, silvery light. For a moment I stared at their soft radiance, then sprang forward and upward among them. I plucked up half a dozen and flung them against the rocks and then sat down, laughing bitterly, as Cavor's ruddy face came into view.

"It's phosphorescence again!" I said. "No need to hurry. Sit down and make yourself at home." And as he spluttered over our disappointment I began to lob more of these growths into the cleft.

"I thought it was daylight," he said.

"Daylight!" cried I. "Daybreak, sunset, clouds and windy skies! Shall we ever see such things again?"

As I spoke, a little picture of our world seemed to rise before me, bright and little and clear, like the background of some Italian picture. "The sky that changes, and the sea that changes, and the hills and the green trees and the towns and cities shining in the sun. Think of a wet roof at sunset, Cavor! Think of the windows of a westward house!"

He made no answer.

"Here we are burrowing in this beastly world that isn't a world, with its inky ocean hidden in some abominable blackness below, and outside, that torrid day and that death stillness of night. And all those things are chasing us now, beastly men of leather—insect men, that come out of a nightmare! For all we know the whole planet is up and after us already. In a minute we may hear them whimpering, and their gongs going. What are we to do?"

I resumed my destruction of the fungi. Then suddenly I saw something.

"Cavor," I said, "these chains are of gold!"

He was sitting, thinking intently, with his hands gripping his cheeks. He turned his head slowly and stared at me, and when I had repeated my words, at the twisted chain about his right hand. "So they are," he said, "so they are." His face lost its transitory interest even as he looked. He hesitated for a moment, then went on with his interrupted meditation. I sat for a space puzzling over the fact that I had only just observed this, until I considered the blue light in which we had been and which had taken all the color out of the metal. And from that discovery I also started upon a train of thought that carried me wide and far.

It was Cavor who spoke first. "It seems to me that there are two courses open to us.

"Either we can attempt to make our way—fight our way, if necessary—out to the exterior again, and then hunt for our sphere until either we find it or the cold of the night comes to kill us, or else——"

He paused. "Yes?" I said.

"We might attempt once more to establish some sort of understanding with the minds of the people in the moon."

"So far as I'm concerned—it's the first."

"I doubt."

"I don't."

"You see," said Cavor, "I do not think we can judge the Selenites by what we have seen of them. Their central world, their civilized world, will be far below in the profounder caverns about their sea. This region of the crust in which we are, is an outlying district, a pastoral region. At any rate, that is my interpretation. These Selenites we have seen may be only the equivalent of cowboys and engine tenders. Their use of goads—in all probability mooncalf goads—the lack of imagination they show in expecting us to be able to do just what they can do; their indisputable brutality, all seem to point to something of that sort. But if we endured——"

"Neither of us could endure a six-inch plank across the bottomless pit for very long."

"No," said Cavor, "that's true."

He discovered a new line of possibilities. "Suppose we got ourselves into some corner, where we could defend ourselves against these hinds and laborers. If, for example, we could hold out for a week or so, it is probable that the news of our appearance would filter down to the more intelligent and populous parts——"

"If they exist."

"They must exist, or whence came those tremendous machines?"

I took up a new thread of thought. "After all," I said, "I suppose you don't think these Selenites so infinitely wiser than men?"

"They must know a lot more—or at least a lot of different things."

"Yes, but——" I hesitated.

"I think you'll quite admit, Cavor, that you're rather an exceptional man."

"How?"

"Well, you—you're a rather lonely man, have been, that is. You haven't married."

"Never wanted to. But why——?"

"And you never grew richer than you happened to be?"

"Never wanted that, either."

"You've just rooted after knowledge."

"Well, a certain curiosity is natural——"

"You think so. That's just it. You think every other mind wants to *know*. I remember once when I asked you why you conducted all these researches, you said you wanted your F. R. S. and to have the stuff called Cavorite and things like that. You know perfectly well you didn't do it for that; but at the time, my question took you by surprise, and you felt you ought to have something to look like a motive. Really, you conducted researches because you *had* to. It's your twist."

"Perhaps it is——"

"It isn't one man in a million has that twist. Most men want—well, various things; but very few want knowledge for its own sake. I don't, I know perfectly well. Now these Selenites seem to be driving, busy sort of beings, but how do you know that even the most intelligent will take an interest in us or our world? I don't believe they'll even know we have a world. They never come out at night; they'd freeze if they did. They've probably never seen any heavenly body except

the blazing sun. How are they to know there *is* another world? What does it matter to them if they do? Well, even if they *have* had a glimpse of a few stars or even of the earth crescent, what of that? Why should people living *inside* a planet trouble to observe that sort of thing? Men wouldn't have done it except for the seasons and sailing; why should the moon people? Well, suppose there are a few philosophers like yourself? They are just the very Selenites who'll never hear of our existence. Suppose a Selenite had dropped on the earth when you were at Lypne? You'd have been the last man in the world to hear he had come. You see, the chances are against you. Well, it's for these chances we're sitting here doing nothing while precious time is flying. I tell you, we've got into a fix. We've come unarmed; we've lost our sphere; we've shown ourselves to the Selenites and made them think we're strange, strong, dangerous animals, and unless these Selenites are perfect fools they'll set about now and hunt us till they find us; and when they find us they'll try and take us if they can, and kill us if they can't; and that's the end of the matter. After we're done for they may discuss us, perhaps, but we shan't get much fun out of that."

"Go on."

"On the other hand, here's gold knocking about like cast-iron at home. If only we can get some of it back; if only we can find our sphere again before they do, and get back, then——"

"Yes?"

"We might put the thing on a sounder footing. Come back in a bigger sphere with guns."

"Good Lord!" cried Cavor, as though that was horrible.

I shied another luminous fungus down the cleft.

"Look here, Cavor," I said; "I've half the voting power, anyhow, in this affair, and this is a case for a practical man. I'm a practical man and you are not. I'm not going to trust to Selenites and geometrical diagrams again, if I can help it. That's all."

He reflected. "When I came to the moon," he said, "I ought to have come alone."

"The question before the meeting," I said, "is how to get back to the sphere."

For a time we nursed our knees in silence. Then he seemed to incline to my views.

"I think," he said, "one can get data. It is clear that while the sun is on this side of the moon the air will be blowing through this planet sponge from the dark side hither. On this side, at any rate, the air will be blowing out of the moon. Very well, there's a draft here."

"So there is."

"And that means that this is not a dead end; somewhere behind us this cleft goes on and up. The draft is blowing up, so that is the way we have to go. If we try and get up any sort of chimney or gully there is, we shall not only get out of these passages where they are hunting for us—"

"Ssh!" I said, suddenly; "what's that?"

We listened. At first it was an indistinct murmur, and then we picked out the clang of a gong. "They must think we are mooncalves," said I, "to be frightened at that."

"They're coming along this passage," said Cavor. "They'll not think of the cleft. They'll go past."

I listened again for a space.

"I whispered, 'they're likely to have some sort of weapon.'"

Then suddenly I sprang to my feet. "Good heavens, Cavor!" I cried. "But they *will*. They'll see the fungi I have been pitching down. They'll——"

I didn't finish my sentence. I turned about and made a leap over the fungus tops toward the upper end of

the cavity. I saw that the space turned upward and became a drafty cleft again, ascending to impenetrable darkness. I was about to clamber up into this and then, with a happy inspiration, turned back.

"What are you——?" asked Cavor.

"Go on!" said I, and went back and got two of the shining fungi; and putting one into a breast-pocket of my flannel jacket so that it stuck out to light our climbing, went back with the other for Cavor. Thenoise of the Sele-

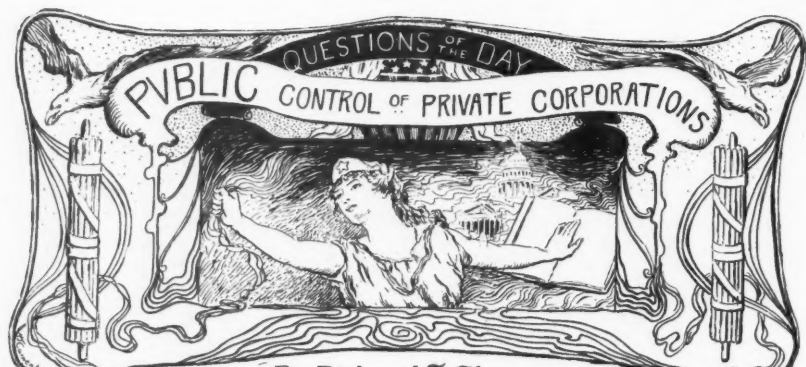
nites was now so loud that it seemed they must be already beneath the cleft. But it might be they would have difficulty in clambering into it, or might hesitate to ascend it against our possible resistance. In another minute I was clambering with gigantic vigor after Cavor's blue-lit heels.

(To be continued.)



Drawn by E. Hering.

"IN ANOTHER MINUTE I WAS CLAMBERING WITH GIGANTIC VIGOR AFTER CAVOR'S BLUE-LIT HEELS."



By Richard T. Ely.

**W**HEN we discuss public control of private corporations, we must distinguish between those which are monopolistic in character and those which are concerned with businesses within the field of competition. It is with the first that we are chiefly concerned, inasmuch as the problems presented by corporations engaged in competitive enterprises are, on the one hand, far less momentous, and on the other, far easier of solution. We will discuss first, then, monopolistic undertakings, and add a few words to our treatment of these upon the subject of the control of other corporations.

We may take as our starting-point the now generally recognized principle that it is necessary to regulate in the public interest monopolistic undertakings. This is admitted by substantially all scholars whose opinions deserve attention, and likewise quite generally by intelligent and fair-minded persons practically engaged in monopolistic enterprises. The general recognition of this principle itself indicates progress. The writer can remember when the claim that railways should be publicly regulated in the public interest was indignantly resented by railway men. The would-be patrons of railways were told that if they did not like the conditions under which a particular railway conducted its business, they might build a railway for themselves. It was urged also that there was no more reason why there should be public intervention in the case of rail-





ways, gas-works, et cetera, than in the case of saw-mills or cotton factories. The necessary limitations of the power of the ordinary producer were not recognized, and there was a failure to perceive the essential difference between businesses under the steady, permanent pressure of competition and those in which a strong monopolistic force was operating to suppress competition.

In businesses which are truly competitive, like farming and, ordinarily, manufacturing and wholesale and retail trade, the general interests of the public are protected by competition. This is a constant, permanent force, bringing about an approximation between normal prices and minimum prices; that is to say, the prices at which it is possible under existing circumstances to conduct business. Competition also secures, where it operates fully, courteous and considerate treatment, and those other conditions which the consuming public may reasonably demand. Competition may fail at points, as in the conditions secured by wage-earners, but with these we are not now concerned. Where competition fails, it is a well-recognized principle of modern economics, as well as of the common law, that public regulation becomes necessary.

The public regulation of non-competitive businesses may take one of two forms: first, that of control of private corporations carrying on these businesses for private gain, and, second, that of public ownership and management of undertakings of this nature. Control should be sharply discriminated from ownership and management, in order that clear thinking on this subject may be promoted. The loose use of the word "control" to mean in one breath the regulation of private enterprises, and in the next to mean public ownership and management, is much to be deprecated.

What has already been said suggests the businesses with which we are chiefly concerned at present. They are the telegraph, the telephone, railways of all sorts, gas-works, electric lighting plants, water-works, et cetera. There are also some monopolies which are such on account of the limited supply of the natural treasures or resources upon which they are based. Anthracite coal furnishes a good illustration. If ownership of the sources of the

oil supply becomes concentrated in a few hands so that they are able to work together as a unit, this will furnish another example. All these businesses belong to the class called natural monopolies. So far as trusts are concerned, the writer is not prepared as yet to admit that they can become serious outside of this field of natural monopolies, unless they are in some way supported and sustained by favor on the part of these natural monopolies.

The public control of private corporations is secured by legislation enforced in various ways, but especially through commissions appointed for this purpose. Our state railway commissions, our Interstate Commerce Commission and the Gas and Electric Light Commission of Massachusetts, afford illustrations. It is now proposed to examine the evils inherent in the public control of private corporations—corporations, that is to say, engaged in business for the sake of profit accruing to their owners and managers.

First of all it is to be noticed that this control is an endeavor to harmonize two essentially antagonistic principles. Private property means exclusive control with only general regulations. The benefits of private property rest upon the assumption that this exclusive control promotes the public weal. The assumption is made that there is within the appropriate field of private property, in the main, a harmony between the interests of the general public and those of the property-owners. Valuable things, such as land, capital, are placed under the exclusive control of individuals who are made responsible for excellence of management, reaping the profits of success and paying the penalty of unskilful management in serious loss, and possibly in bankruptcy with all the misery it entails. Now, as soon as public control becomes far-reaching, the benefits of private property begin to disappear, and the more far-reaching the control the greater the diminution in the advantages resulting from private property. The owners of private property are then made responsible in their own pockets for failure or success, but they cannot pursue that policy which may appear to them expedient; they are made responsible for the results of a policy dictated by a third party.

It is in the very nature of things that under these circumstances an antagonism of interest should arise and that social conflicts should ensue. On the part of public authorities there is a continuous effort to hold up the private corporations concerned to a line of conduct socially prescribed, and on the part of the private corporations there is a vigorous effort to escape this control. The conflict which arises from this struggle between private corporations and public authorities gives color to our entire public life. No one who does not clearly grasp this can hope to understand the political and social phenomena of our own time.

It is more potent than any other cause in the promotion of corruption in our public life and of the perversion of public office to the service of private ends. It is hopeless to attempt even to make a beginning in the comprehension of the corruption of American political life until this fact is fully grasped. When, however, it is once understood, every intelligent person will discover proofs of its truth on every hand. Scarcely a newspaper appears which does not contain evidence in confirmation of this view.

The corruption comes from two sides, from the public side and from the private side. Corporations have much to say about being "sandbagged." There can be no doubt that there is something in their allegations. The recognition of the principle of control opens the door to all sorts of raids upon private property of the kind under consideration. A regulation may be wise, it may be generally demanded, and yet proposed by a city council or some member of it in order to be bribed to withdraw the proposal. Doubtless it does frequently happen that a regulation demanded in the public interest has been brought forward not to promote the public interest but in order to promote the flow of wealth from the treasuries of private corporations into the pockets of corrupt legislators.

On the other hand, there can be no doubt whatever that corruption frequently proceeds from the side of corporations. Managers of private property can scarcely recognize the limitations which the public weal demands should be placed upon them,

and when these regulations are proposed corrupt measures are adopted to ward them off. Thus, through the operation of forces coming partly from the one side and partly from the other, corruption becomes a mighty power in public life, and the forces of public life are diverted from the promotion of public ends to private ends.

The property of private corporations is widely distributed by means of stocks and bonds. Those owning these stocks and bonds are strongly tempted to take the side of private interest against the public weal when it comes to a question of control. It is said that in Philadelphia there are seventy-five thousand persons who participate in the ownership of corporations of a monopolistic character furnishing what we are generally beginning to call public utilities. This is an immense force working against good government, a force more potent than that of the office-holding class. Indeed, the office-holding class may to some considerable extent be composed of those who are the mere tools of persons interested in private corporations.

A further inevitable result is confusion in public life. The forces of corruption and bad government are so hidden, and they operate in so diverse ways, that it frequently becomes impossible to tell what result may be anticipated from a given line of public policy. Friends and foes are intermingled in such manner that one cannot be separated easily from another. False issues are raised to perplex the voter or to direct attention from true issues. In one city a private corporation having in view an end not acceptable to the party in power found a young man favorably disposed toward its interests, and decided to place him, if possible, in the mayor's chair. The watchword of the campaign, introduced by those in the secret, was: "Give the young men a chance."

Furthermore, the effect on the press must be noticed. It has come about that the press is viewed with wide-spread suspicion, because it is supposed that its policy is dictated by the interest, not of the general public, but of private corporations. There can be no doubt that this is true in many instances. Whenever a newspaper is under the control of private corporations, it assists in the confusion in public life already men-

tioned, it raises false issues and it besmirches the reputations of those who are zealously endeavoring to promote the public weal.

Again, it must be noticed that the special expert knowledge needed for wise control of private corporations is usually acquired in the service of such corporations, and consequently is not at the command of the public. It is difficult to secure for our railway commissions the best railway talent in the country. It is difficult for our cities to command the best engineering talent. When enterprises of the sort with which we are concerned are not public but private, and when the rewards of special skill and knowledge come chiefly from private sources, how is the general public to gain control of the requisite expert knowledge for wise control of private corporations engaged in monopolistic undertakings? And in addition to all this we have to keep before us the fact of the temptation to secure the appointment of persons positively friendly to the private corporations as members of various boards of control. If the railways of the country should find themselves in such a position that they could virtually nominate members of the Interstate Commerce Commission, could it be expected, taking human nature as we know it, that they would resist this temptation?

All these difficulties and evils in attempted public control of private corporations apply to all countries to some extent, but they apply with peculiar force to democracies. In a country with old aristocratic traditions like England there is a class of wealthy and powerful men relatively independent of private corporations and long accustomed to public office. In-

deed, in many instances, their families have held public offices for generations. As a result of the historic conditions surrounding these men, a high degree of public spirit has been developed in them, and they have acquired a large knowledge of public affairs. They feel themselves in a peculiar degree part of the state and take long views of their own interests. Now, a class of this sort cannot exist to any considerable extent in democratic countries like the United States, and therefore both the good and evil effects of such a class are missed.

Last of all, great emphasis must be laid upon the fact that under a constitutional system like that which obtains with us the difficulties of public control are enhanced tenfold, because when public control is attempted there is always danger that it will interfere with some general principle of our written constitutions. Any specific measure of public control may be found by the courts to take private property without just compensation, or it may be ascertained that it violates the sanctity of contract. As a consequence, when, after a long struggle, what is deemed an effective measure of public control is established, it is not at all improbable that it will be overthrown or weakened by the courts, and the struggle has to begin anew.

So far as corporations are concerned which are engaged in competitive businesses, it may be said that they are of relatively minor importance. On the one hand they have not nearly so great effective strength with which to resist control, and on the other, for most matters, the competition to which they are subject itself affords a fair measure of protection to the public regarded as consumers of those utilities and services which they furnish.



## THE SECRET ORCHARD.

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

### BOOK I.—THE AFTERNOON.

"Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there, and that her guests are in the depth of hell."—*Proverbs.*

#### I.

SILVER and gold lay the landscape beneath the terrace of the Château de Fitzroy, this golden month of September, this golden hour of the afternoon. The fields of La Celle bathed in sunlight, the wooded slopes of St. Michel and Marly already autumn-yellow, melted into the delicate hazes of the valley where the Seine shimmered distantly, stream of burnished silver between the dim silver of its banks. In the far background, just substantial against the unsubstantial sky-line, poised like the last fantastic touch of a romantic painter, rose the ruined arches of Marly aqueduct—that crowning extravagance of the Roy-Soleil. It completed a picture which in its exquisite unreality, its warmth and glow, its richness, its stillness, seemed like the dream of a Claude Lorraine, expressed by that past-mistress of all art—living Nature herself.

With a hasty yet a heavy tread, the tread of busy-minded, vigorous middle age, Doctor Lebel came running up the stone steps from the garden-paths below, and emerged upon the terrace; truly a most unromantic figure in the foreground of this golden panorama. Through large-rimmed spectacles he flung one swift glance around him, and noting with impatient disappointment the empty wicker chairs, the deserted work-table, paused, snapped his fingers and clacked his tongue. Then he glanced up at the façade of the house, all mellow in the sunshine that, year in year out, had gilded it since the days of Louis XIV.; Luciennes, the most genial, the gayest-looking surely, of those too few "stately homes" of old France, left untouched by the furious, indiscriminate zeal of the Revolution.

Gone is the pleasaunce of Marly; nothing left to recall its splendid elegance but the marble-lined basin now used as a horse-

pond. Gone is the palatial mansion of Sceaux; its very site lost amid plowed fields and pastures, a few scattered statues, once the pride of its wondrous gardens, now serving as boundary-marks to peasant estates. Gone is Choisy-le-Roy, the miniature Versailles. Gone and forgotten every ancient seat of the great noblesse within striking-distance of turbulent Paris, except by what seems almost a freak of fate, this Château de Fitzroy, or Luciennes, as it is more generally known from the name of the nearest village.

On the crest of the western hills, midway between the heights of Versailles and the forest of St. Germain, within three leagues of the bastioned walls of the capital, Luciennes sits proudly, rare specimen of the country mansion such as old France loved to build; not only unmolested, but unrenovated and (yet more admirable fortune!) still in the hands of the family for which it was erected.

A simple and noble building rising to two lofty floors under a slate mansard roof; lying between its court of honor and its terraced garden, in the middle of a park laid out two centuries ago by Le Nôtre, Louis the Great's own great gardener.

Most of the long windows, under their heavy stone pediments, stood open, and muslin curtains lightly swaying to hardly perceptible airs, spoke of lofty and cool-breathing rooms within; upon stone copings, in and out of curving wrought-iron balconies, up to the very dormers clinging to the beveled roof, flowers gemmed the gray walls.

The doctor ran his keen eye over the building and rested it upon a certain balcony of the right wing.

"Not a soul stirring," he muttered. But hereupon his farther advance was arrested by an explosive apparition of color upon the balcony in question. In flaming

reds and yellows—it seemed as if some huge tropical bird had alighted on the sill. Two copper claws were suddenly extended and snowy, filmy garments flew out in clouds.

"Hullo, Blanchette! hullo, my fairest of snowdrops!" cried Lebel, in a rough, good-humored shout. "Where is your mistress?"

A grinning copper face, shining beneath a yellow-and-red turban, was instantly protruded over the balcony flowers.

"Hullo, Doctor, honey!" The white teeth gleamed. "Missy very busy. Busy dressing!"

"Busy dressing?" repeated the shabby gentleman below; he stood with his legs apart and his mouth rounded to a whistle in expressive astonishment. "That is a strange hearing!"

The face in mid-air grinned till the vast lips could stretch no farther.

"Telegram from massa—massa coming home, 'mediate. I 'low she be glad!"

Blanchette nodded triumphantly, again shook the delicate draperies, waved them like a flag of rejoicing and disappeared, followed by the doctor's last call, which rose crescendo to a bellow:

"I am very glad, too. But, for God's sake, tell her I want her. It's urgent, my dove—urgent!"

M. Lebel pushed back his shapeless panama hat, scratched his gray stubble and reflected. Then, shrugging his shoulders, he flung himself upon a high garden-chair near the balustrade and, propping his cheek upon his stumpy fingers, gazed out across the valley.

So deeply did he give himself up to contemplation that the fall of a sedate footstep behind him seemed to strike deaf ears; and it was only when a quiet voice sounded upon the breath of a sigh above his head that he vouchsafed any consciousness of its owner's large, gentle presence.

"Oh, beautiful France!" said the voice.

"Hein!" said the doctor, just shifting his position so as to cast a good-humoredly impatient glance upward. "You, Canon? I thought I knew the slink of a clerical shoe."

The canon of Marly—Armand de Haute-roche would have been his name in the world, but no one in the district ever thought of him but as "our canon"—the

canon of Marly, his silver head bared, stood a moment without answering, one hand—the "hand of a prelate," as the saying goes, chiseled as it were out of old ivory—lightly resting on the stone of the terrace balcony, the other upon the back of the doctor's chair. His face, large yet etherealized, serene yet deeply worn, was turned full toward the luminous west and his eyes gazed forth as if following some elusive vision. His cassock fell in fine lines around a portly figure to which the folds of the purple sash lent an added dignity. So exquisitely had these garments been brushed and mended that it would have required a very close inspection to discover that they were quite as ancient as the doctor's rusty and shapeless frock-coat.

"In truth," said the priest, as if continuing his thoughts aloud, "the very fairest spot in the fairest land of Christendom! Of just such a beautiful corner of the world might Horace have sung,

"Ille terrarum mihi praefer omnes  
Angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto  
Mella decedunt."

They knew what they were doing, these Fitzroys of old, when they planted a home here."

Then, bringing his glance back and lightly tapping the doctor's shoulder, "Even you, the boasted practical man, were quite lost in poetical admiration of yonder golden mists."

"Oh, yes!" grunted the other, sarcastically, "I could write a charming ode on the subject of golden mists and agues; also on the loveliness of chattering teeth and livid skins. I have a few patients among those haunts of poetry. As to the famous Fitzroys of old, their terrace," he went on, warming to his grumble and bearing down an incipient attempt at interruption, "their terrace—I will say this for it—is high up, and that is good for our bodies at least. And it looks away from Paris—and that may be good for what you are pleased to call our souls."

"What!" cried the canon, "do I live to hear reviled the Temple of Science, the home of advanced thought, the City of Light itself? I thought it was reserved for narrow-minded individuals of my conviction to find fault with Babylon— Ah,

the terrible Babylon! And yet, when I gaze forth upon her far away in the distance from my window, I see the spires and towers of her churches pierce heavenward through the mist of her smoke, and I take heart of grace again."

"Well, Canon," said the doctor, pushing back his chair noisily, rising and driving his hands into his waistcoat pockets, "whenever I look out in the direction of Paris, I see the elegant contour of the Eiffel Tower. It dominates your little spires, my poor friend; it thrusts its skeleton into the very clouds. Try and get a glimpse of the city, east, west, north or south, without that monument of modern science jumping into your eye—I defy you."

"My friend," said the canon, mildly, "the towers of Notre Dame these eight centuries have seen the rise and fall of many false gods—the church will save France yet."

"Pooh! If there were a few more like you, I'll not say but that a score of honest, wholesome men might at least improve matters. But your comrades ~~over~~ ponder"—he jerked his thumb over his shoulder and made a contemptuous grimace. Then, throwing himself into his favorite attitude, with legs well apart, he turned truculently upon his companion:

"Now, what brings you here, I should like to know? This is not the begging hour."

"Indeed," returned the other, "you do well to remind me of the hour. I must see the Duchess at once."

He turned with some appearance of haste toward the house, but the doctor irreverently arrested him by a fold of his cassock.

"Hey, hey," cried he, "not so fast! Where are you off to? The Duchess is coming. Lord, what youthful paces all of a sudden, my good fellow! Is not patience one of the canonical virtues? And besides," dropping his jeering note to one of semi-serious warning, "remember, if you please, that I am first at the box-office. Keep in the rear, my friend."

Thus adjured, the canon turned with his unalterable placidity and, letting himself subside into a wicker chair, rested his elbows on the arms, joined the tips of his fingers and smiled upon his friend.

"So she is coming?" said he. "Then I will wait—and take my place in the rear. Well, that is nothing new. That is where you would always place us, is it not? But the last shall be first, it hath been said —"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders, and took a turn or two along the blazing geranium border, kicking up the gravel as he paced with the toes of his vast wrinkled shoes. At the third turn he halted before the canon and bent down to look at him quizzically.

"Oh, my fine Canon," cried he, in tones of rough affection, "your precious mother, the Church, can flatter herself to have spoiled in you the making of a very fine—man!"

The canon raised long, drooping lids.

"Oh, my dear Doctor," he cooed back, "the World, the Flesh and the Devil can flatter themselves to have spoiled in you the making of a very fine—Christian. But," said the priest, comfortably, dropping his eyes again and crossing his feet, "there will be the greater rejoicing among the angels upon your conversion."

The doctor started and snorted. The cleric chuckled to himself in the renewed enjoyment of a most familiar joke.

"Pooh!" said the doctor, blowing out his cheeks with ineffable scorn. "Sorry for those pet fowls of yours if that's their only prospect for a treat!"

There was a pause, and the gravel flew again under an irritable foot. Then both men furtively consulted their watches. The doctor, wheeling round, caught the canon in the act.

"Come, come," said he. "What brings you here? I know! You want that good woman there"—jerking his thumb at the balcony with his homely gesture—"to give more of her good money to cram some wretched infant's head full of spiders' webs about the next world, instead of bringing him up to be a useful member of this. Or some of those little mewed-up old maids of yours have sent you to beg for a new doll for their chapel——"

Here the speaker interrupted himself by tripping against the overflowing work-basket in his restless bear-walk. He stooped, picked up between his finger and thumb a piece of satin vestment gorgeously



worked with purple crosses, and surveyed it with great disgust.

"Look at that now, just look at that! A pretty thing for a woman to be wasting her time upon whilst she might be making garments for the naked."

Doctor Lebel here shook the offending object in front of the canon's placid nose. "Look at it," he repeated. "It is the very symbol of your estate. Oh, it's beautifully decorated, I grant you. It has taken time and trouble, and some intellect, to bring it to such perfection. But what is it for? That's what I say, what is the end of it?—God Almighty!"

The little man furiously dashed the piece of work into the basket and all but snapped his fingers in derision.

"You have said it," said the canon. "The end is—God Almighty."

His voice rose sonorously. He extended his right arm with one slow movement in marked contrast to his interlocutor's ceaseless gesticulation.

"We have an end," continued the canon, "an immortal one. And this is where we differ from you. What is your end? You will say with magnificence: Humanity. Humanity? In other words, Corruption, Death and—according to your scientific creed—Annihilation."

The doctor stared with goggling angry eyes through his spectacles, and turned several scathing but chaotic retorts upon an eager tongue. The other smiled, and reaching out his arms, drew the work-basket to him.

"Besides," pursued he, gently, "may not our friend embroider a pretty thing now and again, were it only as a relaxation, after such work as this?"

As he spoke he produced from the recesses of the basket a knitted mass of coarse crimson wool and shook it out—a petticoat complete, of vast and hideous proportions but a most comfortable promise of warmth.

The doctor still glared. Then he suddenly snatched the garment from the canon and began to roll it up with almost infantile glee.

"Aha!" cried he. "Did you there, at least, my friend! This is for my old lady with the sciatica."

The deeper note of the cleric's indulgent

laughter mingled with the layman's cachinnations.

"Doctor, Doctor," cried the canon, shaking a prophetic finger, "we shall see you on your knees yet."

## II.

At the top of the steps leading into the house, framed in the darkness of the open doorway, stood the Duchess of Cluny, clad in white. Shading her eyes from the level sun-rays, she looked smilingly down upon the friendly belligerents. A large tan-colored hound bounded past her, careered out upon the terrace, circled in a large sweeping canter round the gossips and returned to thrust his head under his mistress's hand. Both men started, with a look of pleasure on their faces.

"There she comes," said the canon, rising.

"At last," said the doctor, as he swept his panama from his bristling gray head.

The Duchess came down toward them, walking rather quickly and stretching out both her hands. The sunshine lit with gold the waves of her brown hair as she advanced bareheaded into the still, soft, scented air. She was a tall woman, with a classic breadth of shoulder and length of limb, with proud set of head contradicted by a gentleness of gaze that was almost timid.

The Duchess of Cluny (born Helen Church) was one of those rare flowers which, blossoming upon the fine old Anglo-Saxon stock, seem, in the soil and air of the New World, to have drawn into themselves a special perfection and vigor of beauty; one of those beings, rich in health, in strength, fortune and looks, whom America from time to time sends over to old Europe to revive some grand decaying race and fitly wear the coronet of some majestic title.

There was nothing that betokened delicacy in the creamy pallor of her cheek. There was nothing of insipidity in the loveliness of her face, which was saved from the dullness of perfection by one or two charming irregularities: a deep dimple on one side of curving lips that were ever inclined to part in a sweet, eager way over the most faultless teeth in all the world, and eyebrows perhaps a little too straight

and thick, over child's eyes, deep gray, with pupils dilating darkly under the smallest emotion.

Every year of the well-filled thirty-five of this woman's life had added its touch in dignity and in a motherly richness of figure and expression; and yet, perhaps, the most noticeable thing about her countenance was an expression of almost girlish innocence.

The two men who now advanced toward her both looked on her, after their different kind, as one looks upon the dearest on earth.

"My good friends," she said, yielding her right hand to the priest and her left to the doctor. Then to the latter: "Ah," said she, "I see you have already been at my basket! Now what do you want of me?"

She released their fingers with a little friendly shake, subsided into one of the wicker chairs and folded her draperies round her.

"Oh, you come at the right moment, you two!" she went on, with a new note in her voice, like a joy-bell. "What could I refuse to any one now? Cluny is coming home, coming home to-day!"

She looked from one to the other triumphantly.

They were both very glad; she saw that, and she was satisfied. She did not realize that their gladness was all because of hers.

"I must not be selfish," she went on, with a happy sigh. "What do you want?"

Eagerly the doctor drew a chair beside her. "Madam," said he, extending his stumpy fingers oratorically.

"Indeed——" began the canon, on the other side, with quite an unusual emphasis.

"No, Doctor, no," said she, smiling as they abruptly halted and contemplated each other with discontent; "the church first."

Hereupon the little man grew desperately somber; he pushed his spectacles back on his forehead, screwed up his eyes, and wrung his nether lip between angry finger and thumb.

A shade fell upon the Duchess's face. Looking earnestly at him:

"Oh, is it as bad as that?" she cried. "Then, Canon, we must let him have his say first, for you know, when our doctor plants his spectacles that way, it's a matter of life and death."

"But I, too," urged the priest, with gentle authority, "am here upon a matter of the most immediate importance."

The doctor exploded.

"Oh, yes, of course—some hysterical washing-girl has worked herself into a vocation mania and requires an outfit, or something. Now listen to me——"

The canon of Marly lived under a chastened ordinance, but he, too, was human; it was not meet the church should give way to the laity. The Duchess sat between the two estates with a placidity that showed her to be well accustomed to such scenes. Indeed, the smile with which she regarded them was quaintly maternal in its indulgent patience.

"It is a most pitiable case," intoned the priest in her ear. While, now fairly roused, the layman bellowed on the other side:

"Bernard's girl——"

Then both mingled their accents of wrath and sorrow in the same words: "Poor little Rose—dying—in an out-house!" They stopped dead short, and glared. After a second, their faces relaxed as if by magic; with the same movement, they clasped hands across the Duchess's knees.

"Oh, what an apostle lost to us!" murmured the canon audibly, as he half turned away to hunt for his snuff-box in the folds of his cassock.

"What a splendid fellow that might have been!" growled Doctor Lebel.

Helen had risen abruptly.

"Stop," she cried; "let me understand. Why, you are both talking about Rose, then. Did you say that Bernard's child, our little innocent Rose, has come back—ill?"

"Alas!" said the priest, "no longer innocent Rose. Ah, that Paris!" sighed he.

"Ah, Paris!" echoed the doctor, and shook his fist in the direction of the east. Then, with unabashed inconsequence, he went on, glowering upon the priest: "She has come back fearfully ill, that is what

it is. And her pious, confession-going, fasting father has turned her out to die. Betrayed by one man, condemned by another. For that's the justice of well-organized society."

"My God!" exclaimed Helen. "Betrayed—that child! Doctor, you must believe in a God, if only for the punishment of such crimes. If Cluny were here, how his generous soul would flame! And Bernard has cast her off—oh! that is cruel." Her lips quivered; tears leaped to her eyes. But she was a woman whose pity was prompt to action. "She must be brought here. Here we can take care of her."

She laid her hand on the doctor's coat-sleeve and turned an imploring face over her shoulder toward the priest. "Oh, my good friends, hurry. I would go with you, but she might be ashamed to see me—poor thing! Stay! I will send Blanchette; she has known her from a child." She moved swiftly toward the house as she spoke, followed by her satellites.

The doctor broke almost into a trot in order to have the first voice in the preparations. But from the steps he turned again to jeer at the more dignified advance of the older man:

"I thought you would have run to the prodigal, Canon. Now mark, I won't have her preached at; she is not in a state to bear it."

The church had the last word.

"I only ask to come in," it said, sedately, "where your science fails."

### III.

Several guests were expected that afternoon at Luciennes. On three several occasions the sunlit, hitherto drowsy, courtyard had been filled with movement and clangor.

The barouche, the stout prancing bays and the fat first coachman in person, in fact the equipage of great occasions, to start early for Paris and bring back Madame la Marquise de Lormes, her son Monsieur le Marquis and party, from the family mansion in the Faubourg St. Germain; the victoria to meet Monsieur Favereau at four-ten, with the second coachman and the roans; English John to be at Rueil before five, with the Duke's own American

trotter and the dog-cart—such had been the orders of the Duchess.

It was not often that such an influx was expected at the château, and the stately, placid routine of the establishment was pleasantly fluttered.

The hostess herself, immediately upon the speeding of her new charitable undertaking, had been moved into the unwonted fussiness of inspecting the guests' apartments for the second time. She had added certain pleasing volumes to the collection already awaiting M. Favereau near his consecrated corner-window; had placed a specially selected picture (of austere religious character) on the cabinet facing Madame la Marquise's canopied bed. In the apartment of the Marquis she had ordered the lighting of a small wood fire, with a sudden recollection of that young nobleman's chilly propensities.

Upon the other hand, in the room destined to the Marquise's eldest son, by a former marriage—the American sailor cousin, fresh from the great wave spaces and the salt breezes—she superintended the flinging open of both windows, the removal of superfluous furniture as well as the laying bare of the cool parquet floor.

In her husband's room she lingered, but found little to alter. Here the most divining care had already been expended. She moved a vase of his favorite monthly roses, only to replace them in their first position. A little while she gazed dreamily at the full-length portrait of herself, Carolus Duran's most delicate masterpiece, the only picture on the simple and lofty paneled walls; then gravely and anxiously she turned to contemplate the ripper beauty imaged in the dressing-room mirror; caught the gleam of a white hair in the full wave upon her brow and pulled it out.

In yet another chamber did her steps linger. This was a little room opposite her own apartment, all white and rosy (colors of innocence and happiness), all muslin and lace, overlooking the rosiest, most smiling and most flowered corner of the gardens—a very bower, one would say, for some young princess! It was already known in Luciennes as "Mademoiselle's room." For more than a fortnight its preparation had been the subject of the Duchess's constant preoccupation. The

household, indeed, was considerably exercised in its mind concerning the identity of its future occupant, more especially as Madame Blanchette, who seemed to be her mistress's only confidante on the subject, had gratified her fellow-servants' curiosity no further than by the remark:

"Missy want somethin' *young* about de house."

Here Helen seemed to find a thousand little touches to add, and only the grating sweep of the gilt iron gate followed by the crunching of wheels aroused her from this work of supererogation to more immediate concerns. But the dreamy smile which it had called forth was still upon her lips as she descended the stairs—in that inimitable swift advance of hers, which never betrayed hurry—to greet her first visitor, M. Jacques Favereau, a Minister of France, her oldest friend in that land of her adoption.

This was a tall, elderly, witty-looking man, with a gray beard clipped to a point, and a slight stoop from the neck emphasizing the keen look of the short-sighted eyes behind a pince-nez. A distinguished-looking man with the red rosette of the Legion of Honor (in his case, it seemed, honor in the right place) peeping from the buttonhole of his summer suit. A man of the world, who walked with easy tread between the assembled footmen into the great hall and swept his hat from his head upon sight of his hostess with the affectionate gesture of one more than sure of his welcome.

"So there you are, Favereau," she said, halting upon the last two steps of the stairs, and extending her hand, which he raised to his lips and retained for a moment; whereupon, descending to his level and laying her left hand over his own, she offered her forehead to his salute. Then hanging on his arm, "Come outside," said she. "Oh, I have so many things to tell you!"

In the outer world the flight of another hour had deepened the gold of the lengthening sun-rays, shot the distant mists with soft mauves and purples and evoked from the dim leafy bowers of the gardens the evening voice of thrush and blackbird.

"There is nothing in all the universe," said Favereau, sinking into a wicker

lounge, "so comfortable as my chair upon your terrace, Helen."

"How good of you," she responded, as, settled among her cushions, she mechanically extended her hand for her work-basket, "to leave your great Paris and your post at the helm for our sleepy, quiet corner."

"Good of me!" he echoed, and laughed a little to himself. Then dropping his glasses from his nose and turning his short-sighted gaze upon her with a kind of tender relaxation that spread to all the muscles of his strung-up nervous face:

"Why, my dear," he said, "you have reestablished here a bit of our lost Eden. I turn my face toward it, from the turmoil yonder—turmoil, indeed, since the opening of this exhibition—as an exile toward home. This place is my paradise."

"It is odd that you should use the word," said the Duchess. And dropping the glowing strip of satin upon her lap, she lifted her hands to the laces upon her bosom. "That is just what Cluny said!" She drew from its hiding-place a thin blue sheet of paper and smoothed it with loving touch. "Listen: 'I return home to-day. Home to my paradise.' Fancy, in a telegram! Is he not a foolish boy?" She glanced up at her old friend as she spoke, with a pride of joy that was well-nigh virginal in its open simplicity. "And is not it good news for me? And are not you glad?" she pursued. "For, as I wrote to you, he did not think he could get back for another five days. It's a pity our estates are so much scattered," she went on, with a little sigh. "Their administration calls him away so often. But I cannot wish him not to be a good landlord, can I?" folding the telegram once more and replacing it absently.

"Of course not," responded M. Favereau, gravely. And there fell a little silence.

This the man presently broke, briskly calling Helen back from some far-off dream in which, upon the mysterious, passionate hymning of the thrush, her thoughts had wandered.

"You look very well, Helen," said he, "very well."

"How could it be otherwise," she cried, "when Cluny is coming home! Home-

coming makes up for all. Oh, I am well, you see, I am so happy. Dear old Favereau," she went on, stretching out her hand to him, "I hardly like to talk about it! One should have, I think, the modesty of one's happiness. But with you, you to whom, after all, we owe it, you who made us known to each other, I cannot have this reserve. You have seen for yourself! You know!"

Favereau gently laid her hand back upon her knee.

"Yes," said he, in an unemotional voice, "I know, I have seen."

She did not seem to feel any lack in his manner; her face under the glow of her thoughts had grown radiant.

"Oh, Cluny is a man!" she cried. "You always laughed at me from my very childhood for my romantic dreams. You know how high I always placed my ideal of the man I could love. Ah! you can guess then what Cluny has been to me when I tell you, after all these years, that he has never once failed me, never once fallen from it. Why do you look like that?"

Favereau started slightly, determinedly swept from his face by a kind wrinkling smile the unconscious gravity, amounting almost to trouble, which had settled on it.

"I?" said he. "Oh, only for the old reason! You build too high, Helen, I have often warned you; too high for safety."

"Ah!" cried she, with shining eyes, "if Cluny for all these years had not surrounded me with the most delicate, the most untiring love, I should have to worship him now for his last act of goodness to me."

Favereau clipped the fine bridge of his nose with his pince-nez once more and turned a quizzical, inquisitive look upon her.

"Indeed? And what," said he, "is this wonderful new proof of our Edward's goodness?"

"That was one of the things I had to tell you." Here a shade of embarrassment overspread the eagerness of her countenance. She took up her neglected work and began to stitch with great vigor. After a few seconds she pursued, hesitatingly: "It is rather a long story, and a

sad one. And you do not like long stories. And you know you hate sad ones."

"How now!" cried he; "you have that sort of guilty look upon you that generally proclaims some more than usually outrageous St. Elizabeth of Hungary business."

He laughed; but she put up her hands quickly, as if to ward off a blow.

"Oh, don't say that!" she exclaimed, with a cry.

"My dear child——"

"God took her husband from her," said Helen, in a sort of whisper, her lips trembling. "Oh, no, Favereau, indeed I am not a saint. And indeed I don't want to be a saint! Saints have such sad lives, and I am so happy."

There was a short silence. M. Favereau, Minister of Public Worship and Education, took off his glasses, rubbed them between his finger and thumb and cleared his throat. For a moment, it seemed, suitable words with which to continue the conversation failed him. Then he once more mentally shook himself.

"Come, Helen," said he, "confession is good for the soul!"

She glanced at him quickly from her work; timid eyes were hers from under the queenly brow.

"My old mentor," said she, "yes!"

#### IV.

"Have you ever heard," said the Duchess, after a pause, and once more placid, smoothing out the vestment upon her knee, "of a Madame Laura Bell?"

M. Favereau jumped in his chair.

"Laura, hey——? You don't mean *the* Laura Bell?"

"I think there was only one," said Helen, gently, as she threaded a new strand of rose silk.

Favereau sank back in his chair and began to gaze at the deepening blue sky with the air of one determined to be surprised at nothing.

"I have heard of the—of la Belle Laura, as she was called," he remarked, at length.

"She is dead," said Helen, in her grave voice of pity.

Favereau still found interest in atmospheric contemplation.

"I believe," said he, "that I did read some edifying obituary notices."

Helen's needle halted in mid-air; she gazed dreamily out toward the gorgeous west.

"Very few people," she observed into space, "knew that woman as I did."

Favereau gathered his long limbs together with a jerk.

"Hein!" he ejaculated.

"I knew her heroic goodness," said the Duchess, looking steadily at him, with just a shade of severity.

"Aha!" said the man, clasping his hands over his knees and staring at her with a blank countenance.

"Ah, you may laugh if you like!" she cried, quickly.

"I?" interrupted he. "Laugh? Where do you see that?"

Helen's cheek flushed. She had the sweetest blood in all the world, but it was prompt to rise.

"I don't want to understand what you mean," she exclaimed, indignantly. "I don't want to know into what folly, what misery, the poor creature fell. She was impulsive, passionate. She was a desolate woman; she became desperate."

Favereau's eyes softened once again with a wonderful tenderness as he gazed upon this most cherished child of happiness kindling in generous defense of an unfortunate sister.

"But, Helen," said he, after a little pause, in his cool voice, "where could you have met Laura Bell?"

"Ah, not where you would have met her, sir! In poverty-stricken hovels, in sad hospital wards— What that woman did, unknown to the world, in the way of charity, passes all I can tell you."

"So that was how you met," said Favereau, musingly. He sank back into his seat and, closing his eyes, seemed to fall into a deep reverie.

Helen threw a glance at him as if to apologize for her heat of speech, and took up her work again. The pause that fell, filled up by the dreamy song of the thrush and the rising scent of the geranium leaves, was a lengthy one. Twice or three times the Duchess attempted to break it, but hesitated upon the choice of the right word. At last, stitching very fast and without glancing up, she remarked, in an elaborately matter-of-fact manner:

"The poor thing had a child."

Favereau half opened one eye and closed it again.

"Aha!" commented he.

"Listen, Favereau," said she, with a sudden pleading earnestness. "That mother had the courage to give up her little daughter before the babe could know her, lest any contamination should fall upon its innocence. The child has been brought up as an orphan, at some school in the provinces. The mother never allowed herself to see it, even as a stranger. Oh, am I not right in thinking that if there is atonement before heaven, its gates were not shut to Laura Bell!"

"Who knows?" said the man, dreamily, without opening his eyes. "You at least will, some day."

"Her one thought then," pursued Helen, unheeding, "was her child. She had put by quite a little fortune for her."

"I thought," he broke in again, still in the same manner, "she died penniless."

"So she did, poor thing! She was too eager. It was through want that she had fallen, and therefore she wanted her child, since she could do no more for her, to be rich, to be safe! She lost all at one stroke in I know not what speculation. And it killed her. Now we had not met very often. We could not have had much in common, of course; but we were attracted to each other, I think. She looked so unhappy!"

"That, of course, was sufficient to attract you!"

"I longed to help her, but she never spoke about herself. Only once, as we parted, she whispered into my ear, 'Pray for me!' A few weeks ago I was amazed to receive a letter from her. She wrote that she was dying and would I, of my charity, go and see her?"

"And of course, of your charity, you went."

"Of course," cried she; and, throwing to the winds all diplomatic preparation for her difficult avowal, proceeded eagerly: "Oh, Favereau, it was the saddest thing I have ever seen! She was struck down in the very plenitude of life. In painfully drawn words, for she had hardly breath left to speak with, she told me of the child, of her own life. I held the poor



creature's ice-cold hands. The chill of death was on her, but yet she blushed, blushed in her shame to the roots of her hair wet already with the death-sweat. 'In my desolation,' she said, 'the thought of you came to me like the vision of an angel. You are rich, you are powerful, and you are all goodness,' that is what she said, you know; she said to me: 'Of your charity will you save my child?'

Favereau slowly opened both his eyes.

"And of your charity," said he, in the same lazy, cooing way, "you promised."

"Of course," she echoed, impatiently. Then turning brightly upon her friend: "I got all the documents, then and there. I left her, I think, in peace."

She paused, then flushing:

"The little one," she pursued, "was born in spring, so she told me, and the young father and mother called her Gioja, because of their happiness then." Divinely deep grew the scarlet on the Duchess's cheek, but she looked steadily at her friend. "It was all very, very sad: he, the young husband, died in May, and she in time fell into profound poverty and then—and then, as I said, it was she became known as Laura Bell—and had to give up her Gioja."

Favereau was gazing straight before him. "Gioja," he repeated, musingly. "Joy, the most evanescent, the most capricious, of all human emotions—the folly of trying to perpetuate it in a poor little human monument!"

After a moment, Helen resumed, simply: "The child comes home to-day."

"The child comes home to-day!"

Favereau sprang to his feet with an inarticulate sound suggestive of sudden choking.

"The child comes—home. My God, what madness are you planning?"

As he rose, so did she and turned and faced him in beautiful defiance; their eyes nearly on a level.

"Ah, you men of the world," she cried, "that is always your cant phrase when any one has been inspired to do some little deed of goodness out of the beaten track. Thank heaven his Cluny is made of nobler stuff!"

She caught both his hands and shook them backward and forward to emphasize her words.

"Favereau," she pursued, "even before I had time to explain my wish to Cluny, to tell him what I knew of the mother, of the child herself, he forestalled me. 'You want to have the little one here,' said he; 'very well, adopt her if you want to. We will give her a home, and when the time comes, we'll find her a husband.'"

"Pray, my dear Helen," said the Minister of Public Worship and Education, recovering his self-control, "release my hands and allow me to wipe the drops of consternation which the very thought of your rashness has started on my brow. Oh! I am not in the least surprised at your husband's behavior—that is Cluny all over, inconceivably light-minded. However, it will not do either of you much harm, I dare say, to learn for yourselves that all your inspirations are not necessarily happy ones. After a few weeks experimentalizing with governesses you will probably realize the inexpediency of turning Luciennes into an orphan asylum. No doubt you will find some excellent school for the embarrassing child."

The Duchess had dropped her mentor's hands as requested, and was now looking down at her own taper fingers. A cloud of embarrassment had dimmed her radiant confidence.

"The child?" she said, with a laugh that strove to be airy. "Unfortunately, my old Favereau, the child is—is eighteen."

Upon hearing this culminating and crushing detail, the gentleman's feelings became too deep for words. Casting on her one look of despair that was almost comic in its intensity, he turned away and began to pace the gravel with irritable steps.

Helen looked after him, half laughing, half apologetic. Presently she ran up to his side.

"And the little one is coming to-day!" she cried, with a sort of childlike glee at having at last exposed the full extent of her mischief. "And Aunt Harriet is actually chaperoning her, and I have prepared such a little nest for her, poor bird! And in fine, Favereau, my heart is so full that there is not room for a drop more. Oh! don't be hard on me, old friend,"

she cried, changing her note. "Folly is divine sometimes. Can I not at least *play* at being a mother?"

The man stopped in his walk, laid his hands upon her shoulders and looked down into her lovely face with eyes at once fatherly, loverlike and reverential.

"Play at being a mother!" he repeated.

"Why, my dear, you are always playing the mother. Is there any one of us, even your husband, to whom you are not most unwearingly, most divinely maternal?"

Then abruptly turning away: "But for all that," he said dryly, "your plan is the most insane that even you ever plotted and even Cluny gaily abetted."

V.

"Hullo!" cried a high-pitched, slightly nasal voice, from the topmost of the house-steps.

The Duchess glanced round, and her face lit up with merriment:

"It is Nessie," said she.

Favereau bowed profoundly in the direction of the new-comer and waved a courteous hand.

"I am indeed fortunate," said he, in easy English.

"How do you do?"

The little figure at the top of the steps waved merrily a minute hand, fluttered a vaporous assortment of flounces, opened a large pink parasol and came forward toward them, having trouble now and again with overlong skirts, which were ruthlessly permitted to trail.

From the crown of her little dark head, elaborately tired, to the tip of her high-heeled pointed shoe, miraculously small; in every line of the dusky face, wittily irregular, delicately pretty, in every line of the slim, lithe figure, Nessie Rodriguez proclaimed herself American—American of that class of bewitching New World women who look upon Paris as their paradise, are determined to take their share of bliss here below, and make sure that their garb shall never be unworthy of the beatific state.

With a final trip that threatened to destroy whole yards of wonderful fallals, the little lady halted, extended the minute hand blazing with rings to Favereau's mock-rapturous salutation, while she her-

self bestowed a birdlike dart and chirrup in the direction of the Duchess's left temple.

"Now, Helen, what do you think of my new gown?" As she spoke, Madame Rodriguez shook out her skirts; and there seemed to be a ruffling and fluttering of feathers, followed by hapely subsidence.

"Paquin says," she twittered, "they must be an inch on the ground *all round*. How is one to walk, I should like to know? You are a man of taste, Monsieur Favereau. (It's really delightful to see you!) What's your candid opinion on the new fashion? It is silly, don't you think, to make people forget you have a foot."

She chose her chair, taking possession with another inimitable whisk of draperies and an arrangement of limbs which brought into proper notice the swing of the miraculous shoe.

Favereau, his humorous face wrinkled with amusement, bent slightly to examine through his eye-glass the arch of embroidered kid.

"Could any man," he sighed, "forget that you had a foot, madame?"

Nessie brought her toes within the range of her vision.

"I wonder," said she, "if that's a compliment?"

Bubbling with amusement, she shot a confidential glance at Helen, upon which her countenance suddenly changed. With lowered feet and raised head she turned sharply upon her friend.

"What's happened to you, Helen? You've got another face since this morning."

The light that only one thought had the power to evoke lit up the Duchess's eyes and smile. Her hand sought with unconscious caress the hidden telegram.

"I have had news," she said.

Nessie gave a little start:

"You don't mean to say the Duke has sent you another letter?"

"No, a telegram. He is coming back—this afternoon."

The sunshine of her joy so flooded this happy wife that even her familiar companion's ready tongue had to wait a moment on staring eyes.

"Well!" she burst forth, with the shrillest note of her high gamut. "Look at her,

Monsieur Favereau! I always said Helen had a lovely character. What other woman, now, would wear a face like that, just because her husband's coming home? And such a frock! My, for a husband! Now, I have dressed smartly, too; but that's because of the American sailor-cousin—one of the heroes of Santiago, you know—the new beau."

"An encouraging remark," said Favereau, in his gentle bass, "to make before—"

"The old beau?" interrupted Nessie, with a delighted cackle. She tapped his shirt-cuff with her little jeweled finger, took a necessary breath, and started afresh: "Well, Helen's a real saint, isn't she? Now, what do you say?"

"I say," answered Favereau, dryly, "that if Cluny is not a real saint, he ought to be."

The Duchess looked up from her work and shot an amazed look at the man's countenance—a countenance that was as superficially expressive as it was fundamentally secretive. She drew her brows together; her eager lips trembled over a rush of words, but the arrival in procession of what the major-domo presently announced as "le five o'clock" checked further intimate speech.

Nessie fell upon the cakes with an appreciation which for the moment necessitated her undivided attention. Favereau remained standing in the attitude in which he had risen to receive his cup from Helen's hand. Absently stirring the three lumps of sugar in the uncreamed mixture (his hostess knew to a nicety, and never forgot, the individual tastes of her friends), he watched the Duchess's face with an ever-gathering gravity.

Round and round went the little Russian enameled spoon, in the yellow Russian tea, though the sugar was long since dissolved; round and round went his anxious thought and to as useless a purpose:

"So serene, so untroubled, so untouched, so steadfast in all else, yet here so vulnerable, that even to question in jest the perfection of her idol suffices to bring this shade upon her face! Ah me! Angel, saint, to all the world—woman, more tenderly woman than most to the man, her husband! God guard us!—and I who made

the marriage to give her happiness, out of my own poor heart!"

"Yes, my dear," said Nessie, resuming the original thread of her discourse, "you are just too good for this world, that's a fact!"

Helen looked up.

"Do you want to make out," said she, with a little laugh, "that there is any merit in my loving Cluny? Oh, I am afraid the path of sanctity is steeper!"

Madame Rodriguez, who out of her slice had bitten a semicircle that bore unimpeachable witness to the perfection of her small teeth, here cried indistinctly, but with the greatest earnestness:

"Don't you try to climb any higher, my dear. No, don't you try! Men do not like to be made to live always on the heights, do they, Monsieur Favereau?"

Favereau swallowed his tea-syrup and deposited the cup before answering. Then dryly:

"In great altitudes," he answered, "the atmosphere is perhaps rather too rarefied for ordinary lungs to breathe with comfort."

"That's so. As for me," proceeded Nessie, "I always feel a kind of mountain-sickness coming over me when I have been a week in the house alone with Helen."

The Duchess looked from one to the other of her friends.

"I don't think I quite know what you mean," she said, flushing.

"We mean well to you, my dear," cried the shrill mentor, and fell to emphatic speech, pointed by the most warning gesticulation. "We all know that you are an angel, and a saint, and have a halo growing somewhere round your head, and we know that the nearer the sky you are, the more at home you feel. But husbands—husbands, my dear, are mere human beings. If one wants to live with them happily one must come down from one's heights."

"In fact," interrupted Helen, with a still-deepening color, "every woman must bring herself down to a lower level if she would please her husband. Is that your advice, Nessie, and is it—based on experience?"

Hardly had the words escaped her lips than she repented, and stretched out a

tender hand of apology to Madame Rodriguez. But that lady was of no such susceptible fiber.

"Mercy!" she cried. "Experience? No! I'd have been in the mud up to my neck by this time if I'd tried to live down to Rodriguez. One need not quite go after experience into the swamps."

"Madame Rodriguez is a philosopher," said Favereau, beginning to choose a cigarette after a dumb show of demand for permission. "Yes, there are middle distances. Those are the safest. Compromises for us all."

The Duchess flamed again with that quick, sweet passion of hers that was kindled only by a too sensitive generosity.

"Compromise!" cried she. "I hate the word. I hate the idea. What does it mean? Being false to one's best possibility. Slipping in between the wall and one's honor. A cloak to disguise treason, a kiss to cover a betrayal!"

Favereau looked at her kindling face with his sad, wise eyes.

"Compromise," he said, "my dear lady, is the cardinal condition of life's tenure. It is the safety-valve of social existence; the first lesson to be taught the child, the last consolation of the old man."

"I will have none of it," said the Duchess. "I would never be content with half an honor, half a love, half a happiness—I think I would as soon do nothing as only half my best. And so would Cluny," she added, after a short pause. "He is one who would as soon lose honesty itself as the delicacy of truth."

Monsieur Favereau brushed an imperceptible ash from his immaculate gray knee.

Madame Rodriguez' bright eyes, after vainly endeavoring to catch his dreamy glance, became suddenly suffused. She sprang to her feet and, fluttering to the back of her friend's chair, caught her impulsively round the neck.

"She's too good for this world!" she repeated then, shooting the words at Favereau over the pretty bronze hair and squeezing the white throat. "How in this universe you ever came to take up with an earthy little worm like me—well, I can't make out! But, after all, it's just because you are *you*! Just to think, M.

Favereau: I was a poor unhappy little girl at school—yes, I was, Helen, you know I was—always in disgrace, snubbed by the grand French girls (because my poppa had made his own pile instead of finding it ready-made), sent to Coventry by my own compatriots because of the crimp in my hair! Why the poor dears, poppa and mamma, would insist on sending me to that fashionable convent, the Lord only knows! They'd set their hearts on seeing me in the beau monde, you see. Then Helen here, Helen, this blessed duck—yes, you are, Helen, and you always were"—with fresh pressure from the girdle of vehement hands—"Helen, the pride of the place, brought up by the greatest lady of the whole Faubourg St. Germain—my! how that terrible aunt of yours, my dear, used to wither me through her eye-glass! (she was just American enough, you see, to scorn me twice over)—Helen, the biggest heiress in Paris, sprig of the real old Virginia stock, she just took me up and floated me right off. That's Helen's way!"

"Dear Nessie," said the Duchess, pulling down the embracing hands and tilting her head back in the endeavor to stop the chattering mouth with a kiss, "don't forget that, when our good Favereau brought us boxes of chocolate in those dear old days, if he had one for me he always had one for you; and that you were as fond of holding forth to him upon my virtues then as you are now."

"Oh, bless you, it does not bore him now any more than it did then. They were dear old days, Helen. I can smell the convent smell this minute: incense and beeswax and whitewash, and the smoke of the little lamps. Oh, dear!" She sniffed the flower-laden atmosphere and closed her eyes upon blue sky and sunshine.

"Oh, dear!" echoed the Duchess, laughing with the tender regret which the most prosperous must fain bestow upon the pathetically innocent memories of youth. And, in company with her friend, she flew back in spirit to the past. "I can see the long convent room still—can't you? And the great long windows, and the one green tree."

"Oh, and do you remember," cried Nessie, with her delighted cackle, opening

her eyes once more—"do you remember the day Sister Angélique caught you giving Favereau a kiss for his chocolates? Oh, my, how shocked she was! And you said, in excuse, you had always done it. Ha, ha, ha! You never knew, did you, Monsieur Favereau? You never thought of noticing whether the little girl kissed you or not? But she cried three whole nights after your next visit because she was afraid you would think she had ceased to love you."

"I remember, I remember," said Helen, smiling, as with half-closed eyes she dreamily swung in the rocking-chair.

"It's not likely that you'd remember," said Nessie to Favereau.

Favereau glanced at her, and she stopped short. For in those sad eyes the whole tragic secret of the man's life lay suddenly revealed to her woman's wit. Her brain seized upon fact, and eliminated preconceived ideas, with the rapidity of which only a woman is capable.

"What!" went her whirling thought, "he had loved Helen? Always, even as a child? This old Favereau! Pshaw! he was not old—but a little over fifty now. And he had not forgotten the last time that Helen kissed him. No, he had not forgotten it. Ah, what a look!"

The tears again rapidly rushed to Nessie's eyelashes. To cover her emotion, her embarrassment, to keep Helen from a hint of her kind friend's pain—with the same feminine instinct that would have led her to bind up a wound—she plunged wildly into discourse again, vainly endeavoring the while to find her pocket-handkerchief among the folds of her ingenious robes.

"Well, that's Helen's way, anyhow, as I said. And she's stuck to me ever since. And when I go and make a fool of myself and marry that Rodriguez, and he treats me like a brute, and deserts me, and keeps popping up, pestering me for my money, I declare, if it wasn't for Helen, I'd go crazy."

She sniffed, wheeled violently round upon herself, and stamped her foot.

"Oh! where *do* they put one's pockets in these new skirts?"

Having, after divers contortions, extracted a square of cambric, the minute proportions of which were chiefly occu-

pied by a monogram, a coronet, and an arabesque of embroidery, the ill-used wife rubbed her eyes perfunctorily, shook out her skirts, returned to her seat, requested another cup of tea, and disposed of it reflectively. Then, interrupting the conversation which had begun between Helen and Favereau—pleasant, desultory talk of two old friends, interesting only to those engaged, where a word conveys a whole train of meaning, and a look can finish a phrase—Madame Rodriguez delivered herself of the following important pronouncement:

"It is quite a pretty frock, Helen; the stuff is lovely, and the lace is lovely, and you look lovely in it. But, my dear, *where* did you get it?"

Helen looked down complacently at her creamy draperies.

"There's a young widow in St. Michel," she began, when, with a cry, the little lady broke in:

"I knew it, I knew it! Now, look here, isn't it too bad? My! what's the good of being a Duchess? Now, Helen, I am not joking. Listen, M. Favereau, it's very serious. This sort of thing cannot go on. This shutting herself up; this turning her house into a convent, all prayers and good works; this constant talking of horrid poor people, this adopting of mysterious orphans—you've heard of the orphan, I suppose?—and, and"—her little pipe nearly breaking in its shrill rise of pitch—"and this getting of her clothes in the village!"

There was a dramatic pause. Helen laughed, and lay back in her rocking-chair, reaching for her work. Favereau, the picture of judicial gravity, blew entrancing smoke-rings.

"Now, Helen," proceeded her friend, with ever-increasing earnestness, "that Duke of yours is always going off by himself." She paused again, impressively.

"My dear," said the Duchess, with her smile of absolute content, "if he leaves home, it is because his duties require him elsewhere."

Favereau carefully knocked the ash of his cigarette with his little finger, and indifferently surveyed, one after the other, his long thin feet in their perfect tan clothing. Thus he naturally failed to answer the comfortable look of amusement Helen

darted at him; her mute, good-natured: "Isn't she absurd?"

"Well," cried Nessie, waxing ever more earnest under the stress of excitement, "If that man were mine, I'd never let him out of my sight."

She rapped the tea-table as she spoke and started a hundred clinks and jingles. But the Lady of Luciennes, unmoved, planted a stitch, and the Minister of Public Worship and Education apparently became absorbed in mentally debating the propriety of another cigarette.

It is always trying to feel how good proffered advice is and how utterly it is wasted: quivers of irritability betrayed themselves in Madame Nessie's next chirp.

"You would buy all Doucet, my dear (Doucet's your style, Paquin's mine), if you had two sous' worth of sense. And you would go with your husband to all the shooting-parties and all the races, the yachting and——"

"But, you see," interrupted Helen, "Cluny does not happen to care for races, you ridiculous child."

Nessie clasped her hands.

"Oh, my!" she cried, with an indescribable blend of pity, experience, superiority and exasperation.

Favereau closed his cigarette-case with a click, and leaning forward and looking intently at the last speaker with his contracted, short-sighted eyes, cried warningly:

"Madame Rodriguez, I would not frighten you for the world, but there is a wasp just behind your left ear."

Nessie sprang to her feet. Forgotten was everything but the hideous immediate danger. She beat the air with her useless scraps of hands, rent it with her very effective voice. The Duchess had to rise and help and soothe. Favereau was fain to seek for the offending insect.

"It is gone, Nessie," said the Duchess. "You forgot," said she, rebukingly, to Favereau, "how terrified she has always been of wasps."

"I did not forget," he answered, quietly. "Forgive me, Madame Rodriguez; it was the only thing to do: the sting once given——" He paused significantly.

Fluttering Nessie became still all of a sudden. Her small face grew solemn.

During the pause which naturally succeeded the agitation, there rose in the distance a whirring sound of wheels.

"Hark!" cried Helen. The pleasant murmur grew louder, with the unmistakable accent of approach. "Cluny! it is Cluny!"

She turned from them with the lightness of a girl, ran the length of the terrace, and was up the steps before even her volatile friend had time to exclaim.

"My!" said that lady, after a while.

"Now, Monsieur Favereau?"

Thus challenged, he met her questioning eyes.

"Well?" said she again, and tapped her foot.

"Well, madame?"

"What's your opinion—real opinion?"

Favereau clasped his long fingers behind his back, and took a musing pace or two. "You cannot," said he, smiling then upon her in his charming way, "get the Ethiopian to change his swarthy skin, nor a woman like Helen to change her white singleness of soul. Moreover, Madame Rodriguez, I am not sure that *any* change would be for the better."

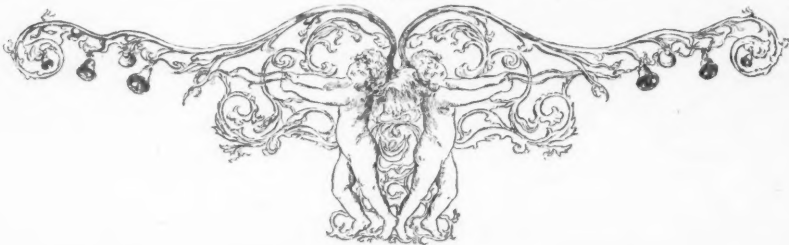
"Oh, come!" cried she, indignantly.

"Sir, I *know*, you know."

"Madame," he said, halting, and raising one hand with a certain rare gesture of command that was distinctly impressive:

"Pray understand I know nothing."

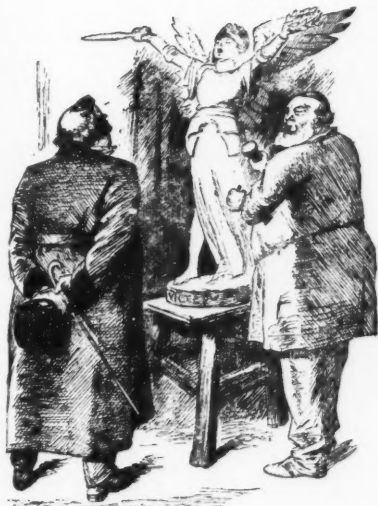
(To be continued.)





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*Sir John Tenniel in Punch, of London.*



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*From the New York Journal.*



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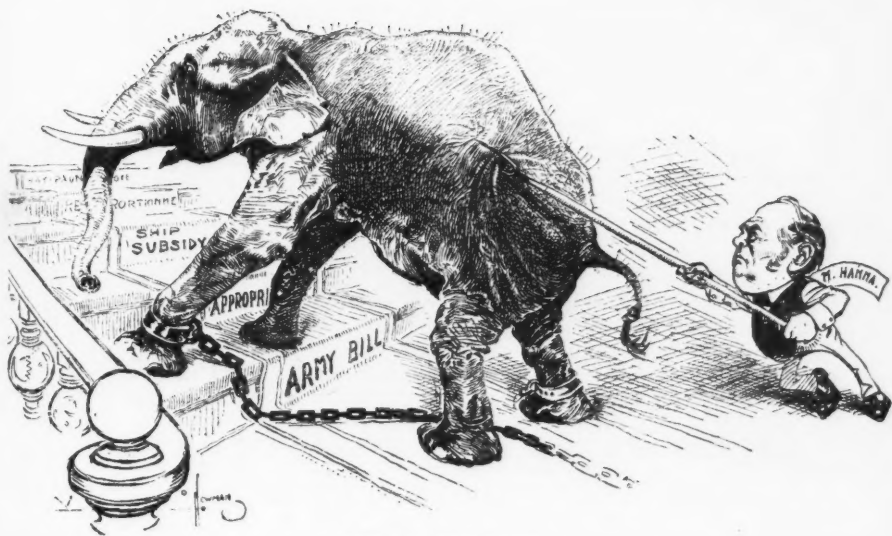
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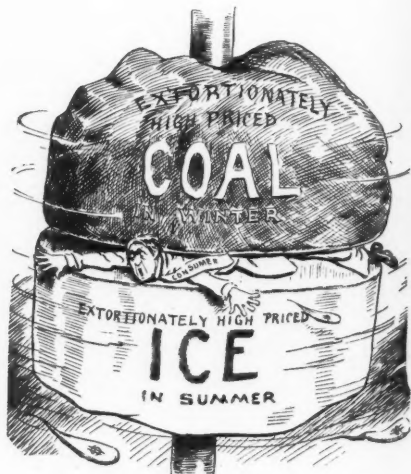


ANOTHER INDOOR CIRCUS.  
MR. HANNA: "Confound you, that third step is safe; I made it myself."  
From *The Chicago Record*.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



HOW CHINA WILL BE DEALT WITH BY ENGLAND, BY GERMANY, BY RUSSIA.  
From Fischietto, of Turin.



BETWEEN THE MILLSTONES.  
From The Brooklyn Daily Eagle, of New York.

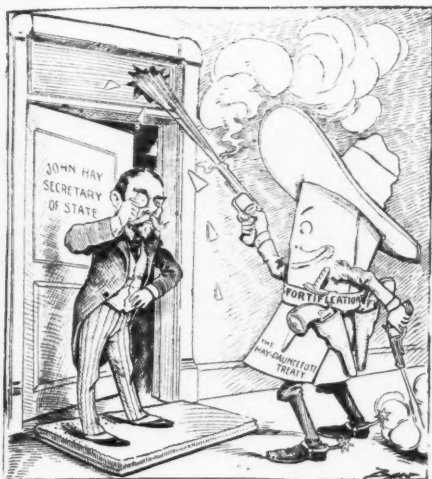


SMALL FAVORS THANKFULLY RECEIVED.  
From The Milwaukee Journal.

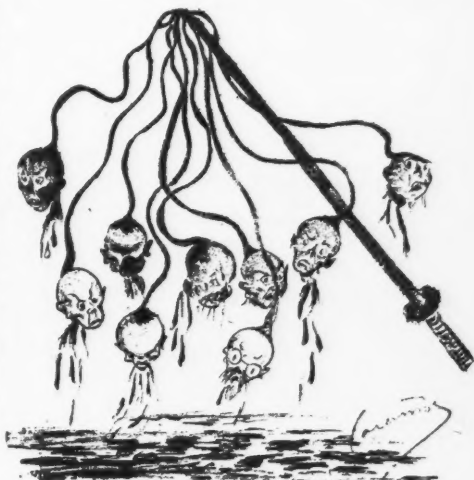


HE KNEW WHICH STOCKING TO PUT THEM IN.  
From The Philadelphia Inquirer.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



HIS OWN FATHER WOULDN'T KNOW HIM.  
From *The Minneapolis Journal*.



THE RUSSIAN KNOUT IN CHINA.  
From *Fischietto*, of Turin.



A HAPPY MAN.  
IN QUIET WATERS THERE IS GOOD FISHING.  
From *Kladderadatsch*, of Berlin.



GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



IF THE FORTUNES OF WAR WERE REVERSED, HOW WOULD FRANCE AND GERMANY LOOK ON THIS SORT OF THING?

*From The New York Tribune.*



TWO OF A KIND

*From The World, of New York.*



PREPARING TO TAKE A STIFF DOSE.

*From The Chicago Daily News.*



A QUESTION THAT CAUSES A BAD CASE OF NIGHTMARE.

*From Pioneer Press, of St. Paul.*



McKINLEY'S MASTERPIECE.

*From Kikeriki, of Vienna.*



ARE.